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CAIUS SALLIUS SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS.

APOLLINARIS, CAIUS SALLIUS SIDONIUS, a poet and letter-writer of the fifth century, was born at Lugdunum (Lyons) about 431. He married the daughter of Flavius Avitus, who became Emperor in 456. After attaining the rank of Senator and Prefect of Rome, his father-in-law's downfall for a time clouded his fortunes, but a poem which he wrote in praise of Majorian brought him the title of Count. He was again Prefect of Rome and honored with a statue. In 472 he was made Bishop of Clermont, though not a priest, and served acceptably until his death in 482. He left twenty-four *Carmina* on various subjects, and nine books of Letters containing one hundred and forty-seven pieces interspersed with poems. His thought is subtle but his expression harsh and obscure; he was a keen, powerful, and cultivated man.

ROMAN AND PROVINCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

(From the Letters of Apollinaris Sidonius: translated by Thomas Hodgkin in "Italy and her Invaders," with his comments.)

BARBARIAN LIFE.

SIDONIUS wishes health to [his brother-in-law] Agricola.

You have many times asked me to write to you a letter describing the bodily appearance and manner of life of Theodoric, king of the Goths, whose love for our civilization is justly reported by common fame. I willingly accede to your request, so far as the limits of my paper will allow, and I praise the noble and delicate anxiety for information which you have thus exhibited.

Theodoric is "a noticeable man," one who would at once attract attention even from those who casually beheld him, so richly have the will of God and the plan of nature endowed his person with gifts corresponding to his completed prosperity. His character is such that not even the detraction which waits on kings can lessen the praises bestowed upon it. If you inquire as to his bodily shape, he has a well-knit frame, shorter than the very tallest, but rising above men of middle stature. His head

is round and domelike, his curling hair retreats a little from the forehead towards the top. He is not bull-necked. A shaggy arch of eyebrows crowns his eyes; but if he droops his eyelids, the lashes seem to fall wellnigh to the middle of his cheeks. The lobes of his ears, after the fashion of his nation, are covered by wisps of overlying hair. His nose is most beautifully curved; his lips are thin, and are not enlarged when the angles of his mouth are dilated; if by chance they open and show a regular but rather prominent set of teeth, they at once remind you of the color of milk. He cuts every day the hairs which grow at the bottom of his nostrils. At his temples, which are somewhat hollowed out, begins a shaggy beard, which in the lower part of his face is plucked out by the roots by the assiduous care of his barber. His chin, his throat, his neck, all fleshy without obesity, are covered with a milk-white skin, which, when more closely inspected, is covered with a youthful glow. For it is modesty, not anger, which so often brings this color into his face.

His shoulders are well turned, his arms powerful, his forearms hard, his hands widespread: he is a well set-up man, with chest prominent and stomach drawn in. You can trace on the surface of his back the points where the ribs terminate in the deeply recessed spine. His sides are swollen out with prominent muscles. Strength reigns in his well-girded loins. His thigh is as hard as horn; the leg joints have a very masculine appearance; his knee, which shows but few wrinkles, is especially comely. The legs rest upon full round calves, and two feet of very moderate size support these mighty limbs.

You will ask, perhaps, what is the manner of his daily life in public. It is this. Before dawn he attends the celebration of divine service by his [Arian] priests, attended by a very small retinue. He shows great assiduity in this practice, though, if you are admitted to his confidence, you may perceive that it is with him rather a matter of habit than of religious feeling. The rest of the morning is devoted to the care of the administration of his kingdom. Armed nobles stand round his chair; the crowd of skin-clothed guards are admitted to the palace, in order to insure their being on duty; they are kept aloof from the royal presence that their noise may not disturb him, and so their growling talk goes on before the doors, shut out as they are by the curtain, though shut in by the railings. Within the inclosure are admitted the ambas-

sadors of foreign powers : he hears them at great length, he answers in few words. In negotiation his tendency is to delay, in action to promptitude.

It is now the second hour after sunrise : he rises from his throne and spends his leisure in inspecting his treasury or his stables. If a hunting day is announced, he rides forth, not carrying his bow by his side — that would be beneath his kingly dignity — but if in the chase, or on the road, you point out to him beast or bird within shooting distance, his hand is at once stretched out behind him, and the slave puts into it the bow with its string floating in the air ; for he deems it a womanish thing to have your bow strung for you by another, and a childish thing to carry it in a case. When he has received it, sometimes he bends the two ends towards one another in his hand, sometimes he lets the unknotted end drop to his heel, and then with quickly moving finger tightens the loose knot of the wandering string. Then he takes the arrows, fits them in, sends them forth, first desiring you to tell him what mark you wish him to aim at. You choose what he has to hit, and he hits it. If there is a mistake made by either party, it is more often the sight of the chooser than the aim of the archer that is at fault.

If you are asked to join him in the banquet (which, however, on non-festal days, is like the entertainment of a private person), you will not see there the panting servants laying on the groaning table a tasteless heap of discolored silver. The weight, then, is to be found in the conversation rather than in the plate, since all the guests, if they talk of anything at all, talk of serious matters. The tapestry and curtains are sometimes of purple [cloth], sometimes of cotton. The meats on the table please you, not by their high price, but by the skill with which they are cooked ; the silver by its brightness, not by its weight. The cups and goblets are so seldom replenished that you are more likely to complain of thirst than to be accused of drunkenness. In short, you may see there Greek elegance, Gallic abundance, Italian quickness, the pomp of a public personage, the assiduity of a private citizen, the discipline of a king's household. Of the luxury which is displayed on high days and holidays I need not give you any account, because it cannot be unknown even to the most unknown persons. Let me return to my task.

The noontide slumber, when the meal is ended, is never long,

and is frequently omitted altogether. Often at this time he takes a fancy to play at backgammon: then he collects the counters quickly, views them anxiously, decides on his moves skilfully, makes them promptly, talks to the counters jocularly, waits his turn patiently. At a good throw he says nothing, at a bad one he laughs; neither good nor bad makes him lose his temper or his philosophical equanimity. He does not like a speculative game either on the part of his adversary or himself, dislikes a lucky chance offered to himself, and will not reckon on its being offered to his opponent. You get your men out of his table without unnecessary trouble, he gets his out of yours without collusion. You would fancy that even in moving his counters he was planning a campaign. His sole anxiety is to conquer.

When a game is on hand, he drops for a little time the severity of royal etiquette, and invites his companions in play to free and social intercourse. To tell you what I think, he fears to be feared. At the end he is delighted to see the vexation of a conquered rival, and takes credit to himself for having really won the game, when his opponent's ill temper shows that he has not yielded out of courtesy. And here notice a strange thing: often that very complacency of his, arising from such a trifling cause, insures the successful carriage of serious business. Then petitions, which have well-nigh been shipwrecked by the injudiciousness of those who favored them, suddenly find a harbor of safety. In this way, I myself, when I have had somewhat to ask of him, have been fortunate enough to be beaten, and have seen my table ruined with a light heart, because I knew that my cause would triumph.

About the ninth hour [three o'clock] comes back again all that weary turmoil of kingship. The suitors return, the guards return whose business it is to remove them. Everywhere you hear the hum of claimants; and this is protracted till nightfall, and only ceases when it is cut short by the royal supper. Then the petitioners, following their various patrons, are dispersed throughout the palace, where they keep watch till bedtime arrives. At the supper sometimes, though rarely, comic actors are introduced who utter their satiric pleasantries: in such fashion, however, that none of the guests shall be wounded by their biting tongues. At these repasts no hydraulic organs blow, no band of vocalists under the guidance of a singing master intone together their premeditated harmony. No harpist,

no flute player, no choir master, no female player on the tambourine or the cithara, makes melody. The king is charmed only by those instruments under whose influence virtue soothes the soul as much as sweet sounds soothe the ear. When he rises from table the royal treasury receives its sentinels for the night, and armed men stand at all the entrances to the palace, by whom the hours of his first sleep will be watched over.

But what has all this to do with my promise, which was to tell you a little about the king, not a great deal about his manner of reigning? I really must bid my pen to stop, for you did not ask to be made acquainted with anything more than the personal appearance and favorite pursuits of Theodoric: and I sat down to write a letter, not a history. Farewell.

THE BURGUNDIANS.

While our poet was residing at Lyons (apparently) he was asked by one of his friends, an ex-consul named Catulinus, to compose an epithalamium, perhaps for his daughter's marriage.

In a short humorous poem of apology, Sidonius incidentally touches off some of the physical characteristics of the Burgundians by whom he was surrounded; and who, it is important to observe, troubled him not by their hostility, but by their too hearty and demonstrative friendship.

Ah me! my friend, why bid me, e'en if I had the power,
To write the light Fescennine verse, fit for the nuptial bower?
Do you forget that I am set among the long-haired hordes,
That daily I am bound to bear the stream of German words,
That I must hear, and then must praise with sorrowful grimace
(Disgust and approbation both contending in my face),
Whate'er the gormandizing sons of Burgundy may sing,
While they upon their yellow hair the rancid butter fling?

Now let me tell you what it is that makes my lyre be dumb:
It cannot sound when all around barbarian lyres do hum.
The sight of all those patrons tall (each one is seven feet high),
From my poor Muse makes every thought of six-foot meters fly.
Oh! happy are thine eyes, my friend; thine ears, how happy those!
And oh! thrice happy I would call thine undisgusted nose.
'Tis not round thee that every morn ten talkative machines
Exhale the smell of onions, leeks, and all their vulgar greens.

There do not seek thy house, as mine, before the dawn of day,
 So many giants and so tall, so fond of trencher play
 That scarce Alcinous himself, that hospitable king,
 Would find his kitchen large enough for the desires they bring.
 They do not, those effusive souls, declare they look on thee
 As father's friend or foster sire — but, alas! they do on me.

But stop, my Muse! pull up! be still! or else some fool will say.
 "Sidonius writes lampoons again." Don't you believe them, pray!

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY LYRIC.

COULD I answer love like thine,
 All earth to me were heaven anew;
 But were thy heart, dear child, as mine,
 What place for love between us two?
 Bright things for tired eyes vainly shine:
 A grief the pure heaven's simple blue.
 Alas, for lips past joy of wine,
 That find no blessing in God's dew!
 From dawning summits crystalline
 Thou lookest down; thou makest sign
 Toward this bleak vale I wander through.
 I cannot answer: that pure shrine
 Of childhood, though my love be true,
 Is hidden from my dim confine;
 I must not hope for clearer view.
 The sky, the earth, the wrinkled brine,
 Would wear to me a fresher hue,
 And all once more be half divine,
 Could I answer love like thine.

Anonymous.

LUCIUS APULEIUS.

APULEIUS, LUCIUS, a famous Latin satirist and writer of philosophic fiction; lived in the 2d century, and was a native of northern Africa. Having inherited an ample fortune, he devoted himself to study and travel, attending first the schools of Carthage, then the Athenian schools of philosophy. His principal work is "Metamorphosis" or "The Golden Ass," which includes the charming epilogue of "Cupid and Psyche;" well known also is his witty "Apology," a defence against a charge of sorcery brought by the sons of a widow twice his age whom he had married.

PRAISE OF POVERTY.

(From the "Apology.")

POVERTY has long been the handmaid of Philosophy: frugal, temperate, contented with little, eager for praise, averse from the things sought by wealth, safe in her ways, simple in her requirements, in her counsels a promoter of what is right. No one has she ever puffed up with pride, no one has she corrupted by the enjoyment of power, no one has she maddened with tyrannical ambition; for no pampering of the appetite or of the passions does she sigh, nor can she indulge it. But it is your fosterlings of wealth who are in the habit of perpetrating these disgraceful excesses, and others of a kindred nature. If you review all the greatest enormities that have been committed in the memory of mankind, you will not find a single poor man among the perpetrators; whilst, on the other hand, in the number of illustrious men hardly any of the rich are to be found; poverty has nurtured from his very cradle every individual in whom we find anything to admire and commend. Poverty, I say — she who in former ages was the foundress of all cities, the inventress of all arts, she who is guiltless of all offence, who is lavish of all glory, who has been honored with every praise among all nations. For this same Poverty it was that, among the Greeks, showed herself just in Aristides, humane in Pho-

cion, resolute in Epaminondas, wise in Socrates, and eloquent in Homer. It was this same Poverty, too, that for the Roman people laid the very earliest foundations of their sway, and that offers sacrifice to the immortal gods in their behalf, with the ladle and the dish of clay, even to this day.

If there were now sitting as judges at this trial C. Fabricius, Cneius Scipio, and Manius Curius, whose daughters, by reason of their poverty, went home to their husbands portioned at the public expense, carrying with them the glories of their family and the money of the public; if Publicola, the expeller of the kings, and [Menenius] Agrippa, the reconciler of the people, the expense of whose funerals was, in consequence of their limited fortunes, defrayed by the Roman people, by contributions of the smallest coins; if Attilius Regulus, whose little field was, in consequence of a like poverty, cultivated at the public expense; if, in fine, all those ancient families, ennobled by consulships, censorships, and triumphs, could obtain a short respite, and return to light, and take part in this trial, would you then have dared to reproach a philosopher for his poverty, in the presence of so many consuls distinguished for theirs? . . . I could show that none of us are poor who do not wish for superflui^{tes}, and who possess the things that are necessary, which, by nature, are but few indeed. For he has the most who desires the least; he who wants but little is most likely to have as much as he wants. It is with the mind just as with the body; in a healthy state it is lightly clad, but in sickness it is wrapped in cumbrous clothing; and it is a sure sign of infirmity to have many wants. It is with life just as with swimming: that man is the most expert who is the most disengaged from all encumbrances. . . . For my part, I have learned that in this especially the gods surpass mankind, that they have to satisfy no necessities. Hence it is that him among us who has the fewest possible necessities, I consider most strongly to resemble a god.

THE AWAKENING OF CUPID.

(Translation of Bohn Library, revised.)

[THE story of "Cupid and Psyche" is the purest, daintiest, most poetic of fancies; in essence a fairy tale that might be told of an evening by the firelight in the second century or the nineteenth, but embodying also a high and beautiful allegory, and treated with a delicate art which is in extreme contrast with the body of the "Golden Ass."

The contrast is even more rasping when we remember that the tale is not put

into the mouth of a girl gazing dreamily into the glowing coals on the hearth, or of some elegant reciter amusing a social group in a Roman drawing-room or garden, but of a grizzled hag who is maid of all work in a robbers' cave. She tells it to divert the mind of a lovely young bride held for ransom. It begins like a modern fairy tale, with a great king and queen who had "three daughters of remarkable beauty," the loveliest being the peerless Psyche. Even Venus becomes envious of the honors paid to Psyche's charms, and summons Cupid to wing one of his shafts which shall cause her "to be seized with the most burning love for the lowest of mankind," so as to disgrace and ruin her. Cupid undertakes the task, but instead falls in love with her himself. Meanwhile an oracle from Apollo, instigated by Venus, dooms her to be sacrificed in marriage to some unknown ærial monster, who must find her alone on a naked rock. She is so placed, awaiting her doom in terror; but the zephyrs bear her away to the palace of Love. Cupid hides her there, lest Venus wreak vengeance on them both; and there, half terrified but soon soothed, in the darkness of night she hears from Cupid that he, her husband, is no monster, but the fairest of immortals. He will not disclose his identity, however; not only so, but he tenderly warns her that she must not seek to discover it, or even to behold him, till he gives permission, unless she would bring hopeless disaster on both. Nor must she confide in her two sisters, lest their unwisdom or sudden envy cause harm.

The simple-hearted and affectionate girl, however, in her craving for sympathy, cannot resist the temptation to boast of her happiness to her sisters. She invites them to pass a day in her magnificent new home, and tells contradictory stories about her husband. Alas! they depart bitterly envious, and plotting to make her ruin her own joy out of fear and curiosity.]

"WHAT are we to say, sister," said one to the other, "of the monstrous lies of that silly creature? At one time her husband is a young man, with the down just showing itself on his chin; at another he is of middle age, and his hair begins to be silvered with gray. . . . You may depend upon it, sister, either the wretch has invented these lies to deceive us, or else she does not know herself how her husband looks. Whichever is the case, she must be deprived of these riches as soon as possible. And yet, if she is really ignorant of her husband's appearance, she must no doubt have married a god, and who knows what will happen? At all events, if—which heaven forbid—she does become the mother of a divine infant, I shall instantly hang myself. Meanwhile let us return to our parents, and devise some scheme based on what we have just been saying."

The sisters, thus inflamed with jealousy, called on their parents in a careless and disdainful manner; and after being kept awake all night by the turbulence of their spirits, made all haste at morning to the rock, whence, by the wonted assistance of the breeze, they descended swiftly to Psyche, and with tears squeezed out by rubbing their eyelids, thus craftily addressed her:—

"Happy indeed are you, and fortunate in your very ignorance

of so heavy a misfortune. There you sit, without a thought of danger; while we, your sisters, who watch over your interests with the most vigilant care, are in anguish at your lost condition. For we have learned as truth, and as sharers in your sorrows and misfortunes cannot conceal it from you, that it is an enormous serpent, gliding along in many folds and coils, with a neck swollen with deadly venom, and prodigious gaping jaws, that secretly sleeps with you by night. Remember the Pythian Oracle. Besides, a great many of the husbandmen, who hunt all round the country, and ever so many of the neighbors, have observed him returning home from his feeding-place in the evening. All declare, too, that he will not long continue to pamper you with delicacies, but will presently devour you. Will you listen to us, who are so anxious for your precious safety, and avoiding death, live with us secure from danger, or die horribly? But if you are fascinated by your country home, or by the endearments of a serpent, we have at all events done our duty toward you, like affectionate sisters."

Poor, simple, tender-hearted Psyche was aghast with horror at this dreadful story; and quite bereft of her senses, lost all remembrance of her husband's admonitions and of her own promises, and hurled herself headlong into the very abyss of calamity. Trembling, therefore, with pale and livid cheeks and an almost lifeless voice, she faltered out these broken words:—

"Dearest sisters, you have acted toward me as you ought, and with your usual affectionate care; and, indeed, it appears to me that those who gave you this information have not invented a falsehood. For, in fact, I have never yet beheld my husband's face, nor do I know at all whence he comes. I only hear him speak in an undertone by night, and have to bear with a husband of an unknown appearance, and one that has an utter aversion to the light of day. He may well, therefore, be some monster or other. Besides, he threatens some shocking misfortune as the consequence of indulging any curiosity to view his features. So, then, if you are able to give any aid to your sister in this perilous emergency, don't delay a moment."

[One of them replies:—]

"Since the ties of blood oblige us to disregard peril when your safety is to be insured, we will tell you the only means of safety. We have considered it over and over again. On that side of the bed where you are used to lie, conceal a very sharp

razor ; and also hide under the tapestry a lighted lamp, well trimmed and full of oil. Make these preparations with the utmost secrecy. After the monster has glided into bed as usual, when he is stretched out at length, fast asleep and breathing heavily, as you slide out of bed, go softly along with bare feet and on tiptoe, and bring out the lamp from its hiding-place ; then having the aid of its light, raise your right hand, bring down the weapon with all your might, and cut off the head of the creature at the neck. Then we will bring you away with all these things, and if you wish, will wed you to a human creature like yourself."

[They then depart, fearing for themselves if they are near when the catastrophe happens.]

But Psyche, now left alone, except so far as a person who is agitated by maddening Furies is not alone, fluctuated in sorrow like a stormy sea ; and though her purpose was fixed and her heart was resolute when she first began to make preparations for the impious work, her mind now wavered, and feared. She hurried, she procrastinated ; now she was bold, now tremulous ; now dubious, now agitated by rage ; and what was the most singular thing of all, in the same being she hated the beast and loved the husband. Nevertheless, as the evening drew to a close, she hurriedly prepared the instruments of her enterprise.

The night came, and with it her husband. After he fell asleep, Psyche, to whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp, and seized the knife with the courage of a man. But the instant she advanced, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep ; at sight of whom, the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigor, and the sacrilegious dagger repented the keenness of its edge.

But Psyche, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, fell on her knees, and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom ; and this no doubt she would have done had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she felt herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looked upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the circling curls that strayed over his milk-white neck

and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before and some behind, causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendor. On the shoulders of the god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness; and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wantoned to and fro in tremulous, unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of his bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty god.

While with insatiable wonder and curiosity Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb to try its sharpness; but happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth. And thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with Love. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was lest he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him, bewildered with delight so overpowering, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch, and to kiss as it were, so beautiful an object, spurted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. . . . The god, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, started to fly away, without a word, from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

AQUINAS, THOMAS, or THOMAS OF AQUIN, SAINT, a great mediæval theologian and philosopher; born at or near Aquino in the kingdom of Naples, about 1225; died at Fossa Nuova, in the diocese of Terracina, March 7, 1274. His writings are very voluminous, being comprised in 28 vols. quarto. His greatest work is the "Sum of Theology." Among his other works are: "Sum of Catholic Belief against the Heathen"; "Exposition of all the Epistles of St. Paul."

HOW CAN THE ABSOLUTE BE A CAUSE?

(From the "Quæstiones Disputatæ.")

THE relations which are spoken of as existing between God and creatures are not really in Him. A real relation is that which exists between two things. It is mutual or bilateral, then, only when its basis in both correlates is the same. Such is the case in all quantitative relations. Quantity being essentially the same in all quanta, gives rise to relations which are real in both terms — in the part, for instance, and in the whole, in the unit of measurement and in that which is measured.

But where a relation originates in causation, as between that which is active and that which is passive, it does not always concern both terms. True, that which is acted upon, or set in motion, or produced, must be related to the source of these modifications, since every effect is dependent upon its cause. And it is equally true that such causes or agencies are in some cases related to their effects, namely, when the production of those effects redounds in some way to the well-being of the cause itself. This is evidently what happens when like begets like, and thereby perpetuates, so far as may be, its own species. . . . There are cases, nevertheless, in which a thing, without being related, has other things related to it. The cognizing subject is related to that which is the object of cognition — to a thing which is outside the mind. But the thing itself is in no way affected by

this cognition, since the mental process is confined to the mind, and therefore does not bring about any change in the object. Hence the relation established by the act of knowing cannot be in that which is known.

The same holds good of sensation. For though the physical object sets up changes in the sense-organ, and is related to it as other physical agencies are related to the things on which they act, still, the sensation implies, over and above the organic change, a subjective activity of which the external activity is altogether devoid. Likewise, we say that a man is at the right of a pillar because, with his power of locomotion, he can take his stand at the right or the left, before or behind, above or below. But obviously these relations, vary them as we will, imply nothing in the stationary pillar, though they are real in the man who holds or changes his position. Once more, a coin has nothing to do with the action that gives it its value, since this action is a human convention; and a man is quite apart from the process which produces his image. Between a man and his portrait there is a relation, but this is real in the portrait only. Between the coin and its current value there is a relation, but this is not real in the coin.

Now for the application. God's action is not to be understood as going out from Him and terminating in that which He creates. His action is Himself; consequently altogether apart from the genus of created being whereby the creature is related to Him. And again, he gains nothing by creating, or, as Avicenna puts it, His creative action is in the highest degree generous. It is also manifest that His action involves no modification of His being — without changing, He causes the changeable. Consequently, though creatures are related to Him, as effects to their cause, He is not really related to them.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

FROM "THE HISTORY OF KING OMAR BEN ENNUMAN,
AND HIS SONS SHERKAN AND ZOULMEKAN."

(Nights 15, 16, 17, and 18: Translation of Professor John Payne.)

THE MEETING OF PRINCE SHERKAN AND PRINCESS ABRIZEH.

THERE reigned once in the city of Peace [Bagdad], before the Khalifate of Abdulmelik ben Merwan, a king called Omar ben Ennuman, who was of the mighty giants, and had subdued the kings of Persia and the emperors of the East, for none could warm himself at his fire nor cope with him in battle; and when he was angry there came sparks out of his nostrils. He had gotten him dominion over all countries, and God had subjected unto him all creatures; his commands were obeyed in all the great cities, and his armies penetrated the most distant lands: the East and West came under his rule, with the regions between them, Hind and Sind and China and Hejaz and Yemen and the islands of India and China, Syria and Mesopotamia and the lands of the blacks and the islands of the ocean, and all the famous rivers of the earth, Jaxartes and Baetrus and Nile and Euphrates. He sent his ambassadors to the farthest parts of the earth to fetch him true report, and they returned with tidings of justice and peace, bringing him assurance of loyalty and obedience, and invocations of blessings on his head; for he was a right noble king, and there came to him gifts and tribute from all parts of the world. He had a son called Sherkan, who was one of the prodigies of the age and the likest of all men to his father, who loved him with an exceeding love and had appointed him to be king after him. The prince grew up till he reached man's estate, and was twenty years old, and God subjected all men to him, for he was gifted with great might and prowess in battle, humbling the champions and destroying all who made head against him. So, before long, this Sherkan

became famous in all quarters of the world, and his father rejoiced in him ; and his might waxed till he passed all bounds, and magnified himself, taking by storm the citadels and strong places.

[The Prince being sent to assist King Afridoun, of the Greeks, against an enemy, is intrusted with an army of ten thousand soldiers, and leaves Bagdad in military state.]

Then they loaded the beasts and beat the drums and blew the clarions and unfurled the banners and the standards, whilst Sherkan mounted, with the Vizier Dendan by his side, and the standards waving over them ; and the army set out and fared on with the [Greek] ambassadors in the van till the day departed and the night came, when they halted and encamped for the night. On the morrow, as soon as God brought in the day, they took horse and continued their march, nor did they cease to press onward, guided by the ambassadors, for the space of twenty days. On the twenty-first day, at nightfall, they came to a wide and fertile valley whose sides were thickly wooded and covered with grass, and there Sherkan called a three-days' halt. So they dismounted and pitched their tents, dispersing right and left in the valley, whilst the Vizier Dendan and the ambassadors alighted in the midst.

As for Sherkan, when he had seen the tents pitched and the troops dispersed on either side, and had commanded his officers and attendants to camp beside the Vizier Dendan, he gave reins to his horse, being minded to explore the valley, and himself to mount guard over the army, having regard to his father's injunctions and to the fact that they had reached the frontier of the Land of Roum and were now in the enemy's country. So he rode on alone, along the valley, till a fourth part of the night was past, when he grew weary and sleep overcame him so that he could no longer spur his horse. Now he was used to sleep on horseback ; so when drowsiness got the better of him, he fell asleep, and the horse paced on with him half the night and entered a forest : but Sherkan awoke not till the steed smote the earth with his hoof. Then he started from sleep and found himself among trees : and the moon arose and lighted the two horizons. He was troubled at finding himself alone in this place, and spoke the words which whoso says shall never be confounded — that is to say, "There is no power and no virtue but in GOD, the most High, the Supreme !" But as he rode on, in fear of the

wild beasts, behold, the trees thinned out, and the moon shone out upon a meadow as it were one of the meads of Paradise, and he heard therein the noise of talk and pleasant laughter, such as ravishes the wit of men. So King Sherkan dismounted, and tying his horse to a tree, fared on a little further, till he espied a stream of running water, and heard a woman talking and saying in Arabic, "By the virtue of the Messiah, this is not handsome of you! But whoso speaks the word I will throw her down and bind her with her girdle!" He followed in the direction of the voice, and saw gazelles frisking and wild cattle pasturing, and birds in their various voices expressing joy and gladness; and the earth was embroidered with all manner flowers and green herbs, even as says of it the poet, in the following verses:—

Earth has no fairer sight to show than this its
 blossom-time, With all the gently running streams
 that wander o'er its face,
 It is indeed the handiwork of God Omnipotent, The
 Lord of every noble gift, and giver of all grace!

Midmost the meadow stood a monastery, and within the inclosure a citadel that rose high into the air in the light of the moon. The stream passed through the midst of the monastery; and therenigh sat ten damsels like moons, high-bosomed maids clad in dresses and ornaments that dazzled the eyes, as says of them the poet:—

The meadow glitters with the troops Of lovely ones
 that wander there;
 Its grace and beauty doubled are By these that are
 so passing fair;
 Virgins, that with their swimming gait, The hearts of
 all that see ensnare,
 Along whose necks, like trails of grapes, Stream down
 the tresses of their hair;
 Proudly they walk, with eyes that dart The Shafts and
 arrows of despair,
 And all the champions of the world Are slain by
 their seductive air.

Sherkan looked at the ten girls, and saw in their midst a lady like the moon at its full, with ringleted and shining forehead, great black eyes and curling brow-locks, perfect in person and attributes, as says the poet:—

Her beauty beamed on me with glances wonder-bright: The slender Syrian spears are not so straight and slight: She laid her veil aside, and, lo, her cheeks rose-red! All manner of loveliness was in their sweetest sight; The locks, that o'er her brow fell down, were like the night, From out of which there shines a morning of delight.

Then Sherkan heard her say to the girls, "Come on, that I may wrestle with you, ere the moon set and the dawn come." So they came up to her, one after another, and she overthrew them, one by one, and bound their hands behind them, with their girdles. When she had thrown them all, there turned to her an old woman who was before her, and said, as if she were wroth with her, "O shameless! dost thou glory in overthrowing these girls? Behold I am an old woman, yet have I thrown them forty times! So what hast thou to boast of? But if thou have strength to wrestle with me, stand up that I may grip thee, and put thy head between thy feet." The young lady smiled at her words, although her heart was full of anger against her, and said, "O my lady Dhat ed Dewahi, wilt indeed wrestle with me — or dost thou jest with me?" "I mean to wrestle with thee in very deed," replied she. "Stand up to me then," said the damsel, "if thou have strength to do so!" When the old woman heard this she was sore enraged, and her hair stood on end like that of a hedgehog. Then she sprang up, whilst the damsel confronted her . . . and they took hold of one another, whilst Sherkan raised his eyes to heaven and prayed to God that the damsel might conquer the old hag. Presently . . . the old woman strove to free herself, and in the struggle wriggled out of the girl's hands and fell on her back . . . and behold the young lady . . . throwing over her a veil of fine silk, helped her to dress herself, making excuses to her and saying, "O my lady Dhat ed Dewahi, I did not mean to throw thee so roughly, but thou wriggledst out of my hands; so praised be God for safety." She returned her no answer, but rose in her confusion and walked away out of sight, leaving the young lady standing alone, by the other girls thrown down and bound.

Then said Sherkan, "To every fortune there is a cause. Sleep fell not on me, nor did the steed bear me hither but for my good fortune; for of a surety this damsel and what is with her shall be my prize." So he turned back and mounted, and drew his scimitar; then he gave his horse the spur and he started off with him like an arrow from a bow, whilst he brandished his naked

blade and cried out, "God is most great!" When the damsel saw him she sprang to her feet, and running to the bank of the river, which was there six cubits wide, made a spring and landed on the other side, where she turned, and standing cried out in a loud voice, "Who art thou, sirrah, that breakest in on our pasture as if thou wert charging an army? Whence comest thou and whither art thou bound? Speak the truth and it shall profit thee, and do not lie, for lying is of the losel's fashion. Doubtless thou hast strayed this night from thy road, that thou hast happened on this place. So tell me what thou seekest: if thou wouldst have us set thee in the right road, we will do so: or if thou seek help, we will help thee."

When Sherkan heard her words he replied, "I am a stranger of the Muslims, who am come out by myself in quest of booty, and I have found no fairer purchase this moonlit night than these ten damsels; so I will take them and rejoin my comrades with them." Quoth she, "I would have thee to know that thou hast not yet come at the booty; and as for these ten damsels, by Allah, they are no purchase for thee! Indeed the fairest purchase thou canst look for is to win free of this place: for thou art in a mead, where, if we gave one cry, there would be with us anon four thousand knights. Did I not tell thee that lying is shameful?" And he said, "The fortunate man is he to whom God sufficeth, and who hath no need of other than him." "By the virtue of the Messiah," replied she, "did I not fear to have thy death at my hand, I would give a cry that would fill the meadow on thee, with horse and foot! but I have pity on the stranger; so, if thou seek booty, I require of thee that thou dismount from thy horse, and swear to me by thy faith that thou wilt not approach me with aught of arms, and we will wrestle — I and thou. If thou throw me, lay me on thy horse and take all of us to thy booty; and if I throw thee, thou shalt be at my commandment. Swear this to me; for I fear thy perfidy, since experience has it that as long as perfidy is in men's natures, to trust in every one is weakness. But if thou wilt swear I will come over to thee." Quoth Sherkan, "Impose on me whatever oath thou deemest binding, and I will swear not to draw near thee until thou hast made thy preparations, and sayest 'Come wrestle with me.' If thou throw me I have wealth wherewith to ransom myself, and if I throw thee I shall get fine purchase." Then said she, "Swear to me by Him who hath lodged the soul in the body and given laws to mankind that thou wilt not hurt me with

aught of violence save in the way of wrestling — else mayest thou die out of the pale of Islam.” “By Allah,” exclaimed Sherkan, “if a Cadi should swear me, though he were Cadi of the Cadis, he would not impose on me the like of this oath!” Then he took the oath she required, and tied his horse to a tree, sunken in the sea of reverie, and saying in himself, “Glory to Him who fashioned her!” Then he girt himself, and made ready for wrestling, and said to her, “Cross the stream to me.” Quoth she, “It is not for me to come to thee: if thou wilt, do thou cross over to me.” “I cannot do that,” replied he; and she said, “O boy! I will come to thee.” So she gathered her skirts, and making a spring landed on the other side of the river by him; whereupon he drew near to her, wondering at her beauty and grace, and saw a form that the hand of Omnipotence had turned with the leaves of Jinn, and which had been fostered by divine solicitude, a form on which the zephyrs of fair fortune had blown, and over whose creation favorable planets had presided. Then she called out to him saying, “O Muslim, come and wrestle before the daybreak!” and tucked up her sleeves, showing a forearm like fresh curd; the whole place was lighted up by its whiteness and Sherkan was dazzled by it. Then he bent forward and clapped his hands, and she did the like, and they took hold and gripped each other. He laid his hands on her slender waist . . . and fell a trembling like the Persian reed in the hurricane. So she lifted him up, and throwing him to the ground sat down on his breast. Then she said to him, “O Muslim, it is lawful among you to kill Christians: what sayest thou to my killing thee?” “O my lady,” replied he, “as for killing me, it is unlawful; for our Prophet (whom God bless and preserve!) hath forbidden the slaying of women and children and old men and monks.” “Since this was revealed unto your prophet,” rejoined she, “it behooves us to be even with him therein; so rise: I give thee thy life, for beneficence is not lost upon men.” Then she got up, and he rose and brushed the earth from his head, and she said to him, “Be not abashed; but indeed one who enters the land of the Greeks in quest of booty and to succor kings against kings, how comes it that there is no strength in him to defend himself against a woman?” “It was not lack of strength in me,” replied he, “nor was it thy strength that overthrew me, but thy beauty; so if thou wilt, grant me another bout, it will be of thy favor.” She laughed and said, “I grant thee this: but these damsels have been long bound, and their arms and shoulders are weary, and it

were fitting I should loose them, since this next bout may peradventure be a long one." Then she went up to the girls, and unbinding them said to them in the Greek tongue, "Go and put yourselves in safety, till I have brought to naught this Muslim." So they went away, whilst Sherkan looked at them, and they gazed at him and the young lady. Then he and she drew near again and set to. . . . But [again by admiration of her beauty] his strength failed him, and she feeling this, lifted him in her hands swifter than the blinding lightning and threw him to the ground. He fell on his back, and she said to him, "Rise; I give thee thy life a second time. I spared thee before for the sake of thy prophet, for that he forbade the killing of women, and I do so this second time because of thy weakness and tender age, and strangerhood : but I charge thee, if there be in the army sent by King Omar ben Ennuman a stronger than thou, send him hither and tell him of me." "By Allah, O my lady," replied Sherkan (and indeed he was greatly incensed against her), "it was not by thy strength that thou overthrewest me, but by [thy beauty], so that nor wit nor foresight was left in me. But now, if thou have a mind to try another fall with me, with my wits about me, I have a right to this one bout more by the rules of the game, for my presence of mind has now returned to me." "Hast thou not had enough of wrestling, O conquered one?" rejoined she. "However, come, if thou wilt : but know that this bout must be the last." Then they took hold of each other, and he set to in earnest and warded himself against being thrown down : so they wrestled awhile and the damsel found in him strength such as she had not before observed, and said to him, "O Muslim, thou art on thy guard !" "Yes," replied he, "thou knowest that there remaineth but this bout, and after each of us will go his own way." She laughed and he laughed too : then she seized the opportunity to bore in upon him unawares, and gripping him by the thigh, threw him to the ground, so that he fell on his back. She laughed at him and said, "Thou art surely an eater of bran : for thou art like a Bedouin bonnet that falls off at a touch, or a child's toy that a puff of air overturns. Out on thee, thou poor creature ! Go back to the army of the Muslims and send us other than thyself, for thou lackest thews ; and cry as among the Arabs and Persians and Turks and Medes, 'Whoso has might in him let him come to us !'" Then she made a spring and landed on the other side of the stream and said to Sherkan laughing, "It goes to my heart to part with thee ! get

thee to thy friends, O my lord, before the morning, lest the knights come upon thee and take thee on the points of their lances. Thou hast not strength enough to defend thee against women ; so how couldst thou make head against men and cavaliers !” And she turned to go back to the monastery. Sherkan was confounded, and called out to her, saying “ O my lady ! Wilt thou go away, and leave the wretched stranger, the broken-hearted slave of love ? ” So she turned to him laughing, and said, “ What wouldst thou ? I grant thy prayer.” “ Have I set foot in thy country and tasted the sweetness of thy favors,” replied Sherkan, “ and shall I return without eating of thy victual and tasting of thy hospitality ? Indeed, I am become one of thy servitors.” Quoth she, “ None but the base refuses hospitality : on my head and eyes be it ! Do me the favor to mount and ride along the stream, abreast of me, for thou art my guest.” At this Sherkan rejoiced, and hastening back to his horse, mounted and rode along the river-bank, keeping abreast of her, till he came to a drawbridge that hung by pulleys and chains of steel, made fast with hooks and padlocks. Here stood the ten damsels awaiting the lady, who spoke to one of them in the Greek tongue and said to her, “ Go to him ; take his horse’s rein and bring him over into the monastery.” . . . They went on till they reached a vaulted gate, arched over with marble. This she opened, and entered with Sherkan into a long vestibule, vaulted with ten arches, from each of which hung a lamp of crystal, shining like the rays of the sun. The damsels met her at the end of the vestibule, bearing perfumed flambeaux and having on their heads kerchiefs embroidered with all manner of jewels, and went on before her, till they came to the inward of the monastery, where Sherkan saw couches sat up all around, facing one another and overhung with curtains spangled with gold. The floor was paved with all kinds of variegated marbles, and in the midst was a basin of water with four and twenty spouts of gold around it from which issued water like liquid silver ; whilst at the upper end stood a throne covered with silks of royal purple. Then said the damsel, “ O my lord, mount this throne.” So he seated himself on it, and she withdrew : and when she had been absent awhile, he asked the servants of her, and they said, “ She hath gone to her sleeping-chamber ; but we will serve thee as thou shalt order.” So they set before him rare meats, and he ate till he was satisfied, when they brought him a basin of gold and an ewer of silver, and he washed his hands. Then his mind reverted to his

troops, and he was troubled, knowing not what had befallen them in his absence, and thinking how he had forgotten his father's injunctions, so that he abode, oppressed with anxiety and repenting of what he had done, till the dawn broke and the day appeared, when he lamented and sighed and became drowned in the sea of melancholy, repeating the following verses:—

“I lack not of prudence, and yet in this case, I’ve been fooled;
 so what shift shall avail unto me?
 If any could ease me of love and its stress, Of my might and
 my virtue I’d set myself free.
 But alas, my heart’s lost in maze of desire, And no helper save
 God in my strait can I see.”

Hardly had he finished when up came more than twenty damsels like moons, encompassing the young lady, who appeared among them as the full moon among stars. She was clad in royal brocade, and girt with a woven girdle set with various kinds of jewels that straitly clasped her waist. . . . On her head she wore a network of pearls, gemmed with various kinds of jewels, and she moved with a coquettish, swimming gait, swaying wonder-gracefully, whilst the damsels held up her skirts. . . . She fixed her eyes on him, and considered him awhile, till she was assured of him, when she came up to him and said, “Indeed the place is honored and illumined with thy presence, O Sherkan! How didst thou pass the night, O hero, after we went away and left thee? Verily, lying is a defect and a reproach in kings; especially in great kings: and thou art Sherkan, son of King Omar ben Ennuman; so henceforth tell me naught but truth, and strive not to keep the secret of thy condition, for falsehood engenders hatred and enmity. The arrow of destiny hath fallen upon thee, and it behooves thee to show resignation and submission.” When Sherkan heard what she said, he saw nothing for it but to tell her the truth: so he said, “I am indeed Sherkan, son of Omar ben Ennuman; whom fortune hath afflicted and cast into this place: so now do whatsoever thou wilt.”

FROM “SINDBAD THE SEAMAN AND SINDBAD THE LANDSMAN.”

(Portions of Nights 536 to 542, presenting the Introduction and the first of the seven “Voyages”: Translation of Captain Sir Richard Burton.)

THERE lived in the City of Bagdad, during the reign of the Commander of the Faithful, Harun al-Rashid, a man named Sindbad the Hammal [Porter], one in poor case, who bore burdens

on his head for hire. It happened to him one day of great heat that whilst he was carrying a heavy load, he became exceeding weary and sweated profusely; the heat and the weight alike oppressing him. Presently, as he was passing the gate of a merchant's house, before which the ground was swept and watered, and where the air was temperate, he sighted a broad bench beside the door; so that he sat his load thereon, to take rest and smell the air. —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day, and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Hammal set his load upon the bench to take rest and smell the air, there came out upon him from the court-door a pleasant breeze and a delicious fragrance. He sat down on the edge of the bench, and at once heard from within the melodious sound of lutes and other stringed instruments, and mirth-exciting voices singing and reciting, together with the song of birds warbling and glorifying Almighty Allah in various tunes and tongues; turtles, mocking-birds, merles, nightingales, cushats, and stone curlews: whereat he marvelled in himself and was moved to mighty joy and solace. Then he went up to the gate and saw within a great flower-garden wherein were pages and black slaves, and such a train of servants and attendants and so forth as is found only with Kings and Sultans; and his nostrils were greeted with the savory odors of all manner meats rich and delicate, and delicious and generous wines. So he raised his eyes heavenwards and said, "Glory to Thee, O Lord, O Creator and Provider, who providest whomso Thou wilt without count or stint! O mine Holy One, I cry Thee pardon for all sins and turn to Thee repenting of all offenses! O Lord, there is no gainsaying Thee in Thine ordinance and Thy dominion, neither wilt Thou be questioned of that Thou dost, for Thou indeed over all things art Almighty! Extolled be Thy perfection: whom Thou wilt Thou makest poor and whom Thou wilt Thou makest rich! Whom Thou wilt Thou exaltest and whom Thou wilt Thou abasest, and there is no god but Thou! How mighty is Thy majesty and how enduring Thy dominion and how excellent Thy government! Verily, Thou favorest



"A grand sitting room wherein he saw a company of Nobles and Great Lords"

whom Thou wilt of Thy servants, whereby the owner of this place abideth in all joyance of life and delighteth himself with pleasant scents and delicious meats and exquisite wines of all kinds. For indeed Thou appointest unto Thy creatures that which Thou wilt and that which Thou hast foreordained unto them ; wherefore are some weary and others are at rest, and some enjoy fair fortune and affluence whilst others suffer the extreme of travail and misery, even as I do." And he fell to reciting :

How many by my labors, that evermore endure, All goods of life
enjoy and in cool shade recline ?
Each morn that dawns I wake in travail and in woe, And strange is
my condition and my burden gars me pine :
Many others are in luck and from miseries are free, And Fortune
never loads them with loads the like o' mine :
They live their happy days in all solace and delight ; Eat, drink, and
dwell in honor 'mid the noble and the digne :
All living things were made of a little drop of sperm, Thine origin
is mine and my provenance is thine :
Yet the difference and distance 'twixt the twain of us are far As
the difference of savor 'twixt vinegar and wine :
But at Thee, O God All-wise ! I venture not to rail Whose ordinance
is just and whose justice cannot fail.

When Sindbad the Porter had made an end of reciting his verses, he bore up his burden and was about to fare on, when there came forth to him from the gate a little foot-page, fair of face and shapely of shape and dainty of dress, who caught him by the hand, saying, " Come in and speak with my lord, for he calleth for thee." The Porter would have excused himself to the page, but the lad would take no refusal ; so he left his load with the doorkeeper in the vestibule and followed the boy into the house, which he found to be a goodly mansion, radiant and full of majesty, till he brought him to a grand sitting-room wherein he saw a company of nobles and great lords, seated at tables garnished with all manner of flowers and sweet-scented herbs besides great plenty of dainty viands and fruits dried and fresh and confections and wine of the choicest vintages. There also were instruments of music and mirth, and lovely slave girls playing and singing. All the company was ranged according to rank, and in the highest place sat a man of worshipful and noble aspect, whose beard-sides hoariness had stricken ; and he was stately of stature and fair of favor, agreeable of aspect and full

of gravity and dignity and majesty. So Sindbad the Porter was confounded at that which he beheld, and said in himself, "By Allah, this must be either a piece of Paradise or some king's palace!" Then he saluted the company with much respect, praying for their prosperity; and kissing ground before them, stood with his head bowed down in humble attitude. —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH
NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sindbad the Porter, after kissing ground between their hands, stood with his head bowed down in humble attitude. The master of the house bade him draw near and be seated and bespoke him kindly, bidding him welcome. Then he set before him various kinds of viands, rich and delicious, and the Porter, after saying his Bismillah, fell to and ate his fill, after which he exclaimed, "Praised be Allah whatso be our case!" and washing his hands, returned thanks to the company for his entertainment. Quoth the host, "Thou art welcome and thy day is a-blessed. But what are thy name and calling?" Quoth the other, "O my lord, my name is Sindbad the Hammal, and I carry folk's goods on my head for hire." The house-master smiled and rejoined, "Know, O Porter, that thy name is even as mine, for I am Sindbad the Seaman; and now, O Porter, I would have thee let me hear the couplets thou recitedst at the gate anon. The Porter was abashed and replied, "Allah upon thee! Excuse me, for toil and travail and lack of luck when the hand is empty teach a man ill manners and boorish ways." Said the host, "Be not ashamed; thou art become my brother: but repeat to me the verses, for they pleased me whenas I heard thee recite them at the gate." Hereupon the Porter repeated the couplets, and they delighted the merchant, who said to him: —

Know, O Hammal, that my story is a wonderful one, and thou shalt hear all that befell me and all I underwent ere I rose to this state of prosperity and became the lord of this place wherein thou seest me; for I came not to this high estate save after travail sore and perils galore, and how much toil and trouble have I not suffered in days of yore! I have made seven

voyages, by each of which hangeth a marvellous tale, such as confoundeth the reason, and all this came to pass by doom of fortune and fate ; for from what destiny doth write there is neither refuge nor flight.

Know then, good my lords (continued he), that I am about to relate the

FIRST VOYAGE OF SINDBAD HIGHT THE SEAMAN.

My father was a merchant, one of the notables of my native place, a moneyed man and ample of means, who died whilst I was yet a child, leaving me much wealth in money and lands, and farmhouses. When I grew up I laid hands on the whole and ate of the best and drank freely and wore rich clothes and lived lavishly, companioning and concerting with youths of my own age, and considering that this course of life would continue for ever and ken no change. Thus did I for a long time, but at last I awoke from my heedlessness, and returning to my senses, I found my wealth had become unwealth and my condition ill-conditioned, and all I once hent had left my hand. And recovering my reason I was stricken with dismay and confusion, and bethought me of a saying of our lord Solomon, son of David, (upon whom be Peace!) which I had heard aforetime from my father, "Three things are better than other three: the day of death is better than the day of birth, a live dog is better than a dead lion, and the grave is better than want." Then I got together my remains of estates and property and sold all, even my clothes, for three thousand dirhams, with which I resolved to travel to foreign parts, remembering the saying of the poet:—

By means of toil man shall scale the height: Who to fame aspires
must n't sleep o' night:
Who seeketh pearl in the deep must dive, Winning weal and wealth
by his main and might:
And who seeketh Fame without toil and strife Th' impossible seek-
eth and wasteth life.

So taking heart I bought me goods, merchandise, and all needed for a voyage, and, impatient to be at sea, I embarked, with a company of merchants, on board a ship bound for Bassorah. There we again embarked and sailed many days and nights, and we passed from isle to isle and sea to sea and shore to shore, buying and selling and bartering everywhere the ship touched,

and continued our course till we came to an island as it were a garth of the garden of Paradise. Here the captain cast anchor, and making fast to the shore, put out the landing planks. So all on board landed and made furnaces, and lighting fires therein, busied themselves in various ways, some cooking and some washing, whilst other some walked about the island for solace, and the crew fell to eating and drinking and playing and sporting. I was one of the walkers; but as we were thus engaged, behold the master, who was standing on the gunwale, cried out to us at the top of his voice, saying, "Ho there! passengers, run for your lives and hasten back to the ship and leave your gear and save yourselves from destruction, Allah preserve you! For this island whereon ye stand is no true island, but a great fish stationary a-middlemost of the sea, whereon the sand hath settled and trees have sprung up of old time, so that it is become like unto an island; but when ye lighted fires on it, it felt the heat and moved; and in a moment it will sink with you into the sea and ye will all be drowned. So leave your gear and seek your safety ere ye die." —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH NIGHT,

She said, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the ship-master cried to the passengers, "Leave your gear and seek safety ere ye die," all who heard him left gear and goods, clothes washed and unwashed, fire-pots and brass cooking-pots, and fled back to the ship for their lives, and some reached it while others (among whom was I) did not, for suddenly the island shook and sank into the abysses of the deep, with all that were thereon, and the dashing sea surged over it with clashing waves. I sank with the others down, down into the deep, but Almighty Allah preserved me from drowning and threw in my way a great wooden tub of those that had served the ship's company for tubbing. I gripped it for the sweetness of life, and bestriding it like one riding, paddled with my feet like oars, whilst the waves tossed me as in sport right and left. Meanwhile, the captain made sail and departed with those who had reached the ship, regardless of the drowning and the drowned;

and I ceased not following the vessel with my eyes, till she was hid from sight and I made sure of death. Darkness closed in upon me while in this plight, and the winds and waves bore me on all that night and the next day, till the tub brought to with me under the lee of a lofty island, with trees overhanging the tide. I caught hold of a branch and by its aid clambered up on to the land, after coming nigh upon death; but when I reached the shore, I found my legs cramped and numbed, and my feet bore traces of the nibbling of fish upon their soles; withal I had felt nothing for excess of anguish and fatigue. I threw myself down on the island-ground, like a dead man, and drowned in desolation swooned away, nor did I return to my senses till next morning, when the sun rose and revived me. But I found my feet swollen, so made shift to move by shuffling on my breech and crawling on my knees, for in that island were found store of fruit and springs of sweet water. I ate of the fruits, which strengthened me; and thus I abode days and nights, till my life seemed to return and my spirits began to revive and I was better able to move about. So after due consideration I fell to exploring the island and diverting myself with gazing upon all things that Allah Almighty had created there; and rested under the trees, from one of which I cut me a staff to lean upon. One day as I walked along the marge, I caught sight of some object in the distance, and thought it a wild beast or one of the monster creatures of the sea; but as I drew near it, looking hard the while, I saw that it was a noble mare, tethered on the beach. Presently I went up to her, but she cried out against me with a great cry, so that I trembled for fear and turned to go away, when there came forth a man from under the earth and followed me, crying out and saying, "Who and whence art thou, and what caused thee to come hither?" "O my lord," answered I, "I am in very sooth a waif, a stranger, and was left to drown with sundry others by the ship we voyaged in; but Allah graciously sent me a wooden tub, so I saved myself thereon, and it floated with me till the waves cast me up on this island." When he heard this he took my hand, and saying "Come with me," carried me into a great Sardáb, or underground chamber, which was spacious as a saloon. He made me sit down at its upper end; then he brought me somewhat of food, and, being anhungered, I ate till I was satisfied and refreshed. And when he had put me at mine ease he questioned me of myself, and I told him all that had befallen me from first to last. And as he wondered at my

adventure, I said, "By Allah, O my lord, excuse me; I have told thee the truth of my case and the accident which betided me. And now I desire that thou tell me who thou art, and why thou abidest here under the earth, and why thou hast tethered yonder mare on the brink of the sea." Answered he, "Know that I am one of the several who are stationed in different parts of this island, and we are of the grooms of King Mihrján, and under our hand are all his horses. . . . And Inshallah! I will bear thee to King Mihrján —"

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH
NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that the Syce said to Sindbad the Seaman, "I will bear thee to King Mihrján and show thee our country. And know that hadst thou not happened on us, thou hadst perished miserably and none had known of thee; but I will be the means of the saving of thy life and of thy return to thine own land." I called down blessings on him and thanked him for his kindness and courtesy. . . . After this, we sat awhile, till the rest of the grooms came up, each leading a mare, and seeing me with their fellow-Syce questioned me of my case, and I repeated my story to them. Thereupon they drew near me, and spreading the table, ate and invited me to eat; so I ate with them, after which they took horse, and mounting me on one of the mares, set out with me and fared on without ceasing, till we came to the capital city of King Mihrján, and going in to him acquainted him with my story. Then he sent for me, and when they set me before him and salams had been exchanged, he gave me a cordial welcome and wishing me long life bade me tell him my tale. So I related to him all that I had seen and all that had befallen me from first to last, whereat he marvelled and said to me, "By Allah, O my son, thou hast indeed been miraculously preserved! Were not the term of thy life a long one, thou hadst not escaped from these straits; but praised be Allah for safety!" Then he spoke cheerily to me and entreated me with kindness and consideration; moreover, he made me his agent for the port and registrar of all ships that entered the harbor. I attended him regularly, to receive his

commandments, and he favored me and did me all manner of kindness and invested me with costly and splendid robes. Indeed, I was high in credit with him, as an intercessor for the folk and an intermediary between them and him, when they wanted aught of him. I abode thus a great while, and as often as I passed through the city to the port, I questioned the merchants and travellers and sailors of the city of Bagdad; so haply I might hear of an occasion to return to my native land, but could find none who knew it or knew any who resorted thither. At this I was chagrined, for I was weary of long strangerhood; and my disappointment endured for a time till one day, going in to King Mihrjân, I found with him a company of Indians. I saluted them and they returned my salam; and politely welcomed me and asked me of my country —

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased saying her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that Sindbad the Seaman said: — When they asked me of my country I questioned them of theirs, and they told me that they were of various castes, some being called Shakiriyah, who are the noblest of their castes and neither oppress nor offer violence to any, and other Brahmans, a folk who abstain from wine, but live in delight and solace and merriment, and own camels and horses and cattle. Moreover, they told me that the people of India are divided into two-and-seventy castes, and I marvelled at this with exceeding marvel. Amongst other things that I saw in King Mihrjân's dominions was an island called Kásil, wherein all night is heard the beating of drums and tabrets; but we were told by the neighboring islanders and by travellers that the inhabitants are people of diligence and judgment. In this sea I saw also a fish two hundred cubits long, and the fishermen fear it; so they strike together pieces of wood and put it to flight. I also saw another fish, with a head like that of an owl, besides many other wonders and rarities, which it would be tedious to recount. I occupied myself thus in visiting the islands, till one day, as I stood in the port, with a staff in my hand, according to my custom, behold, a great ship, wherein were many merchants, came sailing for the harbor. When it reached the small inner port

where ships anchor under the city, the master furled his sails and making fast to the shore, put out the landing-planks, whereupon the crew fell to breaking bulk and landing cargo whilst I stood by, taking written note of them. They were long in bringing the goods ashore, so I asked the master, "Is there aught left in thy ship?" and he answered, "O my lord, there are divers bales of merchandise in the hold, whose owner was drowned from amongst us at one of the islands on our course; so his goods remained in our charge by way of trust, and we propose to sell them and note their price, that we may convey it to his people in the city of Bagdad, the Home of Peace." "What was the merchant's name?" quoth I, and quoth he, "Sindbad the Seaman;" whereupon I straitly considered him and knowing him, cried out to him with a great cry, saying, "O captain, I am that Sindbad the Seaman who traveled with other merchants; and when the fish heaved and thou calledst to us, some saved themselves and others sank, I being one of them. But Allah Almighty threw in my way a great tub of wood, of those the crew had used to wash withal, and the winds and waves carried me to this island, where by Allah's grace I fell in with King Mîhrjân's grooms and they brought me hither to the King their master. When I told him my story he entreated me with favor and made me his harbor-master, and I have prospered in his service and found acceptance with him. These bales, therefore, are mine, the goods which God hath given me —"

And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased to say her permitted say.

NOW WHEN IT WAS THE FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND NIGHT,

She continued, It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when Sindbad the Seaman said to the captain, "These bales are mine, the goods which Allah hath given me," the other exclaimed, "There is no Majesty and there is no Might save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great! Verily, there is neither conscience nor good faith left among men!" Said I, "O Rais, what mean these words, seeing that I have told thee my case?" And he answered, "Because thou heardest me say that I had with me goods whose owner was drowned thou thinkest to take them without right; but this is forbidden by law to thee, for we saw

him drown before our eyes, together with many other passengers, nor was one of them saved. So how canst thou pretend that thou art the owner of the goods?" "O captain," said I, "listen to my story and give heed to my words, and my truth will be manifest to thee; for lying and leasing are the letter-marks of the hypocrites." Then I recounted to him all that had befallen me since I sailed from Bagdad with him to the time when we came to the fish-island where we were nearly drowned; and I reminded him of certain matters which had passed between us; whereupon both he and the merchants were certified of the truth of my story and recognized me and gave me joy of my deliverance, saying, "By Allah, we thought not that thou hadst escaped drowning! But the Lord hath granted thee new life." Then they delivered my bales to me, and I found my name written thereon, nor was aught thereof lacking. So I opened them, and making up a present for King Mihrján of the finest and costliest of the contents, caused the sailors to carry it up to the palace, where I went in to the King and laid my present at his feet, acquainting him with what had happened, especially concerning the ship and my goods; whereat he wondered with exceeding wonder and the truth of all that I had told him was made manifest to him. His affection for me redoubled after that, and he showed me exceeding honor and bestowed on me a great present in return for mine. Then I sold my bales and what other matters I owned, making a great profit on them, and bought me other goods and gear of the growth and fashion of the island-city. When the merchants were about to start on their homeward voyage, I embarked on board the ship all that I possessed, and going in to the King, thanked him for all his favors and friendship, and craved his leave to return to my own land and friends. He farewelled me and bestowed upon me great store of the country-stuffs and produce; and I took leave of him and embarked. Then we set sail and fared on nights and days by the permission of Allah Almighty; and Fortune served us and Fate favored us, so that we arrived in safety at Bassorah-city where I landed rejoiced at my safe return to my natal soil. After a short stay, I set out for Bagdad, the House of Peace, with store of goods and commodities of great price. Reaching the city in due time, I went straight to my own quarter and entered my house, where all my friends and kinsfolk came to greet me. Then I bought me eunuchs and concubines, servants and negro slaves, till I had

large establishment, and I bought me houses, and lands and gardens, till I was richer and in better case than before, and returned to enjoy the society of my friends and familiars more assiduously than ever, forgetting all I had suffered of fatigue and hardship and strangerhood and every peril of travel; and I applied myself to all manner joys and solaces and delights, eating the daintiest viands and drinking the deliciousest wines, and my wealth allowed this state of things to endure. This, then, is the story of my first voyage, and to-morrow, Inshallah! I will tell you the tale of the second of my seven voyages. Saith he who telleth the tale: Then Sindbad the Seaman made Sindbad the Landsman sup with him and bade give him an hundred gold pieces, saying, "Thou hast cheered us with thy company this day." The Porter thanked him, and taking the gift, went his way, pondering that which he had heard and marvelling mightily at what things betide mankind.

CONCLUSION OF THE "THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT."

(Translation of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.)

Now during this time Shahrazad had borne the King three boy children; so, when she had made an end of the story of Ma'aruf, she rose to her feet and kissing ground before him, said, "O King of the time and unique one of the age and the tide, I am thine handmaid, and these thousand nights and a night have I entertained thee with stories of folk gone before and admonitory instances of the men of yore. May I then make bold to crave a boon of thy highness?" He replied, "Ask, O Shahrazad, and it shall be granted to thee." Whereupon she cried out to the nurses and the eunuchs, saying, "Bring me my children." So they brought them to her in haste, and they were three boy children, one walking, one crawling, and one sucking. She took them, and setting them before the King, again kissed ground and said, "O King of the Age, these are thy children and I crave that thou release me from the doom of death, as a dole to these infants: for, an thou kill me, they will become motherless and will find none among women to rear them as they should be reared." When the King heard this, he wept and straining the boys to his bosom, said, "By Allah, O Shahrazad, I pardoned thee before the coming of these children, for that I found thee chaste, pure, ingenuous, and pious! Allah bless thee and thy father and thy mother and thy root and thy branch! I take the

Almighty to witness against me that I exempt thee from aught that can harm thee."

So she kissed his hands and feet and rejoiced with exceeding joy, saying, "The Lord make thy life long and increase thee in dignity and majesty!" presently adding, "Thou marvelledst at which befell thee on the part of women; yet there betided the Kings of the Chosroës before thee greater mishaps and more grievous than that which hath befallen thee, and indeed I have set forth unto thee that which happened to Caliphs and Kings and others with their women, but the relation is longsome, and hearkening groweth tedious, and in this is all-sufficient warning for the man of wits and admonishment for the wise." Then she ceased to speak, and when King Shahryar heard her speech and profited by that which she had said, he summoned up his reasoning powers and cleansed his heart and caused his understanding to revert, and turned to Allah Almighty and said to himself, "Since there befell the Kings of the Chosroës more than that which hath befallen me, never whilst I live shall I cease to blame myself for the past. As for this Shahrazad, her like is not found in the lands; so praise be to Him who appointed her a means for delivering His creatures from oppression and slaughter!" Then he arose from his séance and kissed her head, whereat she rejoiced, she and her sister Dunyazad, with exceeding joy.

When the morning morrowed the King went forth, and sitting down on the throne of the Kingship, summoned the Lords of his land; whereupon the Chamberlains and Nabobs and Captains of the host went in to him and kissed ground before him. He distinguished the Wazir, Shahrazad's sire, with special favor and bestowed on him a costly and splendid robe of honor, and entreated him with the utmost kindness, and said to him, "Allah protect thee for that thou gavest me to wife thy noble daughter, who hath been the means of my repentance from slaying the daughters of folk. Indeed, I have found her pure and pious, chaste and ingenuous, and Allah hath vouchsafed me by her three boy children; wherefore praised be He for His passing favor." Then he bestowed robes of honor upon his Wazirs and Emirs and Chief Officers, and he set forth to them briefly that which had betided him with Shahrazad, and how he had turned from his former ways and repented him of what he had done, and proposed to take the Wazir's daughter Shahrazad to wife, and let draw up the marriage-contract with her. When those who were present heard this, they kissed ground before

him and blessed him and his betrothed Shahrazad, and the Wazir thanked her.

Then Shahryar made an end of his sitting in all weal, whereupon the folk dispersed to their dwelling-places, and the news was bruited abroad that the King proposed to marry the Wazir's daughter, Shahrazad. Then he proceeded to make ready the wedding gear, and presently he sent after his brother, King Shah Zaman, who came, and King Shahryar went forth to meet him with the troops. Furthermore, they decorated the city after the goodliest fashion and diffused scents from censers and burnt aloes-wood and other perfumes in all the markets and thoroughfares and rubbed themselves with saffron, what while the drums beat and the flutes and pipes sounded and mimes and mountebanks played and plied their arts, and the King lavished on them gifts and largesse, and in very deed it was a notable day. When they came to the palace, King Shahryar commanded to spread the table with beasts roasted whole, and sweetmeats, and all manner of viands, and bade the crier cry to the folk that they should come up to the Diwan and eat and drink, and that this should be a means of reconciliation between him and them. So high and low, great and small, came up unto him, and they abode on that wise, eating and drinking, seven days with their nights.

Then the King shut himself up with his brother, and related to him that which had betided him with the Wazir's daughter Shahrazad during the past three years, and told him what he had heard from her of proverbs and parables, chronicles and pleasantries, quips and jests, stories and anecdotes, dialogues and histories, and elegies and other verses; whereat King Shah Zaman marvelled with the utmost marvel and said, "Fain would I take her younger sister to wife, so we may be two brothers-german to two sisters-german, and they on like wise be sisters to us; for that the calamity which befell me was the cause of our discovering that which befell thee, and all this time of three years past I have taken no delight in woman; but now I desire to marry thy wife's sister Dunyazad."

When King Shahryar heard his brother's words, he rejoiced with joy exceeding, and arising forthright went in to his wife Shahrazad and acquainted her with that which his brother proposed, namely, that he sought her sister Dunyazad in wedlock; whereupon she answered, "O King of the Age, we seek of him one condition, to wit, that he take up his abode with us; for that I cannot brook to be parted from my sister an hour, because we

were brought up together, and may not endure separation each from another. If he accept this pact, she is his handmaid." King Shahryar returned to his brother and acquainted him with that which Shahrazad had said; and he replied, "Indeed, this is what was in my mind, for that I desire nevermore to be parted from thee one hour. As for the kingdom, Allah the Most High shall send to it whomso He chooseth, for that I have no longer a desire for the kingship."

When King Shahryar heard his brother's words, he rejoiced exceedingly and said, "Verily, this is what I wished, O my brother. So Alhamdolillah — praised be Allah! — who hath brought about union between us." Then he sent after the Kazis and Olema, Captains and Notables, and they married the two brothers to the two sisters. The contracts were written out, and the two Kings bestowed robes of honor of silk and satin on those who were present, whilst the city was decorated and the rejoicings were renewed. The King commanded each Emir and Wazir and Chamberlain and Nabob to decorate his palace, and the folk of the city were gladdened by the presage of happiness and contentment. King Shahryar also bade slaughter sheep, and set up kitchens and made bride-feasts and fed all comers, high and low; and he gave alms to the poor and needy and extended his bounty to great and small.

Then the eunuchs went forth that they might perfume the Hammam for the brides; so they scented it with rosewater and willow-flower water and pods of musk, and fumigated it with Kákilí eaglewood and ambergris. Then Shahrazad entered, she and her sister Dunyazad, and they cleansed their heads and clipped their hair. When they came forth of the Hammam-bath, they donned raiment and ornaments such as men were wont prepare for the Kings of the Chosroës; and among Shahrazad's apparel was a dress purfled with red gold and wrought with counterfeit presentments of birds and beasts. And the two sisters encircled their necks with necklaces of jewels of price, in the like whereof Iskander rejoiced not, for therein were great jewels such as amazed the wit and dazzled the eye; and the imagination was bewildered at their charms, for indeed each of them was brighter than the sun and the moon. Before them they lighted brilliant flambeaux of wax in candelabra of gold, but their faces outshone the flambeaux, for that they had eyes sharper than unsheathed swords, and the lashes of their eyelids bewitched all hearts. Their cheeks were rosy red, and their

necks and shapes gracefully swayed, and their eyes wantoned like the gazelle's; and the slave-girls came to meet them with instruments of music.

Then the two Kings entered the Hammam-bath, and when they came forth they sat down on a couch set with pearls and gems, whereupon the two sisters came up to them and stood between their hands, as they were moons, bending and leaning from side to side in their beauty and loveliness. Presently they brought forward Shahrazad and displayed her, for the first dress, in a red suit; whereupon King Shahryar rose to look upon her, and the wits of all present, men and women, were bewitched for that she was even as saith of her one of her describers:—

A sun on wand in knoll of sand she showed, * Clad in her cramoisy-hued chemisette:
Of her lips' honey-dew she gave me drink * And with her rosy cheeks quencht fire she set.

Then they attired Dunyazad in a dress of blue brocade, and she became as she were the full moon when it shineth forth. So they displayed her in this, for the first dress, before King Shah Zaman, who rejoiced in her and well-nigh swooned away for love-longing and amorous desire; yea, he was distraught with passion for her whenas he saw her, because she was, as saith of her one of her describers in these couplets:—

She comes apparelled in an azure vest * Ultramarine as skies are deckt and dight:
I view'd th' unparall'd sight, which showed my eyes * A Summer-moon upon a Winter-night.

Then they returned to Shahrazad and displayed her in the second dress, a suit of surpassing goodliness, and veiled her face with her hair like a chin-veil. Moreover, they let down her sidelocks, and she was even as saith of her one of her describers in these couplets:—

O hail to him whose locks his cheeks o'ershade, * Who slew my life by cruel hard desight:
Said I, "Hast veiled the Morn in Night?" He said, * "Nay, I but veil the Moon in hue of Night."

Then they displayed Dunyazad in a second and a third and a fourth dress, and she paced forward like the rising sun, and swayed to and fro in the insolence of her beauty; and she was even as saith the poet of her in these couplets:—

The sun of beauty she to all appears * And, lovely coy, she mocks
all loveliness :

And when he fronts her favor and her smile * A-morn, the sun of
day in clouds must dress.

Then they displayed Shahrazad in the third dress and the fourth
and the fifth, and she became as she were a Bán-branch snell of
a thirsting gazelle, lovely of face and perfect in attributes of
grace, even as saith of her one in these couplets :—

She comes like fullest moon on happy night, * Taper of waist with
shape of magic might ;

She hath an eye whose glances quell mankind, * And ruby on her
cheeks reflects his light ;

Enveils her hips the blackness of her hair ; * Beware of curls that
bite with viper-bite !

Her sides are silken-soft, what while the heart * Mere rock behind
that surface 'scapes our sight ;

From the fringed curtains of her eyne she shoots * Shafts that at
furthest range on mark alight.

Then they returned to Dunyazad and displayed her in the fifth
dress, and in the sixth, which was green, when she surpassed
with her loveliness the fair of the four quarters of the world, and
outvied, with the brightness of her countenance, the full moon
at rising tide ; for she was even as saith of her the poet in these
couplets :—

A damsel 'twas the tirer's art had decked with snare and sleight,
* And robed with rays as though the sun from her had borrowed
light ;

She came before us wondrous clad in chemisette of green, * As
veiled by his leafy screen Pomegranate hides from sight ;

And when he said, " How callest thou the fashion of thy dress ? "

* She answered us in pleasant way, with double meaning dight,

" We call this garment *crève-cœur* ; and rightly is it light, * For
many a heart wi' this we brake and harried many a sprite."

Then they displayed Shahrazad in the sixth and seventh dresses
and clad her in youth's clothing, whereupon she came forward
swaying from side to side, and coquettishly moving, and indeed
she ravished wits and hearts and ensorcelled all eyes with her
glances. She shook her sides and swayed her haunches, then
put her hair on sword-hilt and went up to King Shahryar, who
embraced her as hospitable host embraceth guest, and threatened
her in her ear with the taking of the sword ; and she was even
as saith the poet of her in these words :—

Were not the Murk of gender male, * Than feminines surpassing fair,
Tire-women they had grudged the bride, * Who made her beard and
whiskers wear !

Thus also they did with her sister Dunyazad ; and when they had made an end of the display, the King bestowed robes of honor on all who were present, and sent the brides to their own apartments. Then Shahrazad went in to King Shahryar and Dunyazad to King Shah Zaman, and each of them solaced himself with the company of his beloved consort, and the hearts of the folk were comforted. When morning morrowed, the Wazir came in to the two Kings and kissed ground before them ; wherefore they thanked him and were large of bounty to him. Presently they went forth and sat down upon couches of kingship, whilst all the Wazirs and Emirs and Grandees and Lords of the land presented themselves and kissed ground. King Shahryar ordered them dresses of honor and largesse, and they prayed for the permanence and prosperity of the King and his brother. Then the two Sovrans appointed their sire-in-law the Wazir to be Viceroy in Samarcand, and assigned him five of the Chief Emirs to accompany him, charging them attend him and do him service. The Minister kissed ground and prayed that they might be vouchsafed length of life : then he went in to his daughters, whilst the Eunuchs and Ushers walked before him, and saluted them and farewelled them. They kissed his hands and gave him joy of the kingship and bestowed on him immense treasures ; after which he took leave of them, and setting out, fared days and nights, till he came near Samarcand, where the townspeople met him at a distance of three marches and rejoiced in him with exceeding joy. So he entered the city, and they decorated the houses and it was a notable day. He sat down on the throne of his kingship, and the Wazirs did him homage, and the Grandees and Emirs of Samarcand, and all prayed that he might be vouchsafed justice and victory and length of continuance. So he bestowed on them robes of honor and entreated them with distinction, and they made him Sultan over them. As soon as his father-in-law had departed for Samarcand, King Shahryar summoned the Grandees of his realm and made them a stupendous banquet of all manner of delicious meats and exquisite sweetmeats. He also bestowed on them robes of honor and guerdoned them, and divided the kingdoms between himself and his brother in their presence, whereat the folk rejoiced. Then the two Kings abode, each ruling a day in

turn, and they were ever in harmony each with other, while on similar wise their wives continued in the love of Allah Almighty and in thanksgiving to Him ; and the peoples and the provinces were at peace, and the preachers prayed for them from the pulpits, and their report was bruited abroad and the travelers bore tidings of them to all lands. In due time King Shahryar summoned chronicles and copyists, and bade them write all that had betided him with his wife, first and last ; so they wrote this and named it "The Stories of the Thousand Nights and A Night." The book came to thirty volumes, and these the King laid up in his treasure. And the two brothers abode with their wives in all pleasaunce and solace of life and its delights, for that indeed Allah the Most High had changed their annoy into joy ; and on this wise they continued till there took them the Destroyer of delights and the Severer of societies, the Desolator of dwelling-places, and Garnerer of grave-yards, and they were translated to the ruth of Almighty Allah ; their houses fell waste and their palaces lay in ruins, and the Kings inherited their riches. Then there reigned after them a wise ruler, who was just, keen-witted, and accomplished, and loved tales and legends, especially those which chronicle the doings of Sovrans and Sultans, and he found in the treasury these marvellous stories and wondrous histories, contained in the thirty volumes aforesaid. So he read in them a first book and a second and a third and so on to the last of them, and each book astounded and delighted him more than that which preceded it, till he came to the end of them. Then he admired what so he had read therein of description and discourse and rare traits and anecdotes and moral instances and reminiscences, and bade the folk copy them and disspread them over all lands and climes ; wherefore their report was bruited abroad and the people named them "The marvels and wonders of the Thousand Nights and A Night." This is all that hath come down to us of the origin of this book, and Allah is All-knowing. So Glory be to Him Whom the Shifts of Time waste not away, nor doth aught of chance or change affect His sway ! Whom one case diverteth not from other case, and Who is sole in the attributes of perfect grace. And prayer and the Peace be upon the Lord's Pontiff and Chosen One among His creatures, our Lord MOHAMMED, the Prince of mankind, through whom we supplicate Him for a goodly and a godly end.

ARABIC POETRY.

(Translation of C. J. Lyall.)

PATIENCE.

(From Ibrahīm, Son of Kunaif of Nabhan.)

BE patient: for free-born men to bear is the fairest thing,
 And refuge against Time's wrong or help from his hurt is none;
 And if it availed man aught to bow him to fluttering Fear,
 Or if he could ward off hurt by humbling himself to Ill,
 To bear with a valiant front the full brunt of every stroke
 And onset of Fate were still the fairest and best of things.
 But how much the more, when none outruns by a span his Doom,
 And refuge from God's decree nor was nor will ever be,
 And sooth, if the changing Days have wrought us — their wonted
 way —

A lot mixed of weal and woe, yet one thing they could not do:
 They have not made soft or weak the stock of our sturdy spear;
 They have not abased our hearts to doing of deeds of shame.
 We offer to bear their weight, a handful of noble souls:
 Though lader beyond all weight of man, they uplift the load.
 So shield we with Patience fair our souls from the stroke of Shame;
 Our honors are whole and sound, though others be lean enow.

ABU SAKHR.

(On a lost love. From the "Hamāsah.")

By Him who brings weeping and laughter | who deals Death and
 Life as He wills —
 she left me to envy the wild deer | that graze twain and twain
 without fear!
 Oh, love of her, heighten my heart's pain, | and strengthen the pang
 every night;
 oh, comfort that days bring, forgetting | — the last of all days be
 thy tryst!
 I marvelled how swiftly the time sped | between us, the moment we
 met;
 but when that brief moment was ended | how wearily dragged he
 his feet!

AN ADDRESS TO THE BELOVED.

(By Abu l-'Ata of Sind. From the "Hamásah.")

OF thee did I dream, while spears between us were quivering —
 and sooth, of our blood full deep had drunken the tawny shafts!
 I know not — by Heaven I swear, and here is the word I say! —
 this pang, is it love-sickness, or wrought by a spell from thee?
 If it be a spell, then grant me grace of thy love-longing —
 if other the sickness be, then none is the guilt of thine!

A FORAY.

(By Ja'far ibn 'Ulbah. From the "Hamásah.")

THAT even when, under Sábhal's twin peaks, upon us drave
 the horsemen, troop upon troop, and the foeman pressed us
 sore —
 They said to us, "Two things lie before you; now must ye choose
 the points of the spears couched at ye; or if ye will not, chains!"
 We answered them, "Yea this thing may fall to *you* after the fight,
 when men shall be left on ground, and none shall arise again;
 But we know not, if we quail before the assault of Death,
 how much may be left of life — the goal is too dim to see."
 We rode to the strait of battle; there cleared us a space, around
 the white swords in our right hands which the smiths had fur-
 bished fair.
 On them fell the edge of my blade, on that day of Sabhal date;
 And mine was the share thereof, wherever my fingers closed.

FATALITY.

(By Katari, ibn al-Fujá'ah, ibn Ma'zin. From the "Hamásah.")

I SAID to her, when she fled in amaze and breathless
 before the array of battle, "Why dost thou tremble?
 Yea, if but a day of Life thou shouldst beg with weeping,
 beyond what thy Doom appoints, thou wouldst not gain it!
 Be still, then; and face the onset of Death, high-hearted,
 for none upon earth shall win to abide forever.
 No raiment of praise the cloak of old age and weakness;
 none such for the coward who bows like a reed in the tempest.
 The pathway of death is set for all men to travel.
 the crier of Death proclaims through the earth his empire.
 Who dies not when young and sound, dies old and weary —
 cut off in his length of days from all love and kindness;
 And what for a man is left of delight of living, —
 past use — flung away — a worthless and worn-out chattel?"

IMPLACABILITY.

(By al-Fadl, ibn al-Abbas, ibn Utbah. From the "Hamásah.")

Sons of our uncle, peace! Cousins of ours, be still!
 drag not to light from its grave the strife that we buried there.
 Hope not for honor from us, while ye heap upon us shame,
 or think that we shall forbear from vexing when ye vex us.
 Sons of our uncle, peace! lay not our rancor raw;
 walk now gently awhile, as once ye were wont to go.
 Ay, God knows that we, we love you not, in sooth!
 and that we blame ye not that ye have no love for us.
 Each of us has his ground for the loathing his fellow moves:
 a grace it is from the Lord that we hate ye — ye us!

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

(A poem by Hittân ibn al-Mu'allà of Tayyi. From the "Hamásah.")

FORTUNE has brought me down — her wonted way —
 from stature high and great, to low estate;
 Fortune has rent away my plenteous store;
 of all my wealth, honor alone is left.
 Fortune has turned my joy to tears — how oft
 did Fortune make me laugh with what she gave!
 But for these girls, the *ḡatā's* downy brood,
 unkindly thrust from door to door as hard —
 Far would I roam, and wide, to seek my bread,
 in earth, that has no lack of breadth and length.
 Nay, but our children in our midst, what else
 but our hearts are they, walking on the ground?
 If but the breeze blow harsh on one of them,
 mine eye says "no" to slumber, all night long!

DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS ARAGO.

ARAGO, DOMINIQUE FRANÇOIS, an eminent French statesman, astronomer and physicist; born near Perpignan, February 26, 1786; died in Paris, Oct. 2, 1853. His biographical notices of distinguished men of science hold a high place in literature for clearness of thought and beauty of style. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies after the revolution of 1830, he eloquently took part with the advanced republicans. After the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848, he effected, as Minister of War and of Marine, many salutary reforms, such as the abolition of flogging in the navy and of negro slavery in the colonies. His scientific observations and discoveries were numerous and important. English translations of separate portions of his works have been published, notably his "Autobiography;" "Popular Lectures on Astronomy;" "Meteorological Essays;" and "Biographies of Scientific Men."

FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the Academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the saloons of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savants, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform.

I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be themselves noticed.

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added, "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the certainly simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say:—

"*His* name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

My neighbor on the left immediately replied:—

"*He* cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left-hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said:—

"*He* has just been measuring the line of the meridian in Spain."

The Emperor, imagining doubtless that he had before him either a dumb or an imbecile man, passed on to another member of the Institute. This one was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarek. The old man presented a book to Napoleon.

"What is that?" said the latter; "it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this 'annuaire' which dishonors your old age. Do something in Natural History, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" And he passed the book to an aide-camp.

Poor M. Lamarek, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, "It is a work on Natural History which I present to you," was weak enough to fall into tears.

The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said to him, sneeringly:—

"The entire Senate, then, will have to give place to the Institute?" "Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature."

The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulets which filled the room.

Immediately after my nomination, I was exposed to strange attempts on the part of the military authorities. I had left for Spain, still holding the title of pupil of the Polytechnic School. My name could not remain on the books more than four years; consequently I had been enjoined to return to France to go through the examinations necessary on quitting

the school. But in the mean time Lalande died, and thus a place in the Bureau of Longitude became vacant. I was named assistant astronomer. These places were submitted to the nomination of the Emperor. M. Lacuée, Director of the Conscription, thought that, through this latter circumstance, the law would be satisfied, and I was authorized to continue my operations.

M. Matthieu Dumas, who succeeded him, looked at the question from an entirely different point of view; he enjoined me either to furnish a substitute, or else to set off myself with the contingent of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris.

All my remonstrances and those of my friends having been fruitless, I announced to the honorable General that I should present myself in the Place de l'Estrapade, whence the conscripts had to depart, in the costume of a member of the Institute; and that thus I should march on foot through the city of Paris. General Matthieu Dumas was alarmed at the effect which this scene would produce on the Emperor, himself a member of the Institute, and hastened, under fear of my menace, to confirm the decision of General Lacuée.

In the year 1809 I was chosen by the "conseil du perfectionnement" of the Polytechnic School to succeed M. Monge, in his chair of Analysis applied to Geometry. The circumstances attending that nomination have remained a secret; I seize the first opportunity which offers itself to me to make them known.

M. Monge took the trouble to come to me one day, at the Observatory, to ask me to succeed him. I declined this honor, because of a proposed journey which I was going to make into Central Asia with M. de Humboldt. "You will certainly not set off for some months to come," said the illustrious geometer; "you could, therefore, take my place temporarily." "Your proposal," I replied, "flatters me infinitely; but I do not know whether I ought to accept it. I have never read your great work on partial differential equations; I do not, therefore, feel certain that I should be competent to give lessons to the pupils of the Polytechnic School on such a difficult theory." "Try," said he, "and you will find that that theory is clearer than it is generally supposed to be." Accordingly, I did try; and M. Monge's opinion appeared to me to be well founded.

The public could not comprehend, at that time, how it was that the benevolent M. Monge obstinately refused to confide the delivery of his course to M. Binet (a private teacher under

him), whose zeal was well known. It is this motive which I am going to reveal.

There was then in the Bois de Boulogne a residence named the Gray House, where there assembled round M. Coessin, a great preacher of a new religion, a number of adepts, such as Lesueur, the musician, Colin, private teacher of chemistry at the school, M. Binet, etc. A report from the prefect of police had signified to the Emperor that the frequenters of the Gray House were connected with the Society of Jesuits. The Emperor was uneasy and irritated at this. "Well," said he to M. Monge, "there are your dear pupils become disciples of Loyola!" And on Monge's denial, "You deny it," answered the Emperor; "well, then, know that the private teacher of your course is in that clique." Every one can understand that after such a remark, Monge could not consent to being succeeded by M. Binet.

Having entered the Academy, young, ardent, and impassioned, I took much greater part in the nominations than may have been suitable for my position and at my age. Arrived at an epoch of life whence I examine retrospectively all my actions with calmness and impartiality, I can render this amount of justice to myself, that, excepting in three or four instances, my vote and interest were always in favor of the most deserving candidate, and more than once I succeeded in preventing the Academy from making the most deplorable choice. Who could blame me for having maintained with energy the election of Malus, considering that his competitor, M. Girard, unknown as a physicist, obtained twenty-two votes out of fifty-three, and that an addition of five votes would have given him the victory over the savant who had just discovered the phenomenon of polarization by reflection, over the savant whom Europe would have named by acclamation? The same remarks are applicable to the nomination of Poisson, who would have failed against this same M. Girard, if four votes had been otherwise given. Does not this suffice to justify the unusual ardor of my conduct? Although in a third trial the majority of the Academy was decided in favor of the same engineer, I cannot repent that I maintained up to the last moment with conviction and warmth the election of his competitor, M. Dulong.

I do not suppose that, in the scientific world, any one will be disposed to blame me for having preferred M. Liouville to M. de Pontécoulant.

Sometimes it happened that the government wished to influence the choice of the Academy; with a strong sense of my rights, I invariably resisted all dictation. Once this resistance acted unfortunately on one of my friends — the venerable Legendre; as to myself, I had prepared myself beforehand for all the persecutions of which I could be made the object. Having received from the Minister of the Interior an invitation to vote for M. Binet against M. Navier on the occurrence of a vacant place in the section of mechanics, Legendre nobly answered that he would vote according to his soul and his conscience. He was immediately deprived of a pension which his great age and his long services rendered due to him. The protégé of the authorities failed; and, at the time, this result was attributed to the activity with which I enlightened the members of the Academy as to the impropriety of the Minister's proceedings.

On another occasion the King wished the Academy to name Depuytren, the eminent surgeon, but one whose character at the time lay under the imputation of grave charges. Depuytren was nominated, but several blanks protested against the interference of the authorities in Academic elections.

I said above that I had saved the Academy from some deplorable choices; I will only cite a single instance, on which occasion I had the sorrow of finding myself in opposition to M. de Laplace. The illustrious geometer wished a vacant place in the astronomical section to be granted to M. Nicollet, — a man without talent and moreover suspected of misdeeds which reflected on his honor in the most serious degree. At the close of a contest which I maintained undisguisedly, notwithstanding the danger which might follow from thus braving the powerful protectors of M. Nicollet, the Academy proceeded to the scrutiny; the respected M. Damoiseau, whose election I had supported, obtained forty-five votes out of forty-eight. Thus M. Nicollet had collected but three.

"I see," said M. de Laplace to me, "that it is useless to struggle against young people; I acknowledge that the man who is called the *great elector* of the Academy is more powerful than I am."

"No," replied I; "M. Arago can only succeed in counterbalancing the opinion justly preponderating for M. de Laplace, when the right is found to be without possible contradiction on his side."

A short time afterwards M. Nicolle had run away to America, and the Bureau of Longitude had a warrant passed to repel him ignominiously from its bosom.

I would warn those savants who, having early entered the Academy, might be tempted to imitate my example, to expect nothing beyond the satisfaction of their conscience. I warn them, with a knowledge of the case, that gratitude will almost always be found wanting.

The elected Academician, whose merits you have sometimes exalted beyond measure, pretends that you have done no more than justice to him — that you have fulfilled a duty, and that he therefore owes you no thanks.

Delambre died the 19th of August, 1822. After the necessary delay, they proceeded to fill his place. The situation of perpetual secretary is not one which can long be left vacant. The Academy named a commission to present it with candidates; it was composed of Messrs. de Laplace, Arago, Legendre, Rossel, Prony, and Lacroix. The list presented was composed of the names of Messrs. Biot, Fourier, and Arago. It is not necessary for me to say with what obstinacy I opposed the inscription of my name on this list; I was compelled to give way to the will of my colleagues, but I seized the first opportunity of declaring publicly that I had neither the expectation nor the wish to obtain a single vote; that, moreover, I had on my hands already as much work as I could get through; that in this respect M. Biot was in the same position; and that, in short, I should vote for the nomination of M. Fourier.

It was supposed, but I dare not flatter myself that it was the fact, that my declaration exercised a certain influence on the result of the ballot. The result was as follows: M. Fourier received thirty-eight votes, and M. Biot ten. In a case of this nature each man carefully conceals his vote, in order not to run the risk of future disagreement with him who may be invested with the authority which the Academy gives to the perpetual secretary. I do not know whether I shall be pardoned if I recount an incident which amused the Academy for a long time.

M. de Laplace, at the moment of voting, took two plain pieces of paper; his neighbor was guilty of the indiscretion of looking, and saw distinctly that the illustrious geometer wrote the name of Fourier on both of them. After quietly folding them up, M. de Laplace put the papers into his hat, shook it,

and said to this same curious neighbor: "You see I have written two papers; I am going to tear up one, I shall put the other into the urn; I shall thus be myself ignorant for which of the two candidates I have voted."

All went on as the celebrated Academician had said, only that every one knew with certainty that his vote had been for Fourier; and "the calculation of probabilities" was in no way necessary for arriving at this result.

After having fulfilled the duties of secretary with much distinction but not without some feebleness, some negligence in consequence of his bad health, Fourier died the 16th of May, 1830. I declined several times the honor which the Academy appeared willing to do me, in naming me to succeed him. I believed, without false modesty, that I had not the qualities necessary to fill this important place suitably. When thirty-nine out of forty-four voters had appointed me, it was quite time that I should give in to an opinion so flattering and so plainly expressed. On the 7th of June, 1830, I, therefore, became perpetual secretary of the Academy for the Mathematical Sciences; but, conformably to the plea of an accumulation of offices, of which I had made use as an argument to support, in November, 1822, the election of M. Fourier, I declared that I should give in my resignation of the Professorship in the Polytechnic School. Neither the solicitations of Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, nor those of the most eminent members of the Academy, could succeed in persuading me to renounce this resolution.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

ARBUTHNOT, JOHN, a Scottish humorist; born near Arbuthnot Castle, Kincardineshire, Scotland, April 29, 1667; died in London, February 27, 1735. He was physician to Queen Anne. His literary fame rests mainly on "The History of John Bull" (1712), at first attributed to Swift, but proved to have been the work of Arbuthnot. Primarily designed to satirize the Duke of Marlborough, and to oppose the continuance of the War of the Spanish Succession, this work was the means of fastening the sobriquet and the typical character of John Bull upon the English nation; but owing to its ardent and extreme Toryism it is now little read, and known chiefly by brilliant extracts. It is said to have suggested to Swift the composition of "Gulliver's Travels." He also wrote a number of serious works which have been highly valued.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

HOW BULL AND FROG GREW JEALOUS THAT THE LORD STRUTT INTENDED TO GIVE ALL HIS CUSTOM TO HIS GRANDFATHER, LEWIS BABOON [LOUIS XIV.].

It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighborhood that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) a false loon, of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades: sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broadcloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather [a famous toy man] could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoe buckles; when shop was shut up, he would go about the neighborhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander away at backsword, quarterstaff, and cudgel play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. "It is not impossible," says Frog to Bull, "but this

old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon: therefore, neighbor, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter."

A COPY OF BULL AND FROG'S LETTER TO LORD STRUTT.

MY LORD, — I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery ware time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship that you must find sufficient security to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of £20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,

JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in ready, either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised upon his word of honor that he would not change his drapers: but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

HOW BULL AND FROG WENT TO LAW WITH LORD STRUTT ABOUT THE PREMISES, AND WERE JOINED BY THE REST OF THE TRADESMEN.

All endeavors of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was

rumored abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs. Bull's ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. "You sot," says she, "you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up man, rouse thyself! I'll sell to my shift, before I'll be so used by that knave." You must think Mrs. Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned, the chimney sweeper of Savoy,¹ and Tom, the Portugal dustman,² put in their claims; and the cause [the war of the Spanish Succession] was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus, the attorney [Duke of Marlborough].

A declaration was drawn up to show, "that Bull and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable, without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling, and cudgel play;" and abundance more to this purpose.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF JOHN BULL, NIC. FROG, AND HOCUS.

For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know that Bull, in the main, was an honest,

¹ The Duke.

² The King.

plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at backsword, single falchion, or cudgel play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning, sly whoreson, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal; minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain: no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet it must be owned that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and, though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all. The neighbors reported that he was hen-pecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.

OF THE VARIOUS SUCCESS OF THE LAWSUIT.

Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business: yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address, was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve

his cause; there wanted not yellow boys [gold] to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries: Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favor [won no battles]; and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but, alas! That final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared [fresh securities exacted from France]; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets; then John began to borrow money upon Bank stock and East India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot; at last it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title, to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes; now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shirt, though he had as many as any other; his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and barefooted; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck beef and bullock's liver; in short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

HOW JOHN BULL WAS SO MIGHTILY PLEASED WITH HIS SUCCESS THAT HE WAS GOING TO LEAVE OFF HIS TRADE AND TURN LAWYER.

It is wisely observed by a great philosopher that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench. He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner: "How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law; how did my guardians

mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me, what immense estates these fellows raise by the law! Besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure it is to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar! What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade, for a lawyer I was born and a lawyer I will be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to battle indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbor tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell Hall [woollen-goods market], and price of broadcloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, *capias*, alias *capias*, demurrers, *venire facias*, *replevins*, *supersedeases*, *certioraris*, writs of error, actions of *trover* and conversion, trespasses, *precipes*, and *dedimus*. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law; that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice [hold the balance of power]: as for the advice of honest friends and neighbors, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics; John reckoned it more honor to have got one favorable verdict than to have sold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours.

RENÉ LOUIS D'ARGENSON.

ARGENSON, RENÉ LOUIS, Marquis de, French statesman and wit, the son of the Marquis d'Argenson that created the secret police and the system of *lettres de cachet*, was born in 1694 and died in 1757. He won the enmity of the celebrated Marquise de Pompadour in 1747, and spent some time in England. He wrote a volume of anecdotes and essays which also enjoyed popularity in English translation.

ON IMAGINATION.

THE imagination is a quality of the soul, not only a brilliant but a happy one, for it is more frequently the cause of our happiness, than of our misery; it presents us with more pleasures than vexations, with more hopes than fears. Men of dull and heavy dispositions, who are not affected by anything, vegetate and pass their lives in a kind of tranquillity, but without pleasure or delight; like animals which see, feel, and taste nothing but that which is under their eyes, paws, or teeth; but the imagination, which is proper to man, transports us beyond ourselves, and makes us taste future and the most distant pleasures. Let us not be told that it makes us also foresee evils, pains, and accidents, which will perhaps never arrive: it is seldom that imagination carries us to these panic fears, unless it be deranged by physical causes. The sick man sees dark phantoms and has melancholy ideas; the man in health has no dreams but such as are agreeable, and as we are more frequently in a good than a bad state of health, our natural state is to desire, to hope, and to enjoy. It is true that the imagination, which gives us some agreeable moments, exposes us, when once we are undeceived, to others which are painful. There is no person who does not wish to preserve his life, his health, and his property; but the imagination represents to us our life as a thing which ought to be very long; our health

established and unchangeable; and our fortune inexhaustible: when the two latter of these illusions cease before the former, we are much to be pitied.

ON MORALITY.

MORALITY teaches us how we ought to live with men; what a number of discourses, sermons, and books there are, which instruct us in the first principles of it! But there are few which teach us how to live with ourselves, and for ourselves alone: it is because the master and the lessons are in our own hearts and depend upon our characters. There are people who have lived sixty years without ever having known themselves, because they have never been at the trouble of studying their characters; for the most trifling research is sufficient to give us that knowledge to perfection. Let it not be imagined that self-love hinders us from judging truly of our own character; on the contrary, it informs us of our defects, and engages us to correct them, because our happiness is interested therein: it only hinders us from confessing them before others. Let us be sincere, we may be deceived about our defects, but we cannot totally conceal them.

ON THE PRACTICE OF MORALITY.

THE Chinese are persuaded that there is but one science which merits to be profoundly studied, and that it is necessary to study it one's whole life; it is morality: from this results, say our relations of them, that all the Chinese are philosophers. I maintain that these relations are not authentic; it is neither true nor possible that they should be so; and I should greatly pity a people who passed their whole lives in the study of morality. The first year of their studies they would know everything necessary to be known; and when men obstinately pursue the study of a thing, which they possess in the most ample manner, they terminate in perplexity. What we ought to do during our lives, is not to study morality, but to practise it; it may be very well practised without being understood, when we suffer ourselves to be conducted by those who know what it is; and much more so, when we are penetrated by its principles, which are few in number, but universally acknowledged, for such a length of time past, to be good, that there is nothing more

solid. Afterwards, it is necessary to apply them on every occasion; and to oppose them to the fire of the passions, and to the trifling interests, which incline us to deviate from our duty. There are professions in routine of which it may be said, in parodying a verse of Boileau: *The practice is easy, and the art is difficult*. It is quite the contrary in morality; the knowledge of its principles is simple and easy; but the practice is a difficulty which we experience every day.

It is not the vivacity only of our passions, of our character, and our age, which causes obstacles to the practice of morality, but circumstances also, difficult to be foreseen. However, *at all events the wise man is prepared*. It is particularly necessary when we are young to reflect upon what we read and see; to put ourselves in the place of people whom we hear speak, or whom we know personally, and ask ourselves, what would we do were we in a like situation? This is what is called studying historical books and the great book of the world to advantage. I have for more than twenty years followed this method, and I am of opinion that I am the better for it. Without ambition, or any ardent desire of changing my present situation, I like, notwithstanding, to build *castles in the air*: they amuse me and give me no uneasiness; they are agreeable dreams which never make me start out of sleep, or give me the nightmare. My friend, the Abbé de Saint Pierre, dreams continually that he is reforming the state; I have a little more right than he has to form such dreams. He writes and publishes what he dreams of; I am tempted to do so likewise; but I answer for it, that my dreams shall not be brought to light during my existence: first, because I do not believe the world disposed to make use of that which I think is for its advantage; secondly, because the example of the Abbé de St. Pierre frightens me. With the best intentions, he has given much advice which would well deserve to be followed; but he has attacked in front generally received ideas; he has proposed impracticable means of arriving at happy ends, he has announced his ideas in an emphatical tone; and has believed that to be well expressed, they have need of new words and an extraordinary orthography; all this has thrown a ridicule upon his writings and person; and it was only by passing for a fool and a dotard that he avoided the hatred of those whose interest it was to maintain the abuses which he was willing to destroy. It cannot be denied that he merited, in several respects, re-

proaches, and even derision; but assuredly it was possible to reap some advantage from his ideas upon several objects, and to turn to a good account his idle speculations. A fine example for those who would still wish to publish projects of reform: but ought this to frighten a good citizen? No! at least, it will not hinder me from thinking, and even writing, were it but for myself, that which shall appear to me best to be done.

ON THE NATURAL TURN FOR SCANDAL AND RAILLERY.

THE love of scandal is so founded upon the malignity natural to most men, and especially to women, that this vice will never be out of fashion; the levity of our nation makes scandal more common in France than anywhere else. But at least we abhor calumny; we look upon it as a vice, the principles of which are the most culpable, and its consequences may be the most pernicious. We are as fearful of becoming calumniators as murderers, and this with much reason. As for scandal, when it is well retailed, it is a means of pleasing in society, — it animates conversation, — those present are amused by speaking ill of the absent: one company is made to laugh at the follies of another. But this sportiveness must be light, agreeable, and satirical: let us leave to old and peevish devotees the bad habit of malignantly slandering their neighbors, — of reproaching young persons with defects, which they compensate by some good qualities, or with faults against which the aged cry so loudly, only because they can no longer commit them.

To rally agreeably, it is necessary to have a graceful delivery; and this is no common talent. Light circumstances are sometimes added to the story, to render it more poignant; but it must not be lengthened by them, nor the narration retarded. Mix your recitals with but few observations, — draw no conclusions from them, but leave your auditors to make such malignant reflections as you will easily suggest to them; these will be so much the more approved of, as they will believe them to come from themselves. I knew in my younger days some excellent story-tellers; they seem to be more rare at present; I think so perhaps, by anticipation, from the mania common to old people, of believing that everything degenerates; but, however this may be, I mean to form some day a list of the good story-tellers of my time, and to characterize each of them by some one of their best stories, which I shall easily

recollect. Madame Cornuel compared stories to those *matelotes* (rich ragouts, like turtle), of which it is said, the "fish is eaten for the sake of the sauce;" in like manner, said she, the best stories are best related. We have a proof of this in the famous tales of the Abbé de Boifrebart, at which the great Cardinal Richelieu laughed so much. Douville, brother to the Abbé, has had them printed, and nothing is more insipid on being read; but this is because we have no longer the storyteller to make us relish them, yet it was not he who wrote them.

The man whom in all France I have heard tell the best story is the Duke of Maine, legitimated son of the late King; he was otherwise a weak prince, and had but middling talents; his wife, who prides herself upon being superior to him in point of understanding, does not tell a story so well as he does; and their two sons, the Prince of Dombes and the Comte d'Eu, who in other respects do not pass for men of genius, possess their father's talent to a great degree.

The age is certainly become more moderate in many respects; slander is not spread with malignity and ill humor; its consequences are more feared; men are become circumspect, lest simple disputes should become serious affairs, which they wish to avoid. Perhaps (let us secretly acknowledge it) we are become a little cowardly; but when we are unfortunate enough to be so, the true means of concealing it is to avoid disputes, and to this end it is necessary to take timely precautions. After all, I like the present age better than I should have done the preceding one; men were certainly brave and daring; but even the most prudent people were not in safety, because they were beset with those who were quarrelsome. Society is at present more safe; we have scarcely anything to fear but trifling disputes or pleasantries easy to be borne with when we know how to reply to them. Formerly men devoured each other like lions and tigers; at present, we play with each other like little dogs, which gnaw, or young kittens, the strokes of whose claws are not mortal.

I like the raillery of men of wit, even though I should be the subject of it, better than the circumspection of fools: nothing can be more dull or ridiculous than some of my acquaintance of this description; their insipidity makes one almost sick; from insipidity comes *ennui*; and *ennui* is the pest of society.

ARGYLE.

ARGYLE OR ARGYLL, GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, eighth Duke of Argyll, an English philosophical, scientific, and political writer, and statesman; born in Ardencaple Castle, Dumbartonshire, April 30, 1823. He was Lord Privy Seal (1860) and Postmaster-General (1855), being reappointed to both offices in 1860, to the former again in 1880; was Secretary for India (1868-74). He wrote: "The Reign of Law" (1866), a striking work upholding theism; "Primeval Man" (1869); "Iona" (1870); "The Eastern Question" (2 vols., 1879); "The Unity of Nature" (1883); "Scotland as It Was, and as It Is" (1887); and "The Unseen Foundations of Society" (1892).

ANALOGY BETWEEN MAN'S WORKS AND THOSE OF THE CREATOR.

(From "The Reign of Law," Chap. II.)

WHATEVER difficulty there may be in conceiving of a Will not exercised by a visible Person, it is a difficulty which cannot be evaded by arresting our conceptions at the point at which they have arrived in forming the idea of the Laws or Forces. That idea is itself made up out of elements derived from our own consciousness of Personality. It is perfectly true that the Mind does recognize in Nature a reflection of itself. But if this be a deception, it is a deception which is not avoided by transferring the idea of Personality to the abstract idea of Force, or by investing combinations of Force with the attributes of Mind.

We need not be jealous then, when new domains are claimed as under the Reign of Law — an agency through which we see working everywhere some Purpose of the Everlasting Will. The mechanisms devised by Man are in this respect only an image of the more perfect mechanism of Nature, in which the same principle of Adjustment is always the highest result which Science can ascertain or recognize. There is this difference, indeed — that in regard to our works our knowledge of Natural Laws is very imperfect, and our control over them is very feeble; whereas, in the machinery of Nature there is evidence of com-

plete knowledge and of absolute control. The universal rule is that everything is brought about by way of Natural Consequence. But another rule is that all Consequences meet and fit into each other in endless circles of Harmony and Purpose; and this can only be explained by the fact that what we call Natural Consequence is always the conjoint effect of an infinite number of Elementary Forces, whose action and reaction are under the direction of the Will which we see obeyed, and of the Purposes which we see actually attained.

It is, indeed, the completeness of the analogy between our own works on a small scale, and the works of the Creator on an infinitely large scale, which is the greatest mystery of all. Man is constrained to adopt the principle of Adjustment, because the Forces of Nature are external to and independent of his Will. They may be managed, but they cannot be disobeyed. It is impossible to suppose that they stand in the same relation to the Will of the Supreme; yet it seems as if He took the same method of dealing with them — never violating them, never breaking them, but always ruling them by that which we call Adjustment, or Contrivance. Nothing gives us such an idea of Immutability of Laws as this; nor does anything give us such an idea of their pliability to use. How imperious they are, yet how submissive! How they reign, yet how they serve!

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

(From "Primeval Man," Part II.)

THE Human Race has no more knowledge or recollection of its own origin than a child has of its own birth. But a child drinks in with its mother's milk some knowledge of the relation in which it stands to its own parents, and as it grows up it knows of other children being born around it. It sees one generation going and another generation coming; so that long before the years of childhood close, the ideas of Birth and Death are alike familiar. Whatever sense of mystery may, in the first dawnings of reflection, have attached to either of these ideas is soon lost in the familiar experience of the world. The same experience extends to the lower animals: they too are born and die. But no such experience ever comes to us, casting any light on the Origin of our Race, or of any other.

Some varieties of form are effected, in the case of a few animals, by domestication, and by constant care in the selection of

peculiarities transmissible to the young. But these variations are all within certain limits; and wherever human care relaxes or is abandoned, the old forms return, and the selected characters disappear. The founding of new forms by the union of different species, even when standing in close natural relation to each other, is absolutely forbidden by the sentence of sterility which Nature pronounces and enforces upon all hybrid offspring.

And so it results that Man has never seen the origin of any species. Creation by birth is the only kind of creation he has ever seen; and from this kind of creation he has never seen a new species come. And yet he does know (for this the science of Palæontology has most certainly revealed) that the introduction of new species has been a work carried on constantly and continuously during vast but unknown periods of time. The whole face of animated nature has been changed — not once, but frequently, not suddenly for the most part — perhaps not suddenly in any case — but slowly and gradually, and yet completely.

When once this fact is clearly apprehended — whenever we become familiar with the idea that Creation had a History — we are inevitably led to the conclusion that Creation has also had a Method. And then the further question arises, “What has this Method been?” It is perfectly natural that men who have any hopes of solving this question should take that supposition which seems the readiest; and the readiest supposition is, that the agency by which new species are created is the same agency by which new individuals are born. The difficulty of conceiving any other compels men, if they are to guess at all, to guess upon this foundation.

PERPETUITY OF MAN.

(From “Primeval Man,” Part II.)

SUCH as Man now is, Man, so far as we yet know, has always been. Two skeletons at least have been found respecting which there is strong ground for believing that they belong to the very earliest race which lived in Northern Europe. One of these skeletons indicates a coarse, perhaps even what we should call — as we might fairly some living specimens of our race — a Brutal Man; yet even this skeleton is, in all its proportions, strictly Human; its cranial capacity indicates a volume of

brain, and some peculiarities of shape, not materially different from many skulls of savage races, now living. The other skeleton — respecting which the evidence of extreme antiquity is the strongest — is not only perfectly Human in all its proportions, but its skull has a cranial capacity not inferior to that of many modern Europeans. This most ancient of all known human skulls is so ample in its dimensions that it might have contained the brains of a Philosopher. So conclusive is this evidence against any change whatever in the specific characters of Man since the oldest Human Being yet known was born, that Prof. Huxley pronounces it to be clearly indicated that “the first traces of the primordial stock whence Man has proceeded need no longer be sought, by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of Progressive Development, in the newest tertiaries [that is in the oldest deposits yet known to contain human remains at all]; but they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of those tertiaries than that is from us.”

So far, therefore, the evidence is on the side of the originality of Man as a Species — nay, even, as a Class, by himself — separated by a gulf practically immeasurable from all the creatures that are, or that are known ever to have been, his contemporaries in the world. In the possession of this ground, we can wait for such further evidence in favor of transmutation as may be brought to light. Meanwhile, at least, we are entitled to remain incredulous, remembering — as Prof. Phillips has said — that “everywhere we are required by the hypothesis to look somewhere else; which may fairly be interpreted to signify that the hypothesis everywhere fails in the first and most important step. How is it conceivable that the second stage should be everywhere preserved, but the first nowhere?”

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

(From “Primeval Man,” Part III.)

IN passing from the subject of Man’s Origin to the subject of his Antiquity, we pass from almost total darkness to a question which is comparatively accessible to reason and open to research. Evidence bearing upon this question may be gathered along several walks of science; and these are all found tending in one direction, and pointing to one general result.

First comes the evidence of *History* — embracing under that name all Literature, whether it professes to record events, or

does no more than allude to them in poetry and song. Then comes *Archæology* — the evidence of Human Monuments, belonging to times or races whose voice, though not silenced, has become inarticulate to us. Piecing on to this evidence, comes that which *Geology* has recently afforded from human remains associated with the latest physical changes on the surface and in the climates of the globe. Then comes the evidence of *Language*, founded on the facts of Human Speech, and the laws which regulate its development and growth. And lastly, there is the evidence afforded by the existing *Physical Structure* and the existing *Geographical Distribution* of the various Races of Mankind.

One distinction, however, it is important to bear in mind: Chronology is of two kinds: *First*, Time measurable by Years; and secondly, Time measurable only by an ascertained Order or Succession of Events. The one may be called Time-absolute, the other Time-relative.

Now, among all the sciences which afford us any evidences on the Antiquity of Man, one — and only one — gives us any knowledge of Time-absolute; and that is History. From all the others we can gather only the less definite information of Time-relative. They can tell us nothing more than the order in which certain events took place. But of the length of interval between those events, neither Archæology, nor Geology, nor Ethnology can tell us anything. Even History, that is, the records of Written Documents, carries us back to times of which no contemporary account remains, and the distance of which from any known epoch is, and must be, a matter of conjecture.

BARTOLOMEO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

ARGENSOLA, BARTOLOMEO LEONARDO DE, a scholarly Spanish poet and historian (1565–1631). His verse lacks native force, but shows considerable depth of sentiment, while in form it displays exquisite finish. His history of “The Conquest of the Moluccas” is esteemed a model of correct and idiomatic Spanish prose.

SONNET: ON PROVIDENCE.

(Translation of Herbert.)

PARENT of good! Since all thy laws are just,
 Say, why permits thy judging Providence
 Oppression's hand to bow meek Innocence,
 And gives prevailing strength to Fraud and Lust;
 Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
 That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
 Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
 Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?" —
 Amid the din of Joy fair Virtue sighs,
 While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
 With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls. —
 Thus I, when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
 A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
 "Blind moralist! is Earth the sphere of souls?"



MAGDALEN

From Painting by Pompeo Battoni

LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE ARGENSOLA.

ARGENSOLA, LUPERCIO LEONARDO DE. A notable Spanish poet; born at Barbastro, Aragon, Dec. 14, 1559; died at Naples in March, 1613. Brother of the preceding. His three tragedies, "Isabella," "Alexandra," and "Phyllis," brought him fame while still a young man; but his forte was lyric poetry, in which he won distinction. His ballads and songs are notable for vigor of thought and richness of pictorial fancy. Some of his "Sonnets" are masterpieces; and his "Epistles," both in substance and form, are models of that species of composition.

MARY MAGDALEN.

(Translation of Bryant.)

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !
 The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
 In wonder and in scorn !
 Thou weepest days of innocence departed,
 Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
 The Lord to pity and to love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
 Even for the least of all the tears that shine
 On that pale cheek of thine.
 Thou didst kneel down to Him who came from heaven,
 Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
 Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
 The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir
 Distil Arabian myrrh;
 Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
 The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
 Bear home abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
 Thick to their top with roses; come and see
 Leaves on the dry, dead tree:
 The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
 Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise
 Forever towards the skies.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

BEGONE, dull care!
 I prithee begone from me:
 Begone, dull care!
 Thou and I can never agree.
 Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill;
 But i' faith, dull care,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
 Will make a young man gray;
 Too much care
 Will turn an old man to clay:
 My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
 So merrily pass the day;
 For I hold it is the wisest thing
 To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care!
 I'll none of thy company;
 Hence, dull care!
 Thou art no pair for me.
 We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
 So merrily pass the day;
 And then at night, o'er a cheerful bowl,
 We'll drive dull care away.

Anonymous.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO, an Italian poet; born at Reggio, September 8, 1474; died at Ferrara, June 6, 1533. He was of a noble family, and early displayed a high poetic capacity. He entered the service of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, brother of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, by whom he was sent on important embassies to the Court of the warlike Pope Julius II. When the papal forces, in conjunction with those of Venice, were sent against Ferrara, Ariosto bore a prominent part in the defence of his adopted city. Cardinal Ippolito took offence at Ariosto, in 1518, because he declined to go with him to Hungary, and dismissed him from his service. Ariosto soon afterward entered the service of Duke Alfonso, in whose favor and confidence he rose high, and showed marked capacity when made Governor of the Province of Graffagnana, which was in a disturbed condition. Returning to Ferrara, Ariosto was employed by the Duke to direct the dramatic representations there, and a magnificent theatre was constructed after designs suggested by the poet. This theatre was burned in 1532.

The works of Ariosto include comedies, satires, sonnets, and other writings. But his principal work is the romantic epic "*Orlando Furioso*," a sort of continuation of Bojardo's "*Orlando Inamorato*." This poem was originally published in 1516, but was considerably enlarged in later editions, the last of which appeared in 1532, a year before the death of the author, and has been many times reprinted. The poem became very popular in Italy, and is recognized as the greatest work of the kind in any language.

THE ENCHANTRESS ALCINA.

(From "*Orlando Furioso*.")

HER shape is of such perfect symmetry,
 As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
 With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
 Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
 Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
 Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
 Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
 Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.

Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,
Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight.
Thence, through mid visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.

As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.

Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast;
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.

To all, her arms a just proportion bear,
And a white hand is oftentimes descried,
Which narrow is, and some deal long; and where
No knot appears, nor vein is signified.
For finish of that stately shape and rare,
A foot, neat, short, and round, beneath is spied.
Angelic visions, creatures of the sky,
Concealed beneath no covering veil can lie.

A springe is planted in Rogero's way,
On all sides did she speak, smile, sing, or move;
No wonder then the stripling was her prey,
Who in the fairy saw such show of love.
With him the guilt and falsehood little weigh,
Of which the offended myrtle told above.
Nor will he think that perfidy and guile
Can be united with so sweet a smile.

THE SAVING OF MEDORO.

(From "Orlando Furioso.")

By chance arrived a damsel at the place,
 Who was (though mean and rustic was her wear)
 Of royal presence and of beauteous face,
 And lofty manners, sagely debonair.
 Her have I left unsung so long a space,
 That you will hardly recognize the fair
 Angelica: in her (if known not) scan
 The lofty daughter of Catay's great khan.

Angelica, when she had won again
 The ring Brunello had from her conveyed,
 So waxed in stubborn pride and haught disdain,
 She seemed to scorn this ample world, and strayed
 Alone, and held as cheap each living swain,
 Although amid the best by fame arrayed;
 Nor brooked she to remember a gallant
 In Count Orlando or King Sacripant:

And above every other deed repented,
 That good Rinaldo she had loved of yore;
 And that to look so low she had consented,
 (As by such choice dishonored) grieved her sore.
 Love, hearing this, such arrogance resented,
 And would the damsel's pride endure no more.
 Where young Medoro lay he took his stand,
 And waited her, with bow and shaft in hand.

When fair Angelica the stripling spies,
 Nigh hurt to death in that disastrous fray,
 Who for his king, that there unsheltered lies,
 More sad than for his own misfortune lay,
 She feels new pity in her bosom rise,
 Which makes its entry in unwonted way.
 Touched was her haughty heart, once hard and curst,
 And more when he his piteous tale rehearsed.

And calling back to memory her art,
 For she in Ind had learned chirurgery,
 (Since it appears such studies in that part
 Worthy of praise and fame are held to be,
 And, as an heirloom, sires to sons impart,
 With little aid of books, the mystery,)
 Disposed herself to work with simples' juice,
 Till she in him should healthier life produce.

And recollects an herb had caught her sight
 In passing thither, on a pleasant plain :
 What (whether dittany or pancy hight)
 I know not; fraught with virtue to restrain
 The crimson blood forth-welling, and of might
 To sheathe each perilous and piercing pain.
 She found it near, and having pulled the weed,
 Returned to seek Medoro on the mead.

Returning, she upon a swain did light,
 Who was on horseback passing through the wood.
 Strayed from the lowing herd, the rustic wight
 A heifer missing for two days pursued.
 Him she with her conducted, where the might
 Of the faint youth was ebbing with his blood :
 Which had the ground about so deeply dyed
 Life was nigh wasted with the gushing tide.

Angelica alights upon the ground,
 And he, her rustic comrade, at her hest.
 She hastened 'twixt two stones the herb to pound,
 Then took it, and the healing juice exprest :
 With this did she foment the stripling's wound,
 And even to the hips, his waist and breast;
 And (with such virtue was the salve endued)
 It stanch'd his life-blood, and his strength renewed.

And into him infused such force again,
 That he could mount the horse the swain conveyed;
 But good Medoro would not leave the plain
 Till he in earth had seen his master laid.
 He, with the monarch, buried Cloridane,
 And after followed whither pleased the maid.
 Who was to stay with him, by pity led,
 Beneath the courteous shepherd's humble shed.

Nor would the damsel quit the lowly pile
 (So she esteemed the youth) till he was sound;
 Such pity first she felt, when him erewhile
 She saw outstretched and bleeding on the ground.
 Touched by his mien and manners next, a file
 She felt corrode her heart with secret wound;
 She felt corrode her heart, and with desire,
 By little and by little warmed, took fire.

The shepherd dwelt between two mountains hoar,
 In goodly cabin, in the greenwood shade,
 With wife and children; in short time before,
 The brand-new shed had builded in the glade.
 Here of his grisly wound the youthful Moor
 Was briefly healed by the Catayan maid;
 But who in briefer space, a sorer smart
 Than young Medoro's suffered at her heart.

[She pines for love of him, and at length makes her love known. They solemnize their marriage, and remain a month there with great happiness.]

Amid such pleasures, where, with tree o'ergrown,
 Ran stream, or bubbling fountain's wave did spin,
 On bark or rock, if yielding were the stone,
 The knife was straight at work, or ready pin.
 And there, without, in thousand places lone,
 And in as many places graved, within,
 Medoro and Angelica were traced,
 In divers ciphers quaintly interlaced.

When she believed they had prolonged their stay
 More than enow, the damsel made design
 In India to revisit her Catay,
 And with its crown Medoro's head entwine.
 She had upon her wrist an armlet, gay
 With costly gems, in witness and in sign
 Of love to her by Count Orlando borne,
 And which the damsel for long time had worn.

No love which to the paladin she bears,
 But that it costly is and wrought with care,
 This to Angelica so much endears,
 That never more esteemed was matter rare;
 This she was suffered, in the isle of tears,
 I know not by what privilege, to wear,
 When, naked, to the whale exposed for food
 By that inhospitable race and rude.

She, not possessing wherewithal to pay
 The kindly couple's hospitality, —
 Served by them in their cabin, from the day
 She there was lodged, with such fidelity, —
 Unfastened from her arm the bracelet gay,
 And bade them keep it for her memory.
 Departing hence, the lovers climb the side
 Of hills, which fertile France from Spain divide.

THE MADNESS OF ORLANDO.

(From "Orlando Furioso.")

THE course in pathless woods, which without rein
 The Tartar's charger had pursued astray,
 Made Roland for two days, with fruitless pain,
 Follow him, without tidings of his way.
 Orlando reached a rill of crystal vein,
 On either bank of which a meadow lay;
 Which, stained with native hues and rich, he sees,
 And dotted o'er with fair and many trees.

The mid-day fervor made the shelter sweet
 To hardy herd as well as naked swain;
 So that Orlando well beneath the heat
 Some deal might wince, opprest with plait and chain.
 He entered for repose the cool retreat,
 And found it the abode of grief and pain;
 And place of sojourn more accursed and fell,
 On that unhappy day, than tongue can tell.

Turning him round, he there on many a tree
 Beheld engraved, upon the woody shore,
 What as the writing of his deity
 He knew, as soon as he had marked the lore.
 This was a place of those described by me,
 Whither oft-times, attended by Medore,
 From the near shepherd's cot had wont to stray
 The beauteous lady, sovereign of Catay.

In a hundred knots, amid these green abodes,
 In a hundred parts, their ciphered names are dight;
 Whose many letters are so many goads,
 Which Love has in his bleeding heart-core pight.
 He would discredit in a thousand modes
 That which he credits in his own despite;
 And would perforce persuade himself *that* rind
 Other Angelica than his had signed.

"And yet I know these characters," he cried,
 "Of which I have so many read and seen;
 By her may this Medoro be belied,
 And me, she, figured in the name, may mean."
 Feeding on suchlike phantasies, beside
 The real truth, did sad Orlando lean
 Upon the empty hope, though ill contented,
 Which he by self-illusions had fomented.

But stirred and aye rekindled it, the more
 That he to quench the ill suspicion wrought,
 Like the incautious bird, by fowler's lore,
 Hampered in net or lime ; which, in the thought
 To free its tangled pinions and to soar,
 By struggling is but more securely caught.
 Orlando passes thither, where a mountain
 O'erhangs in guise of arch the crystal fountain.

.
 Here from his horse the sorrowing county lit,
 And at the entrance of the grot surveyed
 A cloud of words, which seemed but newly writ,
 And which the young Medoro's hand had made.
 On the great pleasure he had known in it,
 This sentence he in verses had arrayed ;
 Which to his tongue, I deem, might make pretence
 To polished phrase ; and such in ours the sense : —

“ Gay plants, green herbage, rill of limpid vein,
 And, grateful with cool shade, thou gloomy cave,
 Where oft, by many wooed with fruitless pain,
 Beauteous Angelica, the child of grave
 King Galaphron, within my arms has lain ;
 For the convenient harborage you gave,
 I, poor Medoro, can but in my lays,
 As recompense, forever sing your praise.

“ And any loving lord devoutly pray,
 Damsel and cavalier, and every one,
 Whom choice or fortune hither shall convey,
 Stranger or native, — to this crystal run,
 Shade, caverned rock, and grass, and plants, to say,
 ‘ Benignant be to you the fostering sun
 And moon, and may the choir of nymphs provide,
 That never swain his flock may hither guide.’ ”

In Arabic was writ the blessing said,
 Known to Orlando like the Latin tongue,
 Who, versed in many languages, best read
 Was in this speech ; which oftentimes from wrong
 And injury and shame had saved his head,
 What time he roved the Saracens among.
 But let him boast not of its former boot,
 O'erbalanced by the present bitter fruit.

Three times, and four, and six, the lines impressed
 Upon the stone that wretch perused, in vain
 Seeking another sense than was expressed,
 And ever saw the thing more clear and plain;
 And all the while, within his troubled breast,
 He felt an icy hand his heart-core strain.
 With mind and eyes close fastened on the block,
 At length he stood, not differing from the rock.

Then well-nigh lost all feeling; so a prey
 Wholly was he to that o'ermastering woe.
 This is a pang, believe the experienced say
 Of him who speaks, which does all griefs outgo.
 His pride had from his forehead passed away,
 His chin had fallen upon his breast below;
 Nor found he, so grief-barred each natural vent,
 Moisture for tears, or utterance for lament.

Stifled within, the impetuous sorrow stays,
 Which would too quickly issue; so to abide
 Water is seen, imprisoned in the vase,
 Whose neck is narrow and whose swell is wide;
 What time, when one turns up the inverted base,
 Toward the mouth, so hastes the hurrying tide,
 And in the strait encounters such a stop,
 It scarcely works a passage, drop by drop.

He somewhat to himself returned, and thought
 How possibly the thing might be untrue:
 That some one (so he hoped, desired, and sought
 To think) his lady would with shame pursue;
 Or with such weight of jealousy had wrought
 To whelm *his* reason, as should him undo;
 And that he, whosoe'er the thing had planned,
 Had counterfeited passing well her hand.

With such vain hope he sought himself to cheat,
 And manned some deal his spirits and awoke;
 Then prest the faithful Brigliadoro's seat,
 As on the sun's retreat his sister broke.
 Not far the warrior had pursued his beat,
 Ere eddying from a roof he saw the smoke;
 Heard noise of dog and kine, a farm espied,
 And thitherward in quest of lodging hied.

Languid, he lit, and left his Brigliador
 To a discreet attendant; one undrest
 His limbs, one doffed the golden spurs he wore,
 And one bore off, to clean, his iron vest.
 This was the homestead where the young Medore
 Lay wounded, and was here supremely blest.
 Orlando here, with other food unfed,
 Having supt full of sorrow, sought his bed.

.

Little availed the count his self-deceit;
 For there was one who spake of it unsought:
 The shepherd-swain, who to allay the heat
 With which he saw his guest so troubled, thought
 The tale which he was wonted to repeat —
 Of the two lovers — to each listener taught;
 A history which many loved to hear,
 He now, without reserve, 'gan tell the peer.

“How at Angelica’s persuasive prayer,
 He to his farm had carried young Medore,
 Grievously wounded with an arrow; where
 In little space she healed the angry sore.
 But while she exercised this pious care,
 Love in her heart the lady wounded more,
 And kindled from small spark so fierce a fire,
 She burnt all over, restless with desire;

“Nor thinking she of mightiest king was born,
 Who ruled in the East, nor of her heritage,
 Forced by too puissant love, had thought no scorn
 To be the consort of a poor foot-page.”
 His story done, to them in proof was borne
 The gem, which, in reward for harborage,
 To her extended in that kind abode,
 Angelica, at parting, had bestowed.

.

In him, forthwith, such deadly hatred breed
 That bed, that house, that swain, he will not stay
 Till the morn break, or till the dawn succeed,
 Whose twilight goes before approaching day.
 In haste Orlando takes his arms and steed,
 And to the deepest greenwood wends his way.
 And when assured that he is there alone,
 Gives utterance to his grief in shriek and groan.

Never from tears, never from sorrowing,
 He paused; nor found he peace by night or day;
 He fled from town, in forest harboring,
 And in the open air on hart earth lay.
 He marvelled at himself, how such a spring
 Of water from his eyes could stream away,
 And breath was for so many sobs supplied;
 And thus oft-times, amid his mourning, cried:—

“I am not—am not what I seem to sight:
 What Roland was, is dead and under ground,
 Slain by that most ungrateful lady’s spite,
 Whose faithlessness inflicted such a wound.
 Divided from the flesh, I am his sprite,
 Which in this hell, tormented, walks its round,
 To be, but in its shadow left above,
 A warning to all such as trust in love.”

All night about the forest roved the count,
 And, at the break of daily light, was brought
 By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
 Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
 To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
 Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
 But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
 Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright,

Cleft through the writing; and the solid block,
 Into the sky, in tiny fragments sped.
 Woe worth each sapling and that caverned rock
 Where Medore and Angelica were read!
 So scathed, that they to shepherd or to flock
 Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed.
 And that sweet fountain, late so clear and pure,
 From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
 That all obscured remained the warrior’s sprite,
 Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
 Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the knight;
 But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
 Was needed by Orlando’s peerless might.
 He of his prowess gave high proofs and full,
 Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

ARISTOPHANES.

ARISTOPHANES, the most famous of the Greek comic dramatists — the only one, indeed, of whose works more than fragments are extant — was born, probably at Athens, about 450 B. C., and died there about 380 B. C. Of his early life little has been recorded except that he seems to have inherited a competent estate, and that he began writing for the stage while quite young. His earliest work, "The Revellers," not now extant, is said to have been produced when the author was about seventeen, and received the second prize. His career as a dramatist lasted some forty years, during which he produced between forty and fifty comedies, of which eleven still exist in a condition tolerably perfect. All of these have been translated into English, by different hands and with varying degrees of success.

The comic dramatists of Athens exercised a function in some manner equivalent to that of the popular journalists of our day. Their purpose at its best, as of Aristophanes, was to hit at the scholastic, social, and political foibles of their time. Any head that offered itself was thought a fair mark. The philosophy, theology, and politics of the time afforded ready marks for the humor and satire of Aristophanes. His satire sometimes degenerates to buffoonery, and not unfrequently there is a vein of coarseness running through it. Yet when we compare him with the English comic dramatists — not to say of the period of the Restoration, but with those of our own day — we can hardly characterize his comedies as grossly indecent. Scattered through them — and put mainly into the mouths of the chorus — are bits of lyrics which remind us, and at no very wide interval, of the best things of the kind to be found in Shakespeare. Four of the comedies of Aristophanes may be selected as affording the fairest idea of their varied character. These are "The Birds," "The Clouds," "The Frogs," and "The Knights."

THE CLOUD CHORUS.

(From "The Clouds": Andrew Lang's Translation.)

SOCRATES SPEAKS.

HITHER, come hither, ye Clouds renowned, and unveil yourselves
here;

Come, though ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian snow,

Or whether ye dance with the Nereid Choir in the gardens clear,
 Or whether your golden urns are dipped in Nile's overflow,
 Or whether you dwell by Mæotis mere
 Or the snows of Mimas, arise ! appear !
 And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise and go.

THE CLOUDS SING.

Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore
 Of the father of streams from the sounding sea,
 Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar ;
 Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we !
 Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,
 On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,
 On the waters that murmur east and west,
 On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.
 For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,
 And the bright rays gleam ;
 Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare
 In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
 From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,
 And the Ocean Stream.
 Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain,
 Let us gaze on Pallas's citadel,
 In the country of Cecrops fair and dear,
 The mystic land of the holy cell,
 Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell,
 And the gifts of the gods that know not stain,
 And a people of mortals that know not fear.
 For the temples tall and the statues fair,
 And the feasts of the gods are holiest there ;
 The feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers,
 And the Bromian mirth at the coming of spring,
 And the musical voices that fill the hours,
 And the dancing feet of the maids that sing !

GRAND CHORUS OF BIRDS.

(From "The Birds" : Swinburne's Translation.)

COME on then, ye dwellers by nature in darkness, and like to the
 leaves' generations,
 That are little of might, that are molded of mire, unenduring and
 shadowlike nations,
 Poor plumeless ephemerals, comfortless mortals, as visions of shadow
 ows fast fleeing,

Lift up your mind unto us that are deathless, and dateless the date
of our being;
Us, children of heaven, us, ageless for aye, us, all of whose thoughts
are eternal:
That ye may from henceforth, having heard of us all things aright
as to matters supernal,
Of the being of birds, and beginning of gods, and of streams, and
the dark beyond reaching,
Trustfully knowing aright, in my name bid Prodicus pack with his
preaching!
It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness,
and Hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven: when in depths of the womb
of the dark without order
First thing, first-born of the black-plumed Night, was a wind-egg
hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as
a blossom,
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily
turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in
Hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to
light new-lighted.
And before this was not the race of the gods, until all things by Love
were united:
And of kind united in kind with communion of nature the sky and
the sea are
Brought forth, and the earth, and the race of the gods everlasting
and blest. So that we are
Far away the most ancient of all things blest. And that we are of
Love's generation
There are manifest manifold signs. We have wings, and with us
have the Love's habitation;
And manifold fair young folk that forswore love once, ere the bloom
of them ended,
Have the men that pursued and desired them subdued by the help
of us only befriended,
With such baits as a quail, a flamingo, a goose, or a cock's comb
staring and splendid.
All best good things that befall men come from us birds, as is plain
to all reason:
For first we proclaim and make known to them spring, and the
winter and autumn in season;
Bid sow, when the crane starts clanging for Afric in shrill-voiced
emigrant number,

And calls to the pilot to hang up his rudder again for the season and
 slumber;
 And then weave a cloak for Orestes the thief, lest he strip men of
 theirs if it freezes.
 And again thereafter the kite reappearing announces a change in
 the breezes,
 And that here is the season for shearing your sheep of their spring
 wool. Then does the swallow
 Give you notice to sell your great-coat, and provide something light
 for the heat that's to follow.
 Thus are we as Ammon or Delphi unto you, Dodona, nay, Phœbus
 Apollo.
 For, as first ye come all to get auguries of birds, even such is in all
 things your carriage,
 Be the matter a matter of trade, or of earning your bread, or of any
 one's marriage.
 And all things ye lay to the charge of a bird that belong to discern-
 ing prediction:
 Winged fame is a bird, as you reckon; you sneeze, and the sign's as
 a bird for conviction;
 All tokens are "birds" with you — sounds, too, and lackeys and
 donkeys. Then must it not follow
 That we are to you all as the manifest godhead that speaks in pro-
 phetic Apollo?

A RAINY DAY ON THE FARM.

(From "The Peace": Frere's Translation.)

How sweet it is to see the new-sown cornfield fresh and even,
 With blades just springing from the soil that only ask a shower
 from heaven.
 Then, while kindly rains are falling, indolently to rejoice,
 Till some worthy neighbor calling, cheers you with his hearty voice.
 Well, with weather such as this, let us hear, Trygæus tell us
 What should you and I be doing? You're the king of us good fellows.
 Since it pleases heaven to prosper your endeavors, friend, and mine,
 Let us have a merry meeting, with some friendly talk and wine.
 In the vineyard there's your lout, hoeing in the slop and mud —
 Send the wench and call him out, this weather he can do no good.
 Dame, take down two pints of meal, and do some fritters in your way;
 Boil some grain and stir it in, and let us have those figs, I say.
 Send a servant to my house, — any one that you can spare, —
 Let him fetch a beestings pudding, two gherkins, and the pies of hare:
 There should be four of them in all, if the cat has left them right;
 We heard her racketing and tearing round the larder all last night.

Boy, bring three of them to us, — take the other to my father :
 Cut some myrtle for our garlands, sprigs in flower, or blossoms rather.
 Give a shout upon the way to Charinades our neighbor,
 To join our drinking bout to-day, since heaven is pleased to bless
 our labor.

THE HARVEST.

(From "The Peace" : Translation in the Quarterly Review.)

OH, 'tis sweet, when fields are ringing
 With the merry cricket's singing,
 Oft to mark with curious eye
 If the vine-tree's time be nigh :
 Here is now the fruit whose birth
 Cost a throe to Mother Earth.
 Sweet it is, too, to be telling,
 How the luscious figs are swelling :
 Then to riot without measure
 In the rich, nectareous treasure,
 While our grateful voices chime, —
 Happy season ! blessed time.

THE CALL TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(From "The Birds" : Frere's Translation.)

AWAKE ! awake !
 Sleep no more, my gentle mate !
 With your tiny tawny bill,
 Wake the tuneful echo shrill,
 On vale or hill ;
 Or in her rocky seat,
 Let her listen and repeat
 The tender ditty that you tell,
 The sad lament,
 The dire event,
 To luckless Itys that befel.
 Thence the strain
 Shall rise again,
 And soar amain,
 Up to the lofty palace gate
 Where mighty Apollo sits in state
 In Jove's abode, with his ivory lyre,
 Hymning aloud to the heavenly choir,
 While all the gods shall join with thee
 In a celestial symphony.

THE BUILDING OF CLOUD-CUCKOO-TOWN.

(From "The Birds": Frere's Translation.)

[*Enter Messenger, quite out of breath, and speaking in short snatches.*]

MESSENGER. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where?

Where is he? — The president Peisthetairus?

PEISTHETAIRUS [*coolly*].

Here am I.

MESS. [*in a gasp of breath*] Your fortification's finished.

PEIS.

Well! that's well.

MESS. A most amazing, astonishing work it is!

So that Theagenes and Proxenides

Might flourish and gasconade and prance away

Quite at their ease, both of them four-in-hand,

Driving abreast upon the breadth of wall,

Each in his own new chariot.

PEIS.

You surprise me.

MESS. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathoms.

PEIS.

Heaven and earth!

How could it be? such a mass! who could have built it?

MESS. The Birds; no creature else, no foreigners,
Egyptian bricklayers, workmen or masons.

But they themselves, alone, by their own efforts, —

(Even to my surprise, as an eye-witness)

The Birds, I say, completed everything:

There came a body of thirty thousand cranes,

(I won't be positive, there might be more)

With stones from Africa in their craws and gizzards,

Which the stone-curlews and stone-chatterers

Worked into shape and finished. The sand-martens

And mud-larks, too, were busy in their department,

Mixing the mortar, while the water-birds,

As fast as it was wanted, brought the water

To temper and work it.

PEIS. [*in a fidget*]

But who served the masons?

Who did you get to carry it?

MESS.

To carry it?

Of course, the carrion crows and carrying pigeons.

PEIS. [*in a fuss, which he endeavors to conceal*]

Yes! yes! but after all, to load your hods,

How did you manage that?

MESS.

Oh, capitally,

I promise you. There were the geese, all barefoot

Trampling the mortar, and when all was ready

They handed it into the hods, so cleverly,
With their flat feet !

PEIS. [*a bad joke as a vent for irritation*]

They footed it, you mean —

Come ; it is handily done though, I confess.

MESS. Indeed, I assure you it was a sight to see them ;
And trains of ducks there were, clambering the ladders
With their duck legs, like bricklayers' 'prentices,
All dapper and handy, with their little trowels.

PEIS. In fact, then, its no use engaging foreigners ;
Mere folly and waste, we've all within ourselves.
Ah, well now, come ! But about the woodwork ? Heh !
Who were the carpenters ? Answer me that !

MESS. The woodpeckers, of course : and there they were,
Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
With their hard hatchet-beaks, and such a din,
Such a clatter, as they made, hammering and hacking,
In a perpetual peal, pelting away
Like shipwrights, hard at work in the arsenal.
And now their work is finished, gates and all,
Staples and bolts, and bars and everything ;
The sentries at their posts ; patrols appointed ;
The watchman in the barbican ; the beacons
Ready prepared for lighting ; all their signals
Arranged — but I 'll step out, just for a moment,
To wash my hands. You 'll settle all the rest.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

(From the "Thesmophoriazusæ : " Collins's Translation.)

THEY' RE always abusing the women,
As a terrible plague to men :
They say we 're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again ;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may !
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we 're all the plagues you say ?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam ?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,

You all keep fussing and fretting —
 “Where is *my* Plague to-day?”
 If a Plague peeps out of the window,
 Up go the eyes of men;
 If she hides, then they all keep staring
 Until she looks out again.

CHORUS OF MYSTÆ IN HADES.

(From “The Frogs:” Frere’s Translation.)

CHORUS [*shouting and singing*].

IACCHUS! Iacchus! Ho!
 Iacchus! Iacchus! Ho!

Xanthias. There, master, there they are, the initiated
 All sporting about as he told us we should find ’em.
 They ’re singing in praise of Bacchus like Diagoras.

Bacchus. Indeed, and so they are; but we ’ll keep quiet
 Till we make them out a little more distinctly.

CHORUS [*song*].

Mighty Bacchus! Holy Power!
 Hither at the wonted hour
 Come away,
 Come away,
 With the wanton holiday,
 Where the revel uproar leads
 To the mystic holy meads,
 Where the frolic votaries fly,
 With a tipsy shout and cry;
 Flourishing the thyrsus high,
 Flinging forth, alert and airy,
 To the sacred old vagary,
 The tumultuous dance and song,
 Sacred from the vulgar throng;
 Mystic orgies that are known
 To the votaries alone —
 To the mystic chorus solely —
 Secret — unrevealed — and holy.

Xan. O glorious virgin, daughter of the Goddess!
 What a scent of roasted griskin reached my senses!

Bac. Keep quiet — and watch for a chance of a piece of the
 haslets.

CHORUS [*song*].

Raise the fiery torches high !
 Bacchus is approaching nigh,
 Like the planet of the morn
 Breaking with the hoary dawn

On the dark solemnity —
 There they flash upon the sight;
 All the plain is blazing bright,
 Flushed and overflown with light:
 Age has cast his years away,
 And the cares of many a day,
 Sporting to the lively lay —
 Mighty Bacchus ! march and lead
 (Torch in hand toward the mead)
 Thy devoted humble Chorus ;
 Mighty Bacchus — move before us !

Keep silence — keep peace — and let all the profane
 From our holy solemnity duly refrain ;
 Whose souls, unenlightened by taste, are obscure ;
 Whose poetical notions are dark and impure ;

Whose theatrical conscience
 Is sullied by nonsense ;

Who never were trained by the mighty Cratinus
 In mystical orgies, poetic and vinous ;
 Who delight in buffooning and jests out of season ;
 Who promote the designs of oppression and treason ;
 Who foster sedition and strife and debate ;
 All traitors, in short, to the Stage and the State :
 Who surrender a fort, or in private export
 To places and harbors of hostile resort
 Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch, —
 In the way that Thorycion grew to be rich
 From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute :
 All such we reject and severely prohibit ;
 All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries
 Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the raileries
 And jests and lampoons of this holy solemnity,
 Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,
 For having been flouted and scoffed and scorned —
 All such are admonished and heartily warned ;

We warn them once,

We warn them twice,

We warn and admonish — we warn them thrice,

To conform to the law,

To retire and withdraw ;

While the Chorus again with the formal saw
 (Fixt and assigned to the festive day)
 Move to the measure and march away.

SEMI-CHORUS.

March! march! lead forth,
 Lead forth manfully,
 March in order all;
 Bustling, hustling, justling,
 As it may befall;
 Flocking, shouting, laughing,
 Mocking, flouting, quaffing,
 One and all;
 All have had a belly-full
 Of breakfast brave and plentiful;
 Therefore
 Evermore
 With your voices and your bodies
 Serve the goddess,
 And raise
 Songs of praise;
 She shall save the country still,
 And save it against the traitor's will;
 So she says.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now let us raise in a different strain
 The praise of the goddess, the giver of grain;
 Imploring her favor
 With other behavior,
 In measures more sober, submissive, and graver.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ceres, holy patroness,
 Condescend to mark and bless,
 With benevolent regard,
 Both the Chorus and the Bard;
 Grant them for the present day
 Many things to sing and say,
 Follies intermixed with sense;
 Folly, but without offence.
 Grant them with the present play
 To bear the prize of verse away.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now call again, and with a different measure,
 The power of mirth and pleasure;
 The florid, active Bacchus, bright and gay,
 To journey forth and join us on the way.

SEMI-CHORUS.

O Bacchus, attend! the customary patron of every lively lay;
 Go forth without delay
 Thy wonted annual way,
 To meet the ceremonious holy matron:
 Her grave procession gracing,
 Thine airy footsteps tracing,
 With unlaborious, light, celestial motion;
 And here at thy devotion
 Behold thy faithful choir
 In pitiful attire:
 All overworn and ragged,
 This jerkin old and jagged,
 These buskins torn and burst,
 Though sufferers in the fray,
 May serve us at the worst
 To sport throughout the day;
 And then within the shades
 I spy some lovely maids
 With whom we romped and reveled,
 Dismantled and disheveled,
 With their bosoms open, —
 With whom we might be coping.
 XAN. Well, I was always hearty,
 Disposed to mirth and ease:
 I'm ready to join the party.
 BAC. And I will if you please.

A PARODY OF EURIPIDES'S LYRIC VERSE.

(From "The Frogs.")

HALCYONS ye by the flowing sea
 Waves that warble twitteringly,
 Circling over the tumbling blue,
 Dipping your down in its briny dew,
 Spi-i-iders in corners dim
 Spi-spi-spinning your fairy film,

Shuttles echoing round the room
 Silver notes of the whistling loom,
 Where the light-footed dolphin skips
 Down the wake of the dark-prowed ships,
 Over the course of the racing steed
 Where the clustering tendrils breed
 Grapes to drown dull care in delight.

Oh! mother, make me a child again just for to-night!
 I don't exactly see how that last line is to scan,
 But that's a consideration I leave to our musical man.

THE PROLOGUES OF EURIPIDES.

(From "The Frogs.")

[The point of the following selection lies in the monotony of both narrative style and metre in Euripides's prologues, and especially his regular cæsura after the fifth syllable of a line. The burlesque tag used by Aristophanes to demonstrate this effect could not be applied in the same way to any of the fourteen extant plays of Sophocles and Æschylus.]

ÆSCHYLUS. And by Jove, I'll not stop to cut up your verses
 word by word, but if the gods are propitious I'll spoil all
 your prologues with a little flask of smelling-salts.

EURIPIDES. With a flask of smelling-salts?

ÆSCH. With a single one. For you build your verses so that any-
 thing will fit into the metre, — a leathern sack, or eider-down,
 or smelling-salts. I'll show you.

EUR. So, you'll show me, will you?

ÆSCH. I will that.

DIONYSUS. Pronounce.

EUR. [*declaiming.*] Ægyptus, as broad-bruited fame reports,
 With fifty children voyaging the main
 To Argos came, and

ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.

DION. What the mischief have the smelling-salts got to do with
 it? Recite another prologue to him and let me see.

EUR. Dionysus, thyrsus-armed and faun-skin-clad
 Amid the torchlights on Parnassus's slope
 Dancing and prancing

ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.

DION. Caught out again by the smelling-salts.

EUR. No matter. Here's a prologue that he can't fit 'em to.
 No lot of moral man is wholly blest:
 The high-born youth hath lacked the means of life,
 The lowly lout hath

ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.

- DION. Euripides —
 EUR. Well, what ?
 DION. Best take in sail.
 These smelling-salts, methinks, will blow a gale.
 EUR. What do I care ? I'll fix him next time.
 DION. Well, recite another, and steer clear of the smelling-salts.
 EUR. Cadmus departing from the town of Tyre,
 Son of Agenor
 ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.
 DION. My dear fellow, buy those smelling-salts, or there won't
 be a rag left of all your prologues.
 EUR. What ? I buy 'em of him ?
 DION. If you'll be advised by me.
 EUR. Not a bit of it. I've lots of prologues where he can't work
 'em in.
 Pelops the Tantalid to Pisa coming
 With speedy coursers
 ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.
 DION. There they are again, you see. Do let him have 'em, my
 good Æschylus. You can replace 'em for a nickel.
 EUR. Never. I've not run out yet.
 CENEUS from broad fields
 ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.
 EUR. Let me say the whole verse, won't you ?
 CENEUS from broad fields reaped a mighty crop
 And offering first-fruits
 ÆSCH. — lost his smelling-salts.
 DION. While sacrificing ? Who filched them ?
 EUR. Oh, never mind him. Let him try it on this verse :—
 Zeus, as the word of sooth declared of old—
 DION. It's no use, he'll say Zeus lost his smelling-salts. For
 those smelling salts fit your prologues like a kid glove. But
 go on and turn your attention to his lyrics.

PARABASIS.

(From "The Knights.")

If a veteran author had wished to engage
 Our assistance to-day, for a speech from the stage,
 We scarce should have granted so bold a request;
 But this author of ours, as the bravest and best,
 Deserves an indulgence denied to the rest,
 For the courage and vigor, the scorn and the hate,
 With which he encounters the pests of the State;
 A thorough-bred seaman, intrepid and warm,

Steering outright, in the face of the storm.

But now for the gentle reproaches he bore
On the part of his friends, for refraining before
To embrace the profession, embarking for life
In theatrical storms and poetical strife,
He begs us to state, that for reasons of weight,
He has lingered so long, and determined so late.
For he deemed the achievements of comedy hard,
The boldest attempt of a desperate bard!
The Muse he perceived was capricious and coy;
Though many were courting her, few could enjoy.
And he saw without reason, from season to season,
Your humor would shift, and turn poets adrift,
Requiting old friends with unkindness and treason,
Discarded in scorn as exhausted and worn.

Seeing Magnes's fate, who was reckoned of late
For the conduct of comedy captain and head;
That so oft on the stage, in the flower of his age,
Had defeated the Chorus his rivals had led;
With his sounds of all sort, that were uttered in sport,
With whims and vagaries unheard of before,
With feathers and wings, and a thousand gay things,
That in frolicsome fancies his Choruses wore —
When his humor was spent, did your temper relent,
To requite the delight that he gave you before?
We beheld him displaced, and expelled and disgraced,
When his hair and his wit were grown aged and hoar.

Then he saw, for a sample, the dismal example
Of noble Cratinus so splendid and ample,
Full of spirit and blood, and enlarged like a flood,
Whose copious current tore down with its torrent
Oaks, ashes, and yew, with the ground where they grew,
And his rivals to boot, wrenched up by the root;
And his personal foes, who presumed to oppose,
All drowned and abolished, dispersed and demolished,
And drifted headlong, with a deluge of song.

And his airs and his tunes, and his songs and lampoons,
Were recited and sung, by the old and the young —
At our feasts and carousals what poet but he?
And "The Fair Amphibribe" and "The Sycophant Tree,"
"Masters and masons and builders of verse!" —
Those were the tunes that all tongues could rehearse;
But since in decay you have cast him away,
Stript of his stops and his musical strings,
Battered and shattered, a broken old instrument,



GREEK ACTORS

From Painting by J. L. Gérôme

Shoved out of sight among rubbishy things.
His garlands are faded, and, what he deems worst,
His tongue and his palate are parching with thirst;
And now you may meet him alone in the street,
Wearied and worn, tattered and torn,
All decayed and forlorn, in his person and dress;
Whom his former success should exempt from distress,
With subsistence at large, at the general charge,
And a seat with the great, at the table of state,
There to feast every day, and preside at the play
In splendid apparel, triumphant and gay.

Seeing Crates the next, always teased and perplexed,
With your tyrannous temper tormented and vexed;
That with taste and good sense, without waste or expense,
From his snug little hoard, provided your board
With a delicate treat, economic and neat.

Thus, hitting or missing, with crowns or with hissing,
Year after year, he pursued his career,
For better or worse, till he finished his course.

These precedents held him in long hesitation;
He replied to his friends, with a just observation,
"That a seaman in regular order is bred,
To the oar, to the helm, and to look out ahead;
With diligent practice has fixed in his mind
The signs of the weather, and changes of wind.
And when every point of the service is known,
Undertakes the command of a ship of his own."

For reasons like these,
If your judgment agrees,
That he did not embark,
Like an ignorant spark,
Or a troublesome lout,
To puzzle and bother, and blunder about,
Give him a shout,
At his first setting out!
And all pull away
With a hearty huzza
For success to the play!
Send him away,
Smiling and gay,
Shining and florid,
With his bald forehead!

STROPHE.

Neptune, lord of land and deep,
 From the lofty Sunian steep,
 With delight surveying
 The fiery-footed steeds,
 Frolicking and neighing
 As their humor leads —
 And rapid cars contending
 Venturous and forward,
 Where splendid youths are spending
 The money that they borrowed.
 Thence downward to the ocean,
 And the calmer show
 Of the dolphin's motion
 In the depths below;
 And the glittering galleys
 Gallantly that steer,
 When the squadron sallies,
 With wages in arrear.
 List, O list!
 Listen and assist,
 Thy Chorus here!
 Mighty Saturn's son!
 The support of Phormion,
 In his victories of late;
 To the fair Athenian State
 More propitious far,
 Than all the gods that are,
 In the present war.

EPIRREMA.

Let us praise our famous fathers, let their glory be recorded
 On Minerva's mighty mantle consecrated and embroidered.
 That with many a naval action and with infantry by land,
 Still contending, never ending, strive for empire and command.
 When they met the foe, disdaining to compute a poor account
 Of the number of their armies, of their muster and amount:
 But whene'er at wrestling matches they were worsted in the fray,
 Wiped their shoulders from the dust, denied the fall, and fought
 away.

Then the generals never claimed precedence, or a separate seat,
 Like the present mighty captains; or the public wine or meat.

As for us, the sole pretension suited to our birth and years,
 Is with resolute intention, as determined volunteers,
 To defend our fields and altars, as our fathers did before;
 Claiming as a recompense this easy boon, and nothing more:
 When our trials with peace are ended, not to view us with
 malignity;
 When we're curried, sleek and pampered, prancing in our pride
 and dignity.

ANTISTROPHE.

Mighty Minerva! thy command
 Rules and upholds this happy land;
 Attica, famed in every part,
 With a renown for arms and art,
 Noted among the nations.
 Victory bring — the bards' delight;
 She that in faction or in fight
 Aids us on all occasions.
 Goddess, list to the song! Bring her away with thee,
 Haste and bring her along! Here to the play with thee.
 Bring fair Victory down for us!
 Bring her here with a crown for us!
 Come with speed, as a friend indeed,
 Now or never at our need!

ANTEPIRREMA.

Let us sing the mighty deeds of our illustrious noble steeds.
 They deserve a celebration for their service heretofore,
 Charges and attacks, exploits enacted in the days of yore:
 These, however, strike me less, as having been performed ashore.
 But the wonder was to see them, when they fairly went aboard,
 With canteens and bread and onions, victualled and completely
 stored,
 Then they fixed and dipped their oars beginning all to shout and
 neigh,
 Just the same as human creatures, "Pull away, boys! Pull away!"
 "Bear a hand there, Roan and Sorrel! Have a care there, Black
 and Bay!"
 Then they leapt ashore at Corinth; and the lustier younger sort
 Strolled about to pick up litter, for their solace and disport:
 And devoured the crabs of Corinth, as a substitute for clover.
 So that a poetic Crabbe exclaimed in anguish "All is over!"

What awaits us, mighty Neptune, if we cannot hope to keep
From pursuit and persecution in the land or in the deep."

CHOR. [*to the SAUSAGE-SELLER*].

O best of men! thou tightest, heartiest fellow!
What a terror and alarm had you created
In the hearts of all your friends by this delay.
But since at length in safety you return,
Say what was the result of your attempt.

S. S. The result is; you may call me Nickoboulus;
For I've nicked the Boule there, the Senate, capitally.

CHORUS.

Then we may chant amain
In an exulting strain,
With ecstasy triumphant bold and high,
O thou!
That not in words alone, or subtle thought,
But more in manly deed,
Hast merited, and to fair achievement brought!
Relate at length and tell
The event as it befell:
So would I gladly pass a weary way;
Nor weary would it seem,
Attending to the theme,
Of all the glories of this happy day.

[*In a familiar tone, as if clapping him on the shoulder.*]

Come, my jolly worthy fellow, never fear!
We're all delighted with you — let us hear!

S. S. Aye, aye — It's well worth hearing, I can tell ye:
I followed after him to the Senate House;
And there was he, storming, and roaring, driving
His thunderbolts about him, bowling down
His biggest words, to crush the cavaliers,
Like stones from a hill-top; calling them traitors,
Conspirators — what not? There sat the Senate
With their arms folded, and their eyebrows bent,
And their lips puckered, with the grave aspect
Of persons utterly humbugged and bamboozled.

Seeing the state of things, I paused awhile,
Praying in secret with an under voice:

"Ye influential, impudential powers
Of sauciness and jabber, slang and jaw!
Ye spirits of the market-place and street,

Where I was reared and bred — befriend me now!
 Grant me a voluble utterance, and a vast
 Unbounded voice, and steadfast impudence!"

Whilst I thus thought and prayed, on the right hand,
 I heard a sound of wind distinctly broken!
 I seized the omen at once; and bouncing up,
 I burst among the crowd, and bustled through,
 And bolted in at the wicket, and bawled out:
 "News! news! I've brought you news! the best of news!
 Yes, Senators, since first the war began,
 There never has been known, till now this morning,
 Such a haul of pilchards." Then they smiled and seemed
 All tranquillized and placid at the prospect
 Of pilchards being likely to be cheap.
 I then proceeded and proposed a vote
 To meet the emergence secretly and suddenly:
 To seize at once the trays of all the workmen,
 And go with them to market to buy pilchards,
 Before the price was raised. Immediately
 They applauded, and sat gaping all together,
 Attentive and admiring. He perceived it;
 And framed a motion, suited as he thought
 To the temper of the Assembly. "I move," says he,
 "That on occasion of this happy news,
 We should proclaim a general thanksgiving;
 With a festival moreover, and a sacrifice
 Of a hundred head of oxen, to the goddess."

Then seeing he meant to drive me to the wall
 With his hundred oxen, I overbid him at once;
 And said "two hundred," and proposed a vow,
 For a thousand goats to be offered to Diana,
 Whenever sprats should fall to forty a penny.
 With that the Senate smiled upon me again;
 And he grew stupefied and lost, and stammering;
 And attempting to interrupt the current business,
 Was called to order, and silenced and put down.

Then they were breaking up to buy their pilchards:
 But he must needs persist, and beg for a hearing —
 "For a single moment—for a messenger —
 For a herald that was come from Lacedæmon,
 With an offer of peace — for an audience to be given him."
 But they broke out in an uproar all together:
 "Peace truly! Peace forsooth! Yes, now 's their time;
 I warrant 'em; when pilchards are so plenty.
 They've heard of it; and now they come for peace!

No! No! No peace! The war must take its course."
 Then they called out to the Presidents to adjourn;
 And scrambled over the railing and dispersed;
 And I dashed down to the market-place headlong;
 And bought up all the fennel, and bestowed it
 As donative, for garnish to their pilchards,
 Among the poorer class of Senators;
 And they so thanked and praised me, that in short,
 For twenty-pence, I've purchased and secured them.

CHORUS.

With fair event your first essay began,
 Betokening a predestined happy man.
 The villain now shall meet,
 In equal war,
 A more accomplished cheat,
 A viler far;
 With turns and tricks more various,
 More artful and nefarious.
 But thou!
 Bethink thee now;
 Rouse up thy spirit to the next endeavor!
 Our hands and hearts and will,
 Both heretofore and ever,
 Are with thee still.

S. S. The Paphlagonian! Here he's coming, foaming
 And swelling like a breaker in the surf!
 With his hobgoblin countenance and look;
 For all the world as if he'd swallow me up.

Enter CLEON.

CLEON. May I perish and rot, but I'll consume and ruin ye;
 I'll leave no trick, no scheme untried to do it.

S. S. It makes me laugh, it amuses one, to see him
 Bluster and storm! I whistle and snap my fingers.

CLEON. By the powers of earth and heaven! and as I live!
 You villain, I'll annihilate and devour ye.

S. S. Devour me! and as I live, I'll swallow ye;
 And gulp ye down at a mouthful, without salt.

CLEON. I swear by the precedence, and the seat
 Which I achieved at Pylos, I'll destroy ye.

S. S. Seat, precedence truly! I hope to see you,
 The last amongst us in the lowest place.

CLEON. I'll clap you in jail, in the stocks — By heaven! I will.

S. S. To see it how it takes on! Barking and tearing!
What ails the creature? Does it want a sop?

CLEON. I'll claw your guts out, with these nails of mine.

S. S. I'll pare those nails of yours, from clawing victuals
At the public table.

CLEON. I'll drag you to the Assembly
This instant, and accuse ye, and have you punished.

S. S. And I'll bring accusations there against you,
Twenty for one, and worse than yours tenfold.

CLEON. Aye — my poor soul! but they won't mind ye or hear ye,
Whilst I can manage 'em and make fools of 'em.

S. S. You reckon they belong to ye, I suppose?

CLEON. Why should not they, if I feed and diet 'em?

S. S. Aye, aye, and like the liquorish, greedy nurses,
You swallow ten for one yourself at least,
For every morsel the poor creatures get.

CLEON. Moreover, in doing business in the Assembly,
I have such a superior influence and command,
That I can make them close and hard and dry,
Or pass a matter easily, as I please.

S. S. Moreover, in doing business — my band
Has the same sort of influence and command;
And plays at fast and loose, just as it pleases.

CLEON. You sha'n't insult as you did before the Senate.
Come, come, before the Assembly.

S. S. [*coolly and dryly*]. Aye — yes — why not?
With all my heart! Let's go there — What should hinder us?
[*The scene is supposed to be in front of DEMUS's house.*]

CLEON. My dear good Demus, do step out a moment!

S. S. My dearest little Demus, do step out!

DEM. Who's there? Keep off! What a racket are you making;
Bawling and caterwauling about the door;
To affront the house, and scandalize the neighbors.

CLEON. Come out, do see yourself, how I'm insulted.

DEM. Oh, my poor Paphlagonian! What's the matter?
Who has affronted ye?

CLEON. I'm waylaid and beaten,
By that rogue there, and the rake-helly young fellows,
All for your sake.

DEM. How so?

CLEON. Because I love you,
And court you, and wait on you, to win your favor.

DEM. And you there, sirrah! tell me what are you?

S. S. A lover of yours, and a rival of his, this long time;
That have wished to oblige ye and serve ye in every way:

And many there are besides, good gentlefolks,
That adore ye, and wish to pay their court to ye;
But he contrives to baffle and drive them off,
In short, you're like the silly spendthrift heirs,
That keep away from civil, well-bred company,
To pass their time with grooms and low companions,
Cobblers, and curriers, tanners and such like.

CLEON. And have not I merited that preference,
By my service?

S. S. In what way?

CLEON. By bringing back
The Spartan captives tied and bound from Pylos.

S. S. And would not I bring back from the cook's shop
A mess of meat that belonged to another man?

CLEON. Well, Demus, call an Assembly then directly,
To decide between us, which is your best friend;
And when you've settled it, fix and keep to him.

[Exit CLEON.]

S. S. Ah, do! pray do decide! — but not in the Pnyx —

DEM. It must be there; it can't be anywhere else;
It's quite impossible: you must go to the Pnyx.

S. S. Oh dear! I'm lost and ruined then! the old fellow
Is sharp and clever enough in his own home;
But planted with his rump upon that rock,
He grows completely stupefied and bothered.

CHORUS.

Now you must get your words and wit, and all your tackle ready,
To make a dash, but don't be rash, be watchful, bold and steady.
You've a nimble adversary, shifting, and alert, and wary.

[The scene changes and discovers the Pnyx with CLEON,
on the Bema, in an orational attitude.]

Look out! have a care! behold him there!
He's bearing upon you — be ready, prepare.
Out with the dolphin! Haul it hard!
Away with it up to the peak of the yard!
And out with the pinnace to serve for a guard.

CLEON. To Minerva the sovereign goddess I call,
Our guide and defender, the hope of us all;
With a prayer and a vow, that, even as now,
If I'm truly your friend, unto my life's end,
I may dine in the hall, doing nothing at all!
But, if I despise you, or ever advise you

Against what is best, for your comfort and rest;
 Or neglect to attend you, defend you, befriend you,
 May I perish and pine; may this carcase of mine
 Be withered and dried, and curried beside;
 And straps for your harness cut out from the hide.

S. S. Then Demus — if I tell a word of a lie;
 If any man more can dote or adore,
 With so tender a care, I make it my prayer,
 My prayer and my wish, to be stewed in a dish;
 To be sliced and slashed, minced and hashed;
 And the offal remains that are left by the cook,
 Dragged out to the grave, with my own flesh-hook.

CLEON. O Demus! has any man shown such a zeal,
 Such a passion as I for the general weal?
 Racking and screwing offenders to ruin;
 With torture and threats extorting your debts;
 Exhausting all means for enhancing your fortune,
 Terror and force and intreaties importune,
 With a popular, pure, patriotical aim;
 Unmoved by compassion, or friendship, or shame.

S. S. All this I can do; more handily too;
 With ease and despatch; I can pilfer and snatch,
 And supply ye with loaves from another man's batch.
 But now, to detect his saucy neglect;
 (In spite of the boast, of his loyalty due,
 Is the boiled and the roast, to your table and you.)
 You — that in combat at Marathon sped,
 And hewed down your enemies hand over head,
 The Mede and the Persian, achieving a treasure
 Of infinite honor and profit and pleasure,
 Rhetorical praises and tragical phrases;
 Of rich panegyric a capital stock —
 He leaves you to rest on a seat of the rock,
 Naked and bare, without comfort or care.
 Whilst I — look ye there! — have quilted and wadded,
 And tufted and padded this cushion so neat
 To serve for your seat! Rise now, let me slip
 It there under your hip, that on board of the ship,
 With the toil of the oar, was blistered and sore,
 Enduring the burthen and heat of the day,
 At the battle of Salamis working away.

DEM. Whence was it you came! Oh, tell me your name —
 Your name and your birth; for your kindness and worth
 Bespeak you indeed of a patriot breed;
 Of the race of Harmodius sure you must be,

So popular, gracious, and friendly to me.

CLEON. Can he win you with ease with such trifles as these ?

S. S. With easier trifles you manage to please.

CLEON. I vow, notwithstanding, that never a man
Has acted, since first the republic began,
On a more patriotical popular plan :
And if any man else can as truly be said
The friend of the people, I'll forfeit my head ;
I'll make it a wager, and stand to the pledge.

S. S. And what is the token you mean to allege
Of that friendship of yours, or the good it ensures ?
Eight seasons are past that he shelters his head
In a barrack, an outhouse, a hovel, a shed,
In nests of the rock where the vultures are bred,
In tubs, and in huts and the towers of the wall :
His friend and protector, you witness it all !
But where is thy pity, thou friend of the city ;
To smoke him alive, to plunder his hive ?
And when Archeptolemus came on a mission,
With peace in his hand, with a fair proposition :
So drive them before you with kicks on the rump,
Peace, treaties, and embassies, all in a lump !

CLEON. I did wisely and well ; for the prophecies tell,
That if he perseveres, for a period of years,
He shall sit in Arcadia, judging away
In splendor and honor, at five-pence a day :
Meantime I can feed and provide for his need ;
Maintaining him wholly, fairly and foully,
With jurymen's pay, three-pence a day.

S. S. No vision or fancy prophetic have you,
Nor dreams of Arcadian empire in view ;
A safer concealment is all that you seek :
In the hubbub of war, in the darkness and reek,
To plunder at large ; to keep him confined,
Passive, astounded, humbled, blind,
Pining in penury, looking to thee
For his daily provision, a jurymen's fee.
But if he returns to his country concerns,
His grapes and his figs, and his furmity kettle,
You'll find him a man of a different mettle.
When he feels that your fees had debarred him from these,
He'll trudge up to town, looking eagerly down,
And pick a choice pebble, and keep it in view,
As a token of spite, for a vote against you.
Peace sinks you forever, you feel it and know,

As your shifts and your tricks and your prophecies show.

CLEON. 'T is a scandal, a shame! to throw slander and blame
On the friend of the people! a patriot name,
A kinder protector I venture to say,
Than ever Themistocles was in his day,
Better and kinder in every way.

S. S. Witness, ye deities! witness his blasphemies!
You to compare with Themistocles! you!
That found us exhausted, and filled us anew
With a bumper of opulence; carving and sharing
Rich slices of empire; and kindly preparing,
While his guests were at dinner, a capital supper,
With a dainty remove, both under and upper,
The fort and the harbor, and many a dish
Of colonies, islands, and such kind of fish.
But now we are stunted, our spirit is blunted,
With paltry defences, and walls of partition;
With silly pretences of poor superstition;
And yet you can dare with him to compare!
But he lost the command, and was banished the land,
While you rule over all, and carouse in the hall!

CLEON. This is horrible quite, and his slanderous spite,
Has no motive in view but my friendship for you,
My zeal —

DEM. There, have done with your slang and your stuff,
You've cheated and choused and cajoled me enough.

S. S. My dear little Demus! you'll find it is true.
He behaves like a wretch and a villain to you.
He haunts your garden and there he plies,
Cropping the sprouts of the young supplies,
Munching and scrunching enormous rations
Of public sales and confiscations.

CLEON. Don't exult before your time,
Before you've answered for your crime —
A notable theft that I mean to prove
Of a hundred talents and above.

S. S. Why do ye pounce and flounce in vain?
Splashing and dashing and splashing again,
Like a silly recruit, just clapped on board?
Your crimes and acts are on record
The Mitylenian bribe alone
Was forty minæ proved and shown.

ARISTOTLE.

ARISTOTLE, a Greek philosopher, the founder of the school of Peripatetics. He was born at Stagira, a Greek colony in Macedonia (whence he is denominated "the Stagirite"), in 384 B. C., and died at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, in 322 B. C. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Athens to complete his education, and resided there during the ensuing twenty years. When he was about forty years old, Philip of Macedon invited Aristotle to become the tutor of his son, Alexander, afterward known as "the Great," then a boy of thirteen. When he was about fifty years old, Aristotle took up his residence at Athens, bringing with him his vast scientific collections, and established his new school of philosophy in the Lyceum, a gymnasium near the city, surrounded by shady walks (*peripatoi*), in which he was wont to discourse to his pupils while walking about, whence his school of philosophy is styled the "Peripatetic School." His friendly relations with Alexander were at length broken off, on account, it is said, of the admonitions which he addressed to the great conqueror upon the dissolute way of life into which he had fallen. The Athenians, however, charged him with still being a partisan of the Macedonian dynasty, accused him of impiety, and forced him to flee to Chalcis, where he died.

Aristotle was beyond question by far the best educated man of all antiquity. He seems to have grasped all the knowledge of his times, and to have made numerous important additions to almost every department of natural science—to say nothing of his undoubted merits as a metaphysical thinker. He was the first careful dissector and describer of animals; the first to divide the animal kingdom into classes. He described many species of animals hitherto wholly unknown to his countrymen, and came near to discovering the fact of the circulation of the blood. His entire philosophical method seems to be almost identical with that long after enunciated by Bacon. It rests upon the principle that all our thinking must be founded on the observation of facts.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HISTORY AND POETRY, AND
HOW HISTORICAL MATTER SHOULD BE USED IN POETRY.

(From the "Poetics," Chapter 9.)

BUT it is evident from what has been said that it is not the province of a poet to relate things which have happened, but

such as might have happened, and such things as are possible according to probability, or which would necessarily have happened. For a historian and a poet do not differ from each other because the one writes in verse and the other in prose; for the history of Herodotus might be written in verse, and yet it would be no less a history with metre than without metre. But they differ in this, that the one speaks of things which have happened, and the other of such as might have happened. Hence, poetry is more philosophic, and more deserving of attention, than history. For poetry speaks more of universals, but history of particulars. But universal consists, indeed, in relating or performing certain things which happen to a man of a certain description, either probably or necessarily [to which the aim of poetry is directed in giving names]; but particular consists in narrating what [for example] Alcibiades did, or what he suffered. In comedy, therefore, this is now become evident. For comic poets having composed a fable through things of a probable nature, they thus give whatever names they please to their characters, and do not, like iambic poets, write poems about particular persons. But in tragedy they cling to real names. The cause, however, of this is, that the possible is credible. Things therefore which have not yet been done, we do not yet believe to be possible; but it is evident that things which have been done are possible, for they would not have been done if they were impossible.

Not indeed but that in some tragedies there are one or two known names, and the rest are feigned; but in others there is no known name, as for instance in "The Flower of Agatho." For in this tragedy the things and the names are alike feigned, and yet it delights no less. Hence, one must not seek to adhere entirely to traditional fables, which are the subjects of tragedy. For it is ridiculous to make this the object of search, because even known subjects are known but to a few, though at the same time they delight all men. From these things, therefore, it is evident that a poet ought rather to be the author of fables than of metres, inasmuch as he is a poet from imitation, and he imitates actions. Hence, though it should happen that he relates things which have happened, he is no less a poet. For nothing hinders but that some actions which have happened are such as might both probably and possibly have happened, and by [the narration of] such he is a poet.

But of simple plots and actions, the episodic are the worst.

But I call the plot episodic, in which it is neither probable nor necessary that the episodes follow each other. Such plots, however, are composed by bad poets, indeed, through their own want of ability ; but by good poets, on account of the players. For, introducing [dramatic] contests, and extending the plot beyond its capabilities, they are frequently compelled to distort the connection of the parts. But tragedy is not only an imitation of a perfect action, but also of actions which are terrible and piteous, and actions principally become such (and in a greater degree when they happen contrary to opinion) on account of each other. For thus they will possess more of the marvellous than if they happened from chance and fortune ; since also of things which are from fortune, those appear to be most admirable which seem to happen as it were by design. Thus the statue of Mityus at Argos killed him who was the cause of the death of Mityus by falling as he was surveying it. For such events as these seem not to take place casually. Hence it is necessary that fables of this kind should be more beautiful.

ON PHILOSOPHY.

(Quoted in Cicero's "Nature of the Gods.")

IF there were men whose habitations had been always under ground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed happy abound with : and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain divine power and majesty, and after some time the earth should open and they should quit their dark abode to come to us, where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens ; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds ; should see the sun and observe his grandeur and beauty, and perceive that day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky ; and when night has obscured the earth they should contemplate the heavens, bespangled and adorned with stars, the surprising variety of the moon in her increase and wane, the rising and setting of all the stars and the inviolable regularity of their courses, — when, says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are gods, and that these are their mighty works."

ON ESSENCES.

(From "The Metaphysics," Book xi., Chapter 1.)

THE subject of theory (or speculative science) is *essence*. In it are investigated the principles and causes of essences. The truth is, if the All be regarded as a whole, essence is its first (or highest) part. Also, if we consider the natural order of the categories, essence stands at the head of the list; then comes quality; then quantity. It is true that the other categories, such as qualities and movements, are not in any absolute sense at all, and the same is true of [negatives, such as] not-white or not-straight. Nevertheless, we use such expressions as "Not-white is."

Moreover, no one of the other categories is separable [or independent]. This is attested by the procedure of the older philosophers; for it was the principles, elements, and causes of essence that were the objects of their investigations. The thinkers of the present day, to be sure, are rather inclined to consider universals as essence. For genera are universals, and these they hold to be principles and essences, mainly because their mode of investigation is a logical one. The older philosophers, on the other hand, considered particular things to be essences; *e.g.*, fire and earth, not body in general.

There are three essences. Two of these are sensible, one being eternal and the other transient. The latter is obvious to all, in the form of plants and animals; with regard to the former, there is room for discussion, as to whether its elements are one or many. The third, differing from the other two, is immutable and is maintained by certain persons to be separable. Some make two divisions of it, whereas others class together, as of one nature, ideas, and mathematical entities; and others again admit only the latter. The first two essences belong to physical science, for they are subject to change; the last belongs to another science, if there is no principle common to all.

ON COMMUNITY OF STUDIES.

(From "The Politics," Book 8.)

No one, therefore, can doubt that the legislator ought principally to attend to the education of youth. For in cities where this is neglected, the politics are injured. For every State ought

to be governed according to its nature ; since the appropriate manners of each polity usually preserve the polity, and establish it from the beginning. Thus, appropriate democratic manners preserve and establish a democracy, and oligarchic an oligarchy. Always, however, the best manners are the cause of the best polity. Further still, in all professions and arts, there are some things which ought previously to be learnt, and to which it is requisite to be previously accustomed, in order to the performance of their several works ; so that it is evident that it is also necessary in the practice of virtue.

Since, however, there is one purpose to every city, it is evident that the education must necessarily be one and the same in all cities ; and that the attention paid to this should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any person takes care of the education of his children separately, and privately teaches them that particular discipline which appears to him to be proper. But it is necessary that the studies of the public should be common. At the same time, also, no one ought to think that any citizen belongs to him in particular, but that all the citizens belong to the city ; for each individual is a part of the city. The care and attention, however, which are paid to each of the parts, naturally look to the care and attention of the whole. And for this, some one may praise the Lacedæmonians ; for they pay very great attention to their children, and this in common. It is evident, therefore, that laws should be established concerning education, and that it should be made common.

THE NECESSITY OF GOOD WATER.

SINCE every attention should be given to the health of the inhabitants, it is of great importance that the city should have a good situation ; and next, that the inhabitants should have good water to drink ; and this must not be regarded as a matter of secondary moment. For what is used chiefly in great quantities for the support of the body must, above all, contribute to its health. And this is the influence which the air and the water exercise over the body. Wherefore, in all wise governments the water ought to be apportioned to different purposes ; if all is not equally good, and if there is not abundance of both kinds, that for drinking should be separated from that which is used for other purposes.

HYMN TO VIRTUE.

(Translation of J. A. Symonds.)

VIRTUE, to men thou bringest care and toil;
Yet thou art life's best, fairest spoil!
O virgin goddess, for thy beauty's sake
To die is delicate in this our Greece,
Or to endure of pain the stern strong ache.
Such fruit for our soul's ease
Of joys undying, dearer far than gold
Or home or soft-eyed sleep, dost thou unfold!
It was for thee the seed of Zeus,
Stout Herakles, and Leda's twins, did choose
Strength-draining deeds, to spread abroad thy name:
Smit with the love of thee
Aias and Achilleus went smilingly
Down to Death's portal, crowned with deathless fame.
Now, since thou art so fair,
Leaving the lightsome air,
Atarneus' hero hath died gloriously.
Wherefore immortal praise shall be his guerdon:
His goodness and his deeds are made the burden
Of songs divine
Sung by Memory's daughters nine,
Hymning of hospitable Zeus the might
And friendship firm as fate in fate's despite.

JÓN ARNASON.

ARNASON, JÓN, an Icelandic folk-lore writer; born at Hof, Akágaströnd, November 13, 1819; died at Reykjavik, August 17, 1888. He was for many years librarian of the National Library, and devoted himself assiduously to the collection of Icelandic folk tales. He has hence been called the "Grimm of Iceland." His principal literary work is "Popular Legends and Tales of Iceland" (1862-64).

THE FISHERMAN OF GÖTUR.

It is told that long ago a peasant living at Götur in Myrdalur went out fishing round the island of Dyrhólar. In returning from the sea, he had to cross a morass. It happened once that on his way home after nightfall, he came to a place where a man had lost his horse in the bog, and was unable to recover it without help. The fisherman, to whom this man was a stranger, aided him in freeing his horse from the peat.

When the animal stood again safe and sound upon the dry earth, the stranger said to the fisherman, "I am your neighbor, for I live in Hvammsgil, and am returning from the sea, like you. But I am so poor that I cannot pay you for this service as you ought to be paid. I will promise you, however, this much: that you shall never go to sea without catching fish, nor ever, if you will take my advice, return with empty hands. But you must never put to sea without having first seen me pass your house, as if going toward the shore. Obey me in this matter, and I promise you that you shall never launch your boat in vain."

The fisherman thanked him for this advice; and sure enough it was that for three years afterward, never putting to sea till he had first seen his neighbor pass his door, he always launched his boat safely, and always came home full-handed.

But at the end of three years it fell out that one day in the early morning, the fisherman, looking out from his house, saw the wind and weather favorable, and all other fishers hurrying down to the sea to make the best of so good a time. But though

he waited hour after hour in the hope of seeing his neighbor pass, the man of Hvammsgil never came. At last, losing his patience, he started out without having seen him go by. When he came down to the shore, he found that all the boats were launched and far away.

Before night the wind rose and became a storm, and every boat that had that day put to sea was wrecked, and every fisher drowned; the peasant of Götur alone escaping, for he had been unable to go out fishing. The next night he had a strange dream, in which his neighbor from Hvammsgil came to him and said, "Although you did not yesterday follow my advice, I yet so far felt kindly toward you that I hindered you from going out to sea, and saved you thus from drowning; but look no more forth to see me pass, for we have met for the last time." And never again did the peasant see his neighbor pass his door.

THE MAGIC SCYTHE.

A CERTAIN day-laborer once started from his home in the south to earn wages for hay-cutting in the north country. In the mountains he was suddenly overtaken by a thick mist and sleet-storm, and lost his way. Fearing to go on further, he pitched his tent in a convenient spot, and taking out his provisions, began to eat.

While he was engaged upon his meal, a brown dog came into the tent, so ill-favored, dirty, wet, and fierce-eyed, that the poor man felt quite afraid of it, and gave it as much bread and meat as it could devour. This the dog swallowed greedily, and ran off again into the mist. At first the man wondered much to see a dog in such a wild place, where he never expected to meet with a living creature; but after a while he thought no more about the matter, and having finished his supper, fell asleep, with his saddle for a pillow.

At midnight he dreamed that he saw a tall and aged woman enter his tent, who spoke thus to him:—"I am beholden to you, good man, for your kindness to my daughter, but am unable to reward you as you deserve. Here is a scythe which I place beneath your pillow; it is the only gift I can make you, but despise it not. It will surely prove useful to you, as it can cut down all that lies before it. Only beware of putting it into the fire to temper it. Sharpen it, however, as you will, but in that way never." So saying, she was seen no more.

When the man awoke and looked forth, he found the mist all gone and the sun high in heaven; so getting all his things together and striking his tent, he laid them upon the pack-horses, saddling last of all his own horse. But on lifting his saddle from the ground, he found beneath it a small scythe blade, which seemed well worn and was rusty. On seeing this, he at once recalled to mind his dream, and taking the scythe with him, set out once more on his way. He soon found again the road which he had lost, and made all speed to reach the well-peopled district to which he was bound.

When he arrived at the north country, he went from house to house, but did not find any employment, for every farmer had laborers enough, and one week of hay-harvest was already past. He heard it said, however, that one old woman in the district, generally thought by her neighbors to be skilled in magic and very rich, always began her hay-cutting a week later than anybody else, and though she seldom employed a laborer, always contrived to finish it by the end of the season. When by any chance — and it was a rare one — she did engage a workman, she was never known to pay him for his work.

Now the peasant from the south was advised to ask this old woman for employment, having been warned of her strange habits.

He accordingly went to her house, and offered himself to her as a day-laborer. She accepted his offer, and told him that he might, if he chose, work a week for her, but must expect no payment.

“Except,” she said, “you can cut more grass in the whole week than I can rake in on the last day of it.

To these terms he gladly agreed, and began mowing. And a very good scythe he found that to be which the woman had given him in his dream; for it cut well, and never wanted sharpening, though he worked with it for five days unceasingly. He was well content, too, with his place, for the old woman was kind enough to him.

One day, entering the forge next to her house, he saw a vast number of scythe-handles and rakes, and a big heap of blades, and wondered beyond measure what the old lady could want with all these. It was the fifth day — the Friday — and when he was asleep that night, the same elf-woman whom he had seen upon the mountains came again to him and said: —

"Large as are the meadows you have mown, your employer will easily be able to rake in all that hay to-morrow, and if she does so, will, as you know, drive you away without paying you. When therefore you see yourself worsted, go into the forge, take as many scythe-handles as you think proper, fit their blades to them, and carry them out into that part of the land where the hay is yet uncut. There you must lay them on the ground, and you shall see how things go."

This said, she disappeared, and in the morning the laborer, getting up, set to work as usual at his mowing.

At six o'clock the old witch came out, bringing five rakes with her, and said to the man, "A goodly piece of ground you have mowed, indeed!"

And so saying, she spread the rakes upon the hay. Then the man saw, to his astonishment, that though the one she held in her hand raked in great quantities of hay, the other four raked in no less each, all of their own accord, and with no hand to wield them.

At noon, seeing that the old woman would soon get the best of him, he went into the forge and took out several scythe-handles, to which he fixed their blades, and bringing them out into the field, laid them down upon the grass which was yet standing. Then all the scythes set to work of their own accord, and cut down the grass so quickly that the rakes could not keep pace with them. And so they went on all the rest of the day, and the old woman was unable to rake in all the hay which lay in the fields. After dark she told him to gather up his scythes and take them into the house again, while she collected her rakes, saying to him:—

"You are wiser than I took you to be, and you know more than myself; so much the better for you, for you may stay as long with me as you like."

He spent the whole summer in her employment, and they agreed very well together, mowing with mighty little trouble a vast amount of hay. In the autumn she sent him away, well laden with money, to his own home in the south. The next summer, and more than one summer following, he spent in her employ, always being paid as his heart could desire, at the end of the season.

After some years he took a farm of his own in the south country, and was always looked upon by all his neighbors as an honest man, a good fisherman, and an able workman in what-

ever he might put his hand to. He always cut his own hay, never using any scythe but that which the elf-woman had given him upon the mountains; nor did any of his neighbors ever finish their mowing before him.

One summer it chanced that while he was fishing, one of his neighbors came to his house and asked his wife to lend him her husband's scythe, as he had lost his own. The farmer's wife looked for one, but could only find the one upon which her husband set such store. This, however, a little loath, she lent to the man, begging him at the same time never to temper it in the fire; for that, she said, her good man never did. So the neighbor promised, and taking it with him, bound it to a handle and began to work with it. But, sweep as he would, and strain as he would (and sweep and strain he did right lustily), not a single blade of grass fell. Wroth at this, the man tried to sharpen it, but with no avail. Then he took it into his forge, intending to temper it, for, thought he, what harm could that possibly do? but as soon as the flames touched it, the steel melted like wax, and nothing was left but a little heap of ashes. Seeing this, he went in haste to the farmer's house, where he had borrowed it, and told the woman what had happened; she was at her wits' end with fright and shame when she heard it, for she knew well enough how her husband set store by this scythe, and how angry he would be at its loss.

And angry indeed he was, when he came home, and he beat his wife well for her folly in lending what was not hers to lend. But his wrath was soon over, and he never again, as he never had before, laid the stick about his wife's shoulders.

THE MAN-SERVANT AND THE WATER-ELVES.

In a large house, where all the chief rooms were panelled, there lived once upon a time a farmer, whose ill-fate it was that every servant of his that was left alone to guard the house on Christmas Eve, while the rest of the family went to church, was found dead when the family returned home. As soon as the report of this was spread abroad, the farmer had the greatest difficulty in procuring servants who would consent to watch alone in the house on that night; until at last one day a man, a strong fellow, offered him his services, to sit up alone and guard the house. The farmer told him what fate awaited him

for his rashness; but the man despised such a fear, and persisted in his determination.

On Christmas Eve, when the farmer and all his family, except the new man-servant, were preparing for church, the farmer said to him, "Come with us to church; I cannot leave you here to die."

But the other replied, "I intend to stay here, for it would be unwise in you to leave your house unprotected; and besides, the cattle and sheep must have their food at the proper time."

"Never mind the beasts," answered the farmer. "Do not be so rash as to remain in the house this night; for whenever we have returned from church on this night, we have always found every living thing in the house dead, with all its bones broken."

But the man was not to be persuaded, as he considered all these fears beneath his notice; so the farmer and the rest of the servants went away and left him behind, alone in the house.

As soon as he was by himself he began to consider how to guard against anything that might occur; for a dread had stolen over him, in spite of his courage, that something strange was about to take place. At last he thought that the best thing to do was, first of all to light up the family room; and then to find some place in which to hide himself. As soon as he had lighted all the candles, he moved two planks out of the wainscot at the end of the room, and creeping into the space between it and the wall, restored the planks to their places, so that he could see plainly into the room and yet avoid being himself discovered.

He had scarcely finished concealing himself, when two fierce and strange-looking men entered the room and began looking about.

One of them said, "I smell a human being."

"No," replied the other, "there is no human being here."

Then they took a candle and continued their search, until they found the man's dog asleep under one of the beds. They took it up, and having dashed it on the ground till every bone in its body was broken, hurled it from them. When the man-servant saw this, he congratulated himself on not having fallen into their hands.

Suddenly the room was filled with people, who were laden with tables and all kinds of table furniture, silver, cloths, and all, which they spread out, and having done so, sat down to a

rich supper, which they had also brought with them. They feasted noisily, and spent the remainder of the night in drinking and dancing. Two of them were appointed to keep guard, in order to give the company due warning of the approach either of anybody or of the day. Three times they went out, always returning with the news that they saw neither the approach of any human being, nor yet of the break of day.

But when the man-servant suspected the night to be pretty far spent, he jumped from his place of concealment into the room, and clashing the two planks together with as much noise as he could make, shouted like a madman, "The day! the day! the day!"

On these words the whole company rose scared from their seats, and rushed headlong out, leaving behind them not only their tables, and all the silver dishes, but even the very clothes they had taken off for ease in dancing.

In the hurry of flight many were wounded and trodden under foot, while the rest ran into the darkness, the man-servant after them, clapping the planks together and shrieking, "The day! the day! the day!" until they came to a large lake, into which the whole party plunged headlong and disappeared.

From this the man knew them to be water-elves.

Then he returned home, gathered the corpses of the elves who had been killed in the flight, killed the wounded ones, and, making a great heap of them all, burned them. When he had finished this task, he cleaned up the house and took possession of all the treasures the elves had left behind them.

On the farmer's return, his servant told him all that had occurred, and showed him the spoils. The farmer praised him for a brave fellow, and congratulated him on having escaped with his life. The man gave him half the treasures of the elves, and ever afterward prospered exceedingly.

This was the last visit the water-elves ever paid to *that* house.



"WACHT AM RHEIN"

Statue of Germania at Niederwald

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ, a German poet, miscellaneous writer, and patriot; born at Schoritz, Isle of Rügen, December 29, 1769; died in Bonn, January 29, 1860. On the publication, in 1806, of the first series of his "Spirit of the Times," which kindled patriotic enthusiasm throughout the German lands, he was compelled to take refuge in Sweden. Some years later he was the editor at Cologne of a political journal, "The Watchman." In 1848, a member of the National Assembly, he belonged to the so-called imperial party, advocating the union of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. On his ninetieth birthday (1859) the whole nation united in paying him homage. Many of his poems have become national lyrics, intimately linked with the stirring events to which they owe their origin. Among them are: "What is the German's Fatherland?" and "The Song of the Field Marshal."

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

What is the German's fatherland?
Is it Prussia or the Swabian's land?
Is it where the grape glows on the Rhine?
Where sea-gulls skim the Baltic's brine?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria, or the Styrian's land?
Is it where the Marsers' cattle graze?
Is it the Mark where forges blaze?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland!

What is the German's fatherland!
Westphalia? Pomerania's strand?
Where sand dunes drift along the shore,
Or where the Danube's surges roar?
O no! more grand
Must be the German's fatherland.

What is the German's fatherland ?
 Now name for me that mighty land !
 Is it Tyrol ? Where the Switzers dwell ?
 That land and people please me well.
 O no ! more grand
 Must be the German's fatherland !

What is the German's fatherland ?
 Now name for me that mighty land !
 Ah ! Austria surely it must be,
 So rich in fame and victory.
 O no ! more grand
 Must be the German's fatherland !

What is the German's fatherland ?
 Now name for me that mighty land !
 Is it the land which princely hate
 Tore from the Emperor and the State ?
 O no ! more grand
 Must be the German's fatherland !

What is the German's fatherland ?
 Now name at length that mighty land !
 " Where'er resounds the German tongue,
 Where'er its hymns to God are sung !"
 Be this the land,
 Brave German, that thy fatherland !

That is the German's fatherland,
 Where oaths are sworn by clasp of hand,
 Where faith and truth beam from the eyes,
 And in the heart affection lies.
 Be this the land,
 Brave German, this thy fatherland !

That is the German's fatherland,
 Where scorn shall foreign triflers brand,
 Where all are foes whose deeds offend,
 Where every noble soul's a friend.
 Be this the land,
 All Germany shall be that land.

All Germany that land shall be :
 Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we,
 With German hearts, in deed and thought,
 May love it truly as we ought.
 Be this the land,
 All Germany shall be that land !

PATRIOTIC SONG.

God, who gave iron, purposed ne'er
That man should be a slave :
Therefore the sabre, sword, and spear
In his right hand He gave.
Therefore He gave him fiery mood,
Fierce speech, and free-born breath,
That he might fearlessly the feud
Maintain through life and death.

Therefore will we what God did say,
With honest truth, maintain,
And ne'er a fellow-creature slay,
A tyrant's pay to gain !
But he shall fall by stroke of brand
Who fights for sin and shame,
And not inherit German land
With men of German name.

O Germany, bright fatherland !
O German love, so true !
Thou sacred land, thou beauteous land,
We swear to thee anew !
Outlawed, each knave and coward shall
The crow and raven feed ;
But we will to the battle all —
Revenge shall be our need.

Flash forth, flash forth, whatever can,
To bright and flaming life !
Now all ye Germans, man for man,
Forth to the holy strife !
Your hands lift upward to the sky —
Your heart shall upward soar —
And man for man, let each one cry,
Our slavery is o'er !

Let sound, let sound, whatever can,
Trumpet and fife and drum,
This day our sabres, man for man,
To stain with blood we come ;
With hangman's and with Frenchman's blood,
O glorious day of ire,
That to all Germans soundeth good —
Day of our great desire !

Let wave, let wave, whatever can,
 Standard and banner wave!
 Here will we purpose, man for man,
 To grace a hero's grave.
 Advance, ye brave ranks, hardily —
 Your banners wave on high;
 We'll gain us freedom's victory,
 Or freedom's death we'll die!

THE SONG OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL.

WHAT'S the blast from the trumpets? Hussars, to the fray!
 The field-marshal¹ rides in the rolling mellay;
 So gay on his mettlesome war-horse he goes,
 So fierce waves his glittering sword at his foes.
 And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
 The Germans are joyful: they're shouting hurrah!

Oh, see as he comes how his piercing eyes gleam!
 Oh, see how behind him his snowy locks stream!
 So fresh blooms his age, like a well-ripened wine,
 He may well as the battle-field's autocrat shine.
 And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
 The Germans are joyful: they're shouting hurrah!

It was he, when his country in ruin was laid,
 Who sternly to heaven uplifted his blade,
 And swore on the brand, with a heart burning high,
 To show Frenchmen the trade that the Prussians could ply.
 And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
 The Germans are joyful: they're shouting hurrah!

That oath he has kept. When the battle-cry rang,
 Hey! how the gray youth to the saddle upsprang!
 He made a sweep-dance for the French in the room,
 And swept the land clean with a steel-ended broom.
 And here are the Germans: juchheirassassa!
 The Germans are joyful: they're shouting hurrah!

¹ Blücher.

SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD.

ARNOLD, SIR ARTHUR, brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, an English traveller, journalist, and statesman; born in Sussex, May 28, 1833. From 1863 to 1866 he was a member of a commission to examine into the causes of the "Cotton Famine," and published a treatise on that subject. In 1885 he became president of the Free Land League. Among his works are: "From the Levant;" "Through Persia by Caravan" (1876); "Free Land" (1880); and "Social Politics" (1881).

A PERSIAN GOVERNOR.

(From "Through Persia by Caravan.")

IN Persia, all time has reference to sunrise. Caravans start two, three, or four hours "before the sun," and visits of ceremony are frequently paid, as the Governor of Koom proposed in my case, two or three hours after sunrise. I joined his highness in the procession, and walked beside him to the gate, where, as is usual before the houses of the great, there sat a dervish, a man of wildest aspect, with long, black hair falling upon his shoulders. He was dressed in white, from turban to his bare feet. He shouted "Allah-hu!" while the governor's procession was passing, and scowled at me with most obvious disgust, appearing extremely offended at the civility with which the prince governor shook hands and expressed his hope of seeing me in the morning.

The Governor of Koom is a great personage, to whom the Shah has given the title of Itizad-el-Dowleh (the Grandeur of the State). He is married to the eldest daughter of his majesty, the Princess Fekhrul Mulook. Her highness has also a title from her imperial father; she is addressed as "the Pomp of the State." It is easy to see that the Itizad-el-Dowleh has neither vigor, energy, nor ability, and that the advantages of his natural good breeding are wasted by excesses, such as Per-

sian *viveurs* most delight in. He owes his position, his title, and his wife to the contrition of the present Shah for having consented to the murderous execution of his father, the Mirza Teki Khan, the great Ameer-el-Nizam, whose conduct as commander-in-chief of the army and acting grand vizier, in the early part of his majesty's reign, is referred to by Persians with unbounded pride and satisfaction. They speak of Teki Khan as having been honest, as having had no itching palm for public money or for private bribes — a political phenomenon, therefore, in their eyes. The handsomest and largest caravanseraï in Teheran is, as I have said, named after him; and over the Ameer's tomb in that city the repentant Shah has built a structure, the blue dome of which is one of the most prominent features in the general aspect of Teheran.

In his high station, he was of course the object of jealousy and hatred; enemies intrigued against him, and represented to the young Shah that Teki Khan not only held himself to be greatest in the empire, but that the Ameer-el-Nizam boasted of his personal security as guaranteed by the Tsar of all the Russias. The Shah listened unwillingly, for Teki Khan was high in favor and repute, and was his majesty's brother-in-law, having been recently married to a sister of the King of Kings. But Nazr-ed-deen was versed in the traditions of his house. All men say he is a true Kajar, and his dynasty won and has retained power by killing, or rendering impotent, by blinding or maiming, any who are suspected of rivalry.

Teki Khan was disgraced, and sent away from the sight of "the Shadow of God;" but it was long before the Shah would consent to his being put to death. Day after day his enemies urged that he should be disposed of, and suggested the sending of assassins to the country palace near Kashan, in which he and the princess, his wife, were living, with orders to kill him in his own apartments. The Shah hesitated; he had some affection for his sister, who was devotedly attached to her distinguished husband. The princess believed that Teki Khan's life was in danger, and never quitted his side, knowing that her presence was his chief security. At last his enemies spread a report that the Tsar intended to interfere, and to obtain from the Shah an assurance of the safety of the Ameer. The plot was now successful. The Shah was told that the Russian envoy was about to demand that the person of Teki Khan should be inviolable, and it was artfully represented that this would render

the Shah contemptible in the eyes of his subjects, who, in their anger, would probably depose or murder himself. He was persuaded to give his consent to the immediate assassination of Teki Khan, in order that his death might be accomplished before the Russian envoy applied for audience.

The Shah gave way, and the murderers set out with glee to take the life of the ex-minister, who had been so great a benefactor to his country. Their only remaining difficulty was in detaching the princess from Teki Khan, and this they accomplished by stratagem, representing themselves as bearers of returning favor from the Shah. Teki Khan received them alone, expecting to hear that his imperial master was once more his friend. But he was quickly undeceived. Yet these emissaries of "the Shadow of God" were no hireling assassins, anxious to finish their job with fatal dagger in the quickest possible manner; they were men who had come, with true Persian cruelty, to enjoy personal and political revenge in watching the long-drawn agonies of their victim. They seized and stripped Teki Khan, cut the arteries of his arms, and then stood by and beheld, with gloating, his encounter with death.

Time quickly brought the truth to light, and the Shah felt guilty of the murder of the noblest of his subjects. His majesty had two daughters; his sister, the widow of the Ameer, had two sons. The four children were betrothed in marriage, and the penitent sovereign pledged himself to regard the welfare of the boys he had made fatherless. So it happened that the elder had become his majesty's son-in-law and Governor of Koom, with power to keep for himself the surplus of the results of taxation, after paying into the imperial treasury the sum at which the province of Koom is assessed to the revenues of the State.

On the morning after I had seen his highness, at "one hour after the sun," which at that season was eight o'clock, I heard a noise of arrival, and stepped out from the mud hovel, which was our only apartment, on to the wide roof of the stables of the chapar-khanah. Four of the governor's servants, splendid in costume and armory, had arrived, to be my escort to the palace. Our way led through the crowded bazaar, and the servants, who marched before me, did all possible honor to the occasion by the most offensive rudeness to the people. I threatened to lead the way myself if they did not cease from pushing the women and men alike aside, sometimes knocking

them down upon the traders' stalls, in their zeal to exhibit the importance of their master and of his visitor.

No one complained, and in no case was there apparent even a disposition to return their blows; for the violent manner in which they pushed and drove the people with their sticks frequently amounted to assault. "Away, sons of a burned father!" "Away, sons of dogs!" they cried, belaboring the camels and asses, which were slow to perceive the necessity of clearing the centre of the path for our passage. There may be some alleys in the East End of London with entries as mean and dirty as that of the palace of the Itizad-el-Dowleh; but, then, in London the path is not choked, as it was at Koom, with bits of sun-baked clay, and with heaps of dust, contributed in part from the breaking-up of the mud cement with which the walls are plastered.

The white-clad dervish spit, with unconcealed disdain, as I entered; and on emerging from the passage into a courtyard, in which were placed a square tank and a few shrubs, there was a crowd of about thirty servants and hangers-on, who bowed with that air of grave devotion which is a charm of Persian manner, and followed toward the mud-built house, a single story high, which bounded the courtyard on the farther side. The rooms of Persian houses very rarely have doors, and a curtain of Manchester cotton, printed in imitation of a Cashmere pattern, was hung over the doorway of the Itizad-el-Dowleh's reception-room, which was not more than fifteen feet square.

His highness looked very uncomfortable in his coat of honor, which, I believe, was a present from his imperial father-in-law. It is common in Persia for the sovereign to send a coat when he wishes to bestow a mark of favor; and, of course, if the garment has been worn by "the Shadow of God," the value of the present is greatly enhanced. The State coat of the Itizad-el-Dowleh was made from a Cashmere shawl, of which the ground was white. The shape was something like a frock coat, except that it had no collar, and the waist was bunched up in gathers, which gives, even to well-made men, an awkward and clumsy appearance. It was lined throughout with gray fur, resembling chinchilla. Upon his head he wore the usual high black hat of Astrakhan fur. His black trousers were wide and short, after the Persian manner, allowing an ample display of his coarse white socks and shoes. He rose from an arm-chair, which had probably formed part of the camp

equipage of a Russian officer, and on his left hand there were ranged three similar chairs — folding chairs, with seats of Russian leather. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed, and the floor, as is usual, covered with the beautiful carpets of the country. The governor's chair and mine were placed on a small Austrian rug, which was probably valued for its glaring stripes of green and white; the farther corners of it were held down by glass weights, on the under side of which were photographic portraits of the Emperor Napoleon III. and of the Empress Eugénie.

The Itizad-el-Dowleh could speak a few words of French, and understand simple phrases in that language; but he had never been in Europe. While we were exchanging civilities in French, two servants were brewing tea upon the floor with a steaming samovar. The infusion was sweetened in the pot, for Persians are of one mind in the matter of sugar, and invariably like as much as the water will hold without ceasing to be fluid — that which chemists call a saturated solution. The tea was served on metal trays of Persian design, in pretty cups of French porcelain, with lemons cut in halves; and afterwards pipes were brought in, the live charcoal which was laid upon the damp tobacco being blown occasionally by the servants until the tube reached the mouth of the smoker. I refused, and the jewelled mouthpiece of the flexible tube was then presented to the governor, the water bowl of the kalia being held by a slave, while his highness languidly inhaled the smoke.

I am sure that my dislike for tobacco was not unwelcome to any one of the grandees of Persia. To a true Mussulman, it is very disagreeable to place in his mouth the tube which has just quitted the lips of an infidel; and I have heard of Persians of rank being provided with a double mouthpiece, so that, after fulfilling the hospitable duty of presenting the pipe to a Christian guest, they could unobserved slip off the piece from which he had drawn the smoke, and enjoy the second without defilement. The feeling which leads English people to wipe the brim of the loving cup before passing the goblet to a neighbor has no place in the Persian mind. The governor knows perfectly well that the pipe from which he draws a few puffs of smoke will be finished by his servants; and indeed a kalia is always tried, after it is lighted, by the pipe-bearer, who, if necessary, keeps it alight by smoking until his master is ready for it. The pipe is always followed by black coffee, thick, strong, and

sweet, the quantity served to each person never exceeding the medical dose of "two tablespoonfuls," in china cups without handles, which, in the houses of the great, are usually secured in metal egg-cups of gold or silver, studded with turquoises and garnets. After the coffee one looks for leave to go — to obtain permission to retire; a word which, in Persia, is always supposed to be given by the greater person, whether the visitor or the visited.

In Persian fashion, the governor placed himself and all his power at my disposal; but I found it impossible to make him understand that at the suggestion of Mr. Ronald Thomson, the very able secretary of the British Legation in Teheran, I wished to see as much as could be permitted of the sacred buildings of Koom. We sent for the clerk of the Indian Government Telegraph, which has a testing station in Koom; and with his help it was arranged that the Itizad-el-Dowleh's servants should take me to the Mesjid-i-Juma, the oldest mosque in Koom, to the tomb of Feth-Ali-Shah, and that I should enter the doorway of the golden-domed mosque of Fatima, and look upon — for it could not be expected that an infidel should approach — the shrine of that sacred sister of the most holy Imām Réza.

The two servants who were appointed to lead this excursion looked as if they had been chosen for their strength; they were two of the largest, most powerful men I had seen in Persia. The Mesjid, or mosque, of Juma was very like the mosque of Kasveen, but rather more decayed and dilapidated; and from this we passed quickly to the tomb of Feth-Ali-Shah, which was in the outskirts of the town. The tomb is a parallelogram, in shape like many which were erected in English churchyards a hundred years ago. It is a simple structure of brick, covered with very beautiful tiles, with brown letters raised in high relief on a ground of blue, not much unlike the samples of this work which have been procured for the South Kensington Museum by Major Smith. Over the tomb there is a small building or mosque.

From the resting-place of Feth-Ali-Shah, I returned through the centre of the town toward the grand mosque containing the shrine of Fatima. I expected difficulty there. Koom is renowned throughout Persia for devotion to Islam and for hatred of infidels. Not long ago, an Armenian doctor was in imminent danger, from the fact that he, a Christian, had entered this mosque in disguise. It appears that he had in this way

been successful in seeing the Caaba at Mecca; and this success had, no doubt, made him contemptuous as to danger from the fanaticism of Persia. Clothed as a pilgrim, he had entered the mosque we were approaching; and having seen the shrine of Fatima, was leaving the building. He met with a moollah in the doorway, and could not refrain from boasting of his success. "There is not much to see here," he said, and compared it with Mecca. The priest's suspicions were aroused; he told the bystanders that he believed the sanctuary had been violated by a Christian, who had committed the graver offence at Mecca. The anger of the people grew hot and hotter by talking together; and at last a crowd rushed down to the chapar-khanah, where the pretended Moslem was staying, in the mud hovel which we occupied during our stay in Koom. He was warned just in time to save his life by flight over the back wall of the posthouse.

My appearance in the courtyard of the mosque caused great excitement. Along the sides of the enclosure, which is nearly half an acre in extent, there are seats, upon which idlers of the "Softa" class, and beggars, with no pretensions to learning, but with abundant fanaticism, were sitting. Most of them rose at the sight of my procession, which was making directly for the main door of the mosque. In the centre was the usual tank, around which were ranged a few shrubs in wooden boxes; the golden dome of the mosque rose, glittering and grand, in the foreground. In the doorway hung a heavy chain, festooned in such a manner that none could enter without a lowly bending of the head; and behind this stood a black-bearded moollah, wearing a huge turban of green — the sacred color — and next him I recognized, with a sense of coming defeat, the wild-looking dervish who had cursed and frowned at me from the doorway of the governor's palace. His face now wore an expression really terrible.

The two gigantic servants of the Itizad-el-Dowleh, who led the way, mounted the steps, and, standing outside the chain, informed the priest that it was the governor's wish that I should be allowed to enter so far as to be able to see the shrine and the surrounding tombs. The moollah replied with an angry negative, and the dervish supported him with wild gesticulations. The servants pushed forward, evidently thinking that I should demand the fulfilment of their master's order. But to force a passage appeared to me not only very dangerous,

and unjustifiable; but, from all that we had seen of Persian mosques and shrines, I doubted if the contents of this mosque were sufficiently interesting to warrant the slightest risk or disturbance. Clearly, too, the moollahs were stronger in this matter than the governor. Already a crowd watched the altercation, and every man in it could be relied on to support the moollahs, while in the crowded bazaar close at hand they had a reserve of force willing and eager to do the work of fanaticism — a force which could destroy any other power in Koom. I ordered a retreat; and, lest the servants should not understand my words, beckoned them to quit the doorway. Fortunately I had learned to beckon in the Persian manner. I had noticed that when I held up my hand and waved it toward my face in the European way, our servants did not understand this direction. The hand must be turned downward, and the waving done with the wrist uppermost. This was the sign I made in the courtyard of the mosque at Koom. Our position in recrossing the long courtyard was not very enviable; in Persia the vanquished are always contemptible; but there were no unpleasant manifestations.

In Koom we found it impossible to refill our empty wine bottles. Something stronger than the Maine Liquor Law prevails in this sacred city and in that of Meshed, where the brother of Fatima is buried. Intoxicating liquors appear to be absolutely unattainable, and intoxication is accomplished by those who desire that condition with bhang, or opium. That which can be purchased anywhere in Koom, cheaper and of better quality and manufacture than elsewhere in Persia, is pottery, for which the town is famous. The water bottles of Koom are seen all over Persia. The clay, when baked, is fine, hard, and nearly white, and the potters have a specialty in the way of decoration. They stud the outside of their bottles with spots of vitrified blue, like turquoises, in patterns varied with yellow spots of the same character. The effect is very pleasing. In the bazaar of Koom we bought three delicious melons, each about a foot in diameter, for a kran, the value of tenpence in English money.

The muezzin was shouting "Allahu akbar," and the call to the daybreak prayer, when our caravan set out for Pasangan, the next station south of Koom. There is difficulty, as we afterward found, in the passage of a ship of three thousand tons' burden through the Suez Canal; but there is much greater

difficulty in passing a takht-i-rawan through the bazaar at Koom at about seven o'clock in the morning. What with the opposing stream of traffic and the anxiety of all to see the English *khanoum*, the operation was most difficult. After enduring many collisions with loaded camels and mules and donkeys, we escaped from the crowd of black hats and brown hats, green turbans and white turbans, and were once more in the open plain, where the only variety occurred in the fording of water-courses which crossed the path between artificial banks raised for the purpose of irrigation.

We thought we had never beheld a more lovely sunrise than that in the faint light of which we left the chapar-khanah of Pasangan. Above, yet near to the horizon, having a clear space beneath it, there hung a dense dark cloud. In a moment this was infused with rose color; then it became a floating mass of gold, increasing in splendor until the arisen sun passed behind it, and over all was gloom. Through the day we rode across the dusty plain to Sin-sin, a mud-built chapar-khanah and caravanseraï, so entirely the color of the plain that it was difficult, when there was no shadow, to see the buildings before we were close to the walls. When the usual operations of sweeping out the bala-khanah and covering the doors and windows with hangings had been performed, the carpets laid, our beds set up and made, the table spread for dinner, I sat, as usual, on the roof, avoiding the smoke holes. Through the clouds rising in one of these holes I could see Kazem tending his stew-pots in an atmosphere dense with smoke, and unendurable to any but those who are accustomed to sit on the ground. Outside, the scene was, as always, charming, as always, of magnificent extent, and as invariably bounded on every side by mountains. In the plain, toward the town of Kashan, a few patches of softest green, the wheat crop of next year, were the only vegetation. Before us, distant two days' march, lay the snowy outline of the highest mountain pass in Central Persia. Cold and clear in the fading sunlight, it seemed very near; and the black, serrated outline of the lower ranges against the silver sky gave that aspect to the landscape which, while it fills the mind with melancholy, is accepted as most beautiful.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN, an English journalist and poet; born June 10, 1832. He studied at King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, whence he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, where in 1852 he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry for his poem on "Belshazzar's Feast," and in the following year was chosen to deliver the address to the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. Besides contributing largely, in prose and verse, to literary periodicals, he has written a treatise on "Education in India;" "The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration in India;" "Griselda," a drama; a volume of "Poems Narrative and Lyrical;" "After Death in Arabia" (1891); "Japonica" (1891); "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems" (1892); "Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife," a play (1893); "Wandering Words," papers which first appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" and other papers and magazines (1894); "The Tenth Muse and Other Poems" (1895.) He has translated "The Euterpe" of Herodotus from the Greek; and from the Sanskrit, the "Hitopadesha," or "Book of Good Counsels," and two Books of the "Mahābhārata," which has been styled "the Iliad of India." The works by which he is best known are the poems "Indian Song of Songs" and "The Light of Asia."

PRINCE SIDDĀRTHA'S MARRIAGE.

(From "The Light of Asia.")

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses: one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked.
Pleasant at seedtime, when the champaks bud:
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names,
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,

Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
 With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
 In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
 Some new delight provided every hour:
 And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
 With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
 The shadows of his meditation back,
 As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:—
 "Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
 He said, "and what my dream readers foretold.
 This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
 Shall be of universal dominance,
 Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
 A King of kings — and this is in my heart; —
 Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
 Of self-denial and of pious pains,
 Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
 Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
 Do still incline amid my palaces.
 But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me:
 How may his feet be turned to that proud road
 Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
 Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
 Will cure these thin distempers: weave the spell
 Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
 What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
 Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
 Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows:
 The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
 A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good,
 But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
 Love chooseth oftentimes with another eye;
 And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
 To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
 And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
 Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
 Until the fated arrow flies: for him,
 As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
 Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
 Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.

This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good: wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace; for 't was in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lusted with the soorma stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls,
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince,
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sat so passionless —
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates, —
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saintlike and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent; when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full — folding her palms across her breasts —
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.

"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
 "The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
 This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
 Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
 The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
 Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist:
 And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after — when enlightenment was full —
 Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
 Took fire at first glance of the Sākya girl,
 Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
 And all it seemed; — in ages long gone by
 A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
 By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
 Sat umpire while they raced beneath the firs
 Like hares at eve that run their playful rings:
 One with flower stars crowned he, one with long plumes
 Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle cock,
 One with fir apples; but who ran the last
 Came first for him, and unto her the boy
 Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
 And in the wood they lived many glad years,
 And in the wood they undivided died.
 Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
 So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
 And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
 Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
 Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
 And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
 That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
 Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
 How sat Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
 Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;
 And how — at sudden sight of her — he changed,
 And how she gazed on him and he on her,
 And of the jewel gift, and what beside
 Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond king smiled.

"Look! we have found a lure: take counsel now
 To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
 Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
 In marriage for my son." But it was law

With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
 Of noble house, fair and desirable,
 He must make good his skill in martial arts
 Against all suitors who should challenge it;
 Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
 Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
 The child is sought by princes far and near:
 If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
 Sway sword, and back a horse, better than they,
 Best would he be in all and best to us;
 But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
 Then the King's heart was sore: for now the Prince
 Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife in vain,
 With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
 Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
 And Nanda chief in swordplay; but the Prince
 Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
 Make proclamation that thy son will meet
 All comers at their chosen games. I think
 I shall not lose my love for such as these."
 So 't was given forth that on the seventh day
 The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
 To match with him in feats of manliness,
 The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
 The Sâkya lords and town and country round
 Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
 Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
 With music, and with litters gayly dight,
 And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:
 Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
 And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
 The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came
 Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
 Astonished at this great strange world without;
 Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
 On all those people born beneath the throne,
 Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
 And yet so like — perchance — in joys and griefs.
 But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
 Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
 Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
 And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
 Who is not worthiest: let my rivals prove
 If I have dared too much in seeking her."

Then Nanda challenged for the arrow test
 And set a brazen drum six gows away,
 Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
 But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
 Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
 A cowny shell for target. Then they loosed,
 And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
 And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
 Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
 marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
 Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
 Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
 But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
 With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
 Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
 Thrummed it — low laughing — drew the twisted string
 Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
 "That is for play, not love," he said: "hath none
 A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
 And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
 Kept in the temple since we know not when,
 Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
 "Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
 They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
 Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
 Like bison horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
 Its strength across his knee, then spake — "Shoot now
 With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
 The stubborn arms a handbreadth nigher use:
 Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
 Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
 Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
 Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
 That feeble folk at home that day inquired
 "What is this sound?" and people answered them,
 "It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
 Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"
 Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
 And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
 Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
 But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
 And clove a Talas tree six fingers thick;
 Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;

But two such stems together grew, and both
 Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
 Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
 And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
 Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
 Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
 Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
 Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
 High-mettled, nobly bred, and three times scoured
 Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
 Left even the fleetest far behind — so swift,
 That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
 Twenty spear lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
 "We too might win with such as Kantaka:
 Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
 Who best can back him." So the syces brought
 A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
 Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
 Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
 Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
 Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
 Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
 In dust and shame: only Ardjuna held
 His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
 Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
 The proud jaws fast with grasp of master hand,
 So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
 The savage stallion circled once the plain
 Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
 Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
 And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
 Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
 "Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
 Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
 Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
 Give me his forelock only," which he held
 With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
 Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
 And drew it gently down the angry face,
 And all along the neck and panting flanks,
 Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
 Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
 As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
 Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then

Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
 Before all eyes, so that the people said,
 "Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered "He is best !"
 And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
 Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
 Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
 Of manhood 'mid thy rose bowers and thy dreams
 Than war and chase and world's work bring to these ?
 But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
 Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
 Rose from her place above the throng, and took
 A crown of môgra flowers and lightly drew
 The veil of black and gold across her brow,
 Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
 To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
 New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
 Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
 Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
 Her face celestial beaming with glad love ;
 Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
 And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
 And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
 Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine !"
 And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
 Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
 The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after — when enlightenment was come —
 They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
 She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
 And the World-honored answered, "Unto me
 This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known ;
 For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
 Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.
 I now remember, myriad rains ago,
 What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
 A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind :
 I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
 Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
 Which pastured near and nearer to their death
 Round my day lair ; or underneath the stars
 I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
 Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.

Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
 Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
 A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
 The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
 Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
 Wore for me: hot the strife waxed in that wood
 With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
 The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
 And I remember, at the end she came
 Snarling past this and that torn forest lord
 Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
 Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
 Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
 The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
 A willing spoil; and when the stars were good —
 Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven —
 The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,
 The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
 The wedding garlands hung, the arm threads tied,
 The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
 The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
 Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
 The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
 The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
 And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,
 The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
 Then the gray father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
 She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
 Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
 Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
 With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
 And love was all in all.

HE AND SHE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him: "come away;
 Kiss her and leave her, — thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair;
 On her forehead of marble they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
 They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white-silk shoes, —
Which were the whitest no eye could choose, —

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,
“Come away!” they said, “God understands.”

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglandere,

And jasmine, and roses and rosemary;
And they said, “As a lady should lie, lies she.”

And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key
And turned it — alone again, he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, “Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death,

“Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?”

“See, now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?”

“Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life’s flower fall?”

“Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal?”

“Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?”

"Did life roll back its record dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear ?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is ?

"O perfect dead ! O dead most dear !
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet !

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed, —

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid, —

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise.

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world ! O most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way,

"The utmost wonder is this, — I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;

"I am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead, I have never died."

AFTER DEATH.

(From " Pearls of the Faith.")

*He made life — and He takes it — but instead
Gives more : praise the Restorer, Al-M.'hid !*

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends : —

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, " Abdullah's dead !"

Weeping at my feet and head.

I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your cries and prayers,
 Yet I smile and whisper this : —
 "I am not that thing you kiss;
 Cease your tears and let it lie :
 It *was* mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends ! what the women lave
 For its last bed in the grave
 Is a tent which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage from which at last
 Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
 Love the inmate, not the room ;
 The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends ! be wise, and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye :
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'T is an empty sea-shell, one
 Out of which the pearl is gone.
 The shell is broken, it lies there ;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'T is an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of His treasury,
 A mind which loved Him : let it lie !
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in His store !

Allah Mu'hid, Allah most good !
 Now Thy grace is understood :
 Now my heart no longer wonders
 What Al-Barsakh is, which sunders
 Life from death, and death from Heaven :
 Nor the "Paradises Seven"
 Which the happy dead inherit ;
 Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
 Toward the Throne, "green birds and white,"
 Radiant, glorious, swift their flight !
 Now the long, long darkness ends.
 Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,

While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you: lost, 't is true
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise;
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a gray ant's pace.
When he come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death —
Now I see — is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life centre.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above;
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"La Allah illa Allah! Yea,
Mu'hid! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

*He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, an English poet and essayist, the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He studied in several schools, lastly at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1840; and gained the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1843, his subject being "Cromwell." He graduated with honors; and from 1847 to 1851 acted as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. After about 1848 Matthew Arnold became a frequent contributor to current literature, at first mainly in verse; afterward more usually in prose. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a position which he held for the ensuing ten years, during which he wrote and published no little prose and verse.

Matthew Arnold's prose writings cover a wide field in manifold departments, the theological element being rather predominant. Thus we have "St. Paul and Protestantism" (1870); "Literature and Dogma" (1873); "Last Essays on Church and Religion" (1877); "Irish Essays, and others" (1882). In 1884 he made a tour in America, delivering several discourses, some of which embody his best and most matured thought.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

(From "Culture and Anarchy.")

THE disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity; but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve; and a very inadequate estimate it in my judgment was. And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp M. Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that M. Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity — a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are — which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says: "The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent." This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our neighbor, the impulses toward action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it, --- motives eminently such as are

called social, — come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As in the first view of it we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words, "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so in the second view of it there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God prevail."

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action: what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute. . . .

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater! — the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I

have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary proper literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organizations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely, — nourished and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abélard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abélard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as

the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanized* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light, to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said:—"Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth laborers into thy harvest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new laborers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

Keeping this in view, I have in my own mind often indulged myself with the fancy of employing, in order to designate our aristocratic class, the name of *The Barbarians*. The Barbarians, to whom we all owe so much, and who reinvigorated and renewed our worn-out Europe, had, as is well known, eminent merits; and in this country, where we are for the most part sprung from the Barbarians, we have never had the prejudice against them which prevails among the races of Latin origin. The Barbarians brought with them that stanch individualism, as the modern phrase is, and that passion for doing as one likes, for the assertion of personal liberty, which appears to Mr. Bright the central idea of English life, and of which we have at any rate a very rich supply. The stronghold and natural seat of this passion was in the nobles of whom our aristocratic class are the inheritors; and this class, accordingly, have signally manifested it, and have done much by their example to recommend it to the body of the nation, who already, indeed, had it in their blood. The Barbarians, again, had the passion for field-sports; and they have handed it on to our aristocratic class, who of this passion, too, as of the passion for asserting one's personal liberty, are the great natural stronghold. The care of the Barbarians for the body, and for all manly exercises; the vigor, good looks, and fine complexion which they acquired and perpetuated in their families by these means,—all this may be observed still in our aristocratic class. The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bear-

ing,—what is this but the attractive commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class? In some Barbarian noble no doubt, one would have admired, if one could have been then alive to see it, the rudiments of our politest peer. Only, all this culture (to call it by that name) of the Barbarians was an exterior culture mainly. It consisted principally in outward gifts and graces, in looks, manners, accomplishments, prowess. The chief inward gifts which had part in it were the most exterior, so to speak, of inward gifts, those which come nearest to outward ones; they were courage, a high spirit, self-confidence. Far within, and unawakened, lay a whole range of powers of thought and feeling, to which these interesting productions of nature had, from the circumstances of their life, no access. Making allowances for the difference of the times, surely we can observe precisely the same thing now in our aristocratic class. In general its culture is exterior chiefly; all the exterior graces and accomplishments, and the more external of the inward virtues, seem to be principally its portion. It now, of course, cannot but be often in contact with those studies by which, from the world of thought and feeling, true culture teaches us to fetch sweetness and light; but its hold upon these very studies appears remarkably external, and unable to exert any deep power upon its spirit. Therefore the one insufficiency which we noted in the perfect mean of this class was an insufficiency of light. And owing to the same causes, does not a subtle criticism lead us to make, even on the good looks and politeness of our aristocratic class, and of even the most fascinating half of that class, the feminine half, the one qualifying remark, that in these charming gifts there should perhaps be, for ideal perfection, a shade more *soul*?

I often, therefore, when I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, name the former, in my own mind, *The Barbarians*. And when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, “There,” I say to myself, “is a great fortified post of the Barbarians.”

OXFORD.

(From “Essays in Criticism.”)

No, we are all seekers still! seekers often make mistakes, and I wish mine to redound to my own discredit only, and not to touch Oxford. Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so



OXFORD FROM THE MAGDALEN COLLEGE TOWER

unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene !

“There are our young barbarians all at play !”

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, — to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side ? — nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic ! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines ! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties ! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend’s highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him : the bondage of “*was uns alle bandigt, Das Gemeine !*” She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son ; for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone ?

TO A FRIEND.

Who prop, thou ask’st in these bad days, my mind ?
 He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,
 Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,
 And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.
 Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,
 That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
 Taught Arrian, when Vespasian’s brutal son
 Cleared Rome of what most shamed him. But be his
 My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,
 From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
 Business could not make dull, nor passion wild ;
 Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole ;
 The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
 Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

YOUTH AND CALM.

'T is death! and peace, indeed, is here,
 And ease from shame, and rest from fear.
 There's nothing can disarm now
 The smoothness of that limpid brow.
 But is a calm like this, in truth,
 The crowning end of life and youth,
 And when this boon rewards the dead,
 Are all debts paid, has all been said?
 And is the heart of youth so light,
 Its step so firm, its eye so bright,
 Because on its hot brow there blows
 A wind of promise and repose
 From the far grave, to which it goes;
 Because it has the hope to come,
 One day, to harbor in the tomb?
 Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
 For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
 For feeling nerves and living breath —
 Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
 It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
 More grateful than this marble sleep;
 It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
 'T is all perhaps which man acquires,
 But 't is not what our youth desires.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

AND the first gray of morning filled the east,
 And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
 But all the Tartar camp along the stream
 Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep.
 Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
 He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed:
 But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
 He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
 And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent.
 And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
 Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
 Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
 Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
 Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow

When the sun melts the snows on high Pamera;
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came a little back
From the stream's brink — the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort; but that was fallen, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled; for he slept light, an old man's sleep:
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said: —

“Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?”

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said: —

“Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.

The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field
His not unworthy, not inglorious son.
So I long hoped, but him I never find.
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day; but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said: —

"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!

Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents while it is war,
And when 't is truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!

But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old, —
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian king.
There go! — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul:
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog

From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain ; so Haman bade —
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed ;
As when some gray November morn the files,
In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian reed bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard — so they streamed.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears ;
Large men, large steeds ; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares.
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands ;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned ;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps ; and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere —
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians formed ; —
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan ; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshalled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake and said : —

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear !
 Let there be truce between the hosts to-day ;
 But choose a champion from the Persian lords
 To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man.”

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
 When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
 A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy —
 So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
 A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
 Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of peddlers, from Cabool,
 Cross, underneath the Indian Caucasus,
 That vast sky-neighboring mountain of milk snow ;
 Crossing so high that as they mount, they pass
 Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
 Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
 Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries, —
 In single file they move, and stop their breath,
 For fear they should dislodge the o’erhanging snows, —
 So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up
 To counsel ; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
 And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
 Second, and was the uncle of the King ;
 These came and counseled, and then Gudurz said : —

“Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
 Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
 He has the wild stag’s foot, the lion’s heart.
 But Rustum came last night ; aloof he sits
 And sullen, and has pitched his tents apart.
 Him will I seek, and carry to his ear
 The Tartar challenge, and this young man’s name ;
 Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
 Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up.”

So spake he ; and Ferood stood forth and cried : —
 “Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said !
 Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man.”

He spake ; and Peran-Wisa turned, and strode
 Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
 But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
 And crossed the camp which lay behind, and reached,
 Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum’s tents.
 Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
 Just pitched ; the high pavilion in the midst
 Was Rustum’s, and his men lay camped around.

And Gudurz entered Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food, —
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark-green melons ; and there Rustum sat
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist,
And played with it : but Gudurz came and stood
Before him ; and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said : —

“ Welcome ! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news ? But sit down first, and eat and drink.”

But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said : —
“ Not now ! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day ; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze ;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's !
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart :
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak ; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose ! ”

He spoke ; but Rustum answered with a smile : —
“ Go to ! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older ; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely ; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young —
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame ?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have —
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,

And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:
*Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men.*"

And greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frowned: and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth:
The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of brodered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes

Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands —
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb, blackened fingers makes her fire —
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs; long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was.
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul,
As he beheld him coming; and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said: —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?"

Be governed ! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die !
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly ; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs ; — hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said : —

" Oh, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul ?
Art thou not Rustum ? speak ! art thou not he ! "

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul : —

" Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean !
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say : *Rustum is here !*
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts.
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry :
' I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight : but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared ; then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud ;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me."

And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud : —
" Rise ! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum ? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth : make good thy vaunt, or yield !
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight ?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee !
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this —
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul :

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet: —
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young —
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear: down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield: sharp rang
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand,

And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said: —

“Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too —
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before.
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang:
Champions enough Afrasiab has; whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!”

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way: —

“Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou are not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance:
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand.

Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !
Remember all thy valor ; try thy feints
And cunning ! all the pity I had is gone ;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword : at once they rushed
Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west ; their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict ; for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone ;
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath : first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out ; the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through ; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust ;
And Rustum bowed his head : but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud ; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry ; —
No horse's cry was that, — most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand —
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,

And struck again ; and again Rustum bowed
His head : but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head ; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted : *Rustum !* — Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed ; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form .
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground :
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud ; and the two armies saw the pair ; —
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began : —
“ Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man !
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old.”

And with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied : —
“ Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !
No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm —
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall ; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear :
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !
My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee ! ”

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off ; — anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest : but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers — never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it ;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

And with a cold, incredulous voice, he said : —
“ What prate is this of fathers and revenge ?
The mighty Rustum never had a son.”

And with a failing voice, Sohrab replied : —
“ Ah yes, he had ! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here ;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son !
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be ?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen !
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear :
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more ;

But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain."

He spoke; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke: but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought:
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes;
For he remembered his own early youth
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge describes
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near his bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said:—
"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.

For Rustum had no son: one child he had —
But one — a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us —
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.”

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die, —
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And rising sternly on one arm, he said: —

“Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.”

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said: —

“Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.”

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift — at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands —
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks;
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved —
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said: —

“How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?”

He spoke; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood

Speechless ; and then he uttered one sharp cry :
O boy — thy father! — and his voice choked there.
 And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
 And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
 But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
 His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
 And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
 Trying to call him back to life : and life
 Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
 And they stood wide with horror ; and he seized
 In both his hands the dust which lay around,
 And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair, —
 His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms ;
 And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
 And his sobs choked him ; and he clutched his sword,
 To draw it, and forever let life out.

But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
 And with a soothing voice he spake, and said : —

“ Father, forbear ! for I but meet to-day
 The doom which at my birth was written down
 In Heaven, and thou art Heaven’s unconscious hand.
 Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
 When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
 I know it ! but fate trod those promptings down
 Under its iron heel ; fate, fate engaged
 The strife, and hurled me on my father’s spear.
 But let us speak no more of this ! I find
 My father ; let me feel that I have found !
 Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
 My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears, and say : *My son !*
 Quick ! quick ! for numbered are my sands of life,
 And swift ; for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away —
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind ;
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be.”

So said he, and his voice released the heart
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth ; he cast
 His arms round his son’s neck, and wept aloud,
 And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
 When they saw Rustum’s grief : and Ruksh, the horse,
 With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
 First to the one then to the other moved
 His head, as if inquiring what their grief

Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice and said :—

“Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on their nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field!”

But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said :—
“Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father’s terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father’s home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
And said: ‘*O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*’—but I
Have never known my grandsire’s furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father’s foes, and seen
Afrasiab’s cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.”

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed :—
“Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o’er my head!”

But with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :—
“Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me: I pray thee, slay not these!

Let me entreat for them : what have they done ?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry :
*' Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill ! '*
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And with a mournful voice, Rustum replied : —
" Fear not ! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be ; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.
And I will spare thy host ; yea, let them go !
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace !
What should I do with slaying any more ?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive ; my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have —
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son !
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine ! and I might die, not thou ;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan ;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,
And say, *' O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end ! '*
But now in blood and battles was my youth,

And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied :
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man !
But thou shalt yet have peace ; only not now,
Not yet ! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said :—
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea !
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke ; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish ; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream ;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye ; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack ; motionless, white, he lay —
White, with eyes closed ; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face ;
Till now all strength was ebbd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead ;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all ; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires

Began to twinkle through the fog ; for now
 Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal ;
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward, the Tartars by the river marge ;
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
 Under the solitary moon ; — he flowed
 Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming, and bright, and large : then sands begin
 To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
 And split his currents ; that for many a league
 The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
 A foiled circuitous wanderer — till at last
 The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATORS.

I. POPE'S TRANSLATION.

And now may Apollo and Artemis be gracious,
 And to all of you, maidens, I say farewell.
 Yet remember me when I am gone ;
 And if some other toiling pilgrim among the sons of men
 Comes and asks : O maidens,
 Who is the sweetest minstrel of all who wander hither,
 And in whom do you delight most,
 Make answer with one voice, in gentle words,
 The blind old man of Chios' rocky isle.

HOMER, in "Hymn to Apollo."

HOMER'S verses were some of the first words which a young Athenian heard. He heard them from his mother or his nurse before he went to school ; and at school, when he went there, he was constantly occupied with them. So much did he hear of them that Socrates proposes, in the interests of morality, to



A READING FROM HOMER

From a Painting by Alma-Tadema



have selections from Homer made, and placed in the hands of mothers and nurses, in his model republic; in order that, of an author with whom they were sure to be so perpetually conversant, the young might learn only those parts which might do them good. His language was as familiar to Sophocles, we may be quite sure, as the language of the Bible is to us.

Nay, more. Homer's language was not, of course, in the time of Sophocles, the spoken or written language of ordinary life, any more than the language of the Bible, any more than the language of poetry, is with us: but for one great species of composition — epic poetry — it was still the current language; it was the language in which every one who made that sort of poetry composed. Every one at Athens who dabbled in epic poetry not only understood Homer's language, — he possessed it. He possessed it as every one who dabbles in poetry with us possesses what may be called the poetical vocabulary, as distinguished from the vocabulary of common speech and of modern prose: I mean, such expressions as *perchance* for *perhaps*, *spake* for *spoke*, *aye* for *ever*, *don* for *put on*, *charmèd* for *charmed*, and thousands of others. . . .

Robert Wood, whose "Essay on the Genius of Homer" is mentioned by Goethe as one of the books which fell into his hands when his powers were first developing themselves, and strongly interested him, relates a striking story. He says that in 1762, at the end of the Seven Years' War, being then Under-Secretary of State, he was directed to wait upon the President of the Council, Lord Granville, a few days before he died, with the preliminary articles of the Treaty of Paris.

"I found him," he continues, "so languid, that I proposed postponing my business for another time; but he insisted that I should stay, saying, it could not prolong his life to neglect his duty; and repeating the following passage out of Sarpedon's speech, he dwelled with particular emphasis on the third line, which recalled to his mind the distinguishing part he had taken in public affairs.

ὦ πέπον, εἰ μὲν γὰρ πόλεμον περὶ τόνδε φυγόντες,
αἰεὶ δὴ μέλλομεν ἀγῆρω τ' ἀθανάτω τε
ἔσσεσθ', οὔτε κεν αὐτὸς ἐνὶ πρώτοιισι μαχοίμην,
οὔτε κε σὲ στέλλοιμι μάχην ἐς κυδῖάνειραν.
νῦν δ' — ἔμπηξ γὰρ Κῆρες ἐφ' ἐστᾶσιν θανάτοιο
μυρίαί, ἃς οὐκ ἔστι φυγεῖν βρότον, οὐδ' ὑπαλύξαι —
ἴομεν.

His lordship repeated the last words several times with a calm and determinate resignation; and after a serious pause of some minutes, he desired to hear the Treaty read, to which he listened with great attention, and recovered spirits enough to declare the approbation of a dying statesman (I use his own words) ‘on the most glorious war, and most honorable peace, this nation ever saw.’”

I quote this story, first, because it is interesting as exhibiting the English aristocracy at its very height of culture, lofty spirit, and greatness, towards the middle of the last century. I quote it, secondly, because it seems to me to illustrate Goethe’s saying, which I mentioned, that our life, in Homer’s view of it, represents a conflict and a hell; and it brings out, too, what there is tonic and fortifying in this doctrine. I quote it, lastly, because it shows that the passage is just one of those in translating which Pope will be at his best, a passage of strong emotion and oratorical movement, not of simple narrative or description.

Pope translates the passage thus:—

Could all our care elude the gloomy grave
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death’s inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.

Nothing could better exhibit Pope’s prodigious talent, and nothing, too, could be better in its own way. But, as Bentley said, “You must not call it Homer.” One feels that Homer’s thought has passed through a literary and rhetorical crucible, and come out highly intellectualized; come out in a form which strongly impresses us indeed, but which no longer impresses us in the same way as when it was uttered by Homer. The antithesis of the last two lines—

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe—

is excellent, and is just suited to Pope’s heroic couplet; but neither the antithesis itself, nor the couplet which conveys it, is suited to the feeling or to the movement of the Homeric *ἔομεν*.

Every one knows the passage at the end of the eighth book

of the *Iliad*, where the fires of the Trojan encampment are likened to the stars. It is very far from my wish to hold Pope up to ridicule, so I shall not quote the commencement of the passage, which in the original is of great and celebrated beauty, and in translating which Pope has been singularly and notoriously unfortunate. But the latter part of the passage, where Homer leaves the stars and comes to the Trojan fires, treats of the plainest, most matter-of-fact subject possible, and deals with this, as Homer always deals with every subject, in the plainest and most straightforward style. "So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires in the plain; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning."

In Pope's translation, this plain story becomes the following:—

So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And brighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady luster o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

It is for passages of this sort, which, after all, form the bulk of a narrative poem, that Pope's style is so bad. In elevated passages he is powerful, as Homer is powerful, though not in the same way; but in plain narrative, where Homer is still powerful and delightful, Pope, by the inherent fault of his style, is ineffective and out of taste. Wordsworth says, somewhere, that wherever Virgil seems to have composed "with his eye on the object," Dryden fails to render him. Homer invariably composes "with his eye on the object," whether the object be a moral or a material one: Pope composes with his eye on his style, into which he translates his object, whatever it is. That, therefore, which Homer conveys to us immediately, Pope conveys to us through a medium. He aims at turning Homer's sentiments pointedly and rhetorically; at investing Homer's

description with ornament and dignity. A sentiment may be changed by being put into a pointed and oratorical form, yet may still be very effective in that form; but a description, the moment it takes its eyes off that which it is to describe, and begins to think of ornamenting itself, is worthless.

Therefore, I say, the translator of Homer should penetrate himself with a sense of the plainness and directness of Homer's style; of the simplicity with which Homer's thought is evolved and expressed. He has Pope's fate before his eyes, to show him what a divorce may be created even between the most gifted translator and Homer by an artificial evolution of thought and a literary cast of style.

II. CHAPMAN'S VERSION.

Chapman's style is not artificial and literary like Pope's; nor his movement elaborate and self-retarding like the Miltonic movement of Cowper. He is plain-spoken, fresh, vigorous, and to a certain degree rapid; and all these are Homeric qualities. I cannot say that I think the movement of his fourteen-syllable line, which has been so much commended, Homeric: but it is not distinctly anti-Homeric, like the movement of Milton's blank verse; and it has a rapidity of its own. Chapman's diction, too, is generally good,—that is, appropriate to Homer; above all, the syntactical character of his style is appropriate. With these merits, what prevents his translation from being a satisfactory version of Homer? Is it merely the want of literal faithfulness to his original, imposed upon him, it is said, by the exigences of rhyme? Has this celebrated version, which has so many advantages, no other and deeper defect than that? Its author is a poet, and a poet, too, of the Elizabethan age: the golden age of English literature, as it is called—and on the whole truly called; for whatever be the defects of Elizabethan literature (and they are great), we have no development of our literature to compare with it for vigor and richness. This age, too, showed what it could do in translating, by producing a masterpiece, its version of the Bible.

Chapman's translation has often been praised as eminently Homeric. Keats' fine sonnet in its honor every one knows; but Keats could not read the original, and therefore could not really judge the translation. Coleridge, in praising Chapman's

version, says at the same time, "It will give you small idea of Homer." But the grave authority of Mr. Hallam pronounces this translation to be "often exceedingly Homeric"; and its latest editor boldly declares that by what, with a deplorable style, he calls "his own innative Homeric genius," Chapman "has thoroughly identified himself with Homer"; and that "we pardon him even for his digressions, for they are such as we feel Homer himself would have written."

I confess that I can never read twenty lines of Chapman's version without recurring to Bentley's cry, "This is not Homer!" and that from a deeper cause than any unfaithfulness occasioned by the fetters of rhyme.

I said that there were four things which eminently distinguished Homer, and with a sense of which Homer's translator should penetrate himself as fully as possible. One of these four things was the plainness and directness of Homer's ideas. I have just been speaking of the plainness and directness of his style; but the plainness and directness of the contents of his style, of his ideas themselves, is not less remarkable. But as eminently as Homer is plain, so eminently is the Elizabethan literature in general, and Chapman in particular, fanciful. Steeped in humors and fantasticality up to its very lips, the Elizabethan age, newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in this first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately. Happily, in the translation of the Bible, the sacred character of their original inspired the translators with such respect that they did not dare to give the rein to their own fancies in dealing with it. But in dealing with works of profane literature, in dealing with poetical works above all, which highly stimulated them, one may say that the minds of the Elizabethan translators were *too* active; that they could not forbear importing so much of their own, and this of a most peculiar and Elizabethan character, into their original, that they effaced the character of the original itself.

Take merely the opening pages to Chapman's translation, the introductory verses and the dedications. You will find—

An Anagram of the name of our Dread Prince,
My most gracious and sacred Mæcenæas,
Henry, Prince of Wales,
Our Sunn, Heyr, Peace, Life, —

Henry, son of James the First, to whom the work is dedicated. Then comes an address —

To the sacred Fountain of Princes,
Sole Empress of Beauty and Virtue, Anne, Queen
Of England, etc.

All the Middle Age, with its grotesqueness, its conceits, its irrationality, is still in these opening pages: they by themselves are sufficient to indicate to us what a gulf divides Chapman from the "clearest-souled" of poets, from Homer; almost as great a gulf as that which divides him from Voltaire. Pope has been sneered at for saying that Chapman writes "somewhat as one might imagine Homer himself to have written before he arrived at years of discretion." But the remark is excellent: Homer expresses himself like a man of adult reason, Chapman like a man whose reason has not yet cleared itself. For instance, if Homer had had to say of a poet, that he hoped his merit was now about to be fully established in the opinion of good judges, he was as incapable of saying this as Chapman says it, — "Though truth in her very nakedness sits in so deep a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her, I hope yet those few here will so discover and confirm that the date being out of her darkness in this morning of our poet, he shall now gird his temples with the sun," — I say, Homer was as incapable of saying this in that manner, as Voltaire himself would have been. Homer, indeed, has actually an affinity with Voltaire in the unrivaled clearness and straightforwardness of his thinking; in the way in which he keeps to one thought at a time, and puts that thought forth in its complete natural plainness, instead of being led away from it by some fancy striking him in connection with it, and being beguiled to wander off with this fancy till his original thought, in its natural reality, knows him no more. What could better show us how gifted a race was this Greek race? The same member of it has not only the power of profoundly touching that natural heart of humanity which it is Voltaire's weakness that he cannot reach, but can also address the understanding with all Voltaire's admirable simplicity and rationality.

My limits will not allow me to do more than shortly illustrate, from Chapman's version of the *Iliad*, what I mean when I speak of this vital difference between Homer and an Elizabethan poet in the quality of their thought; between the plain

simplicity of the thought of the one, and the curious complexity of the thought of the other. As in Pope's case, I carefully abstain from choosing passages for the express purpose of making Chapman appear ridiculous; Chapman, like Pope, merits in himself all respect, though he too, like Pope, fails to render Homer.

In that tonic speech of Sarpedon, of which I have said so much, Homer, you may remember, has —

if indeed, but once *this* battle avoided

We were forever to live without growing old and immortal.

Chapman cannot be satisfied with this, but must add a fancy to it —

if keeping back

Would keep back age from us, and death, and *that we might*
not wrack

In this life's human sea at all;

and so on. Again: in another passage which I have before quoted, where Zeus says to the horses of Peleus,

Why gave we you to royal Peleus, to a mortal? but ye are without old age, and immortal.

Chapman sophisticates this into —

Why gave we you t' a mortal king, when immortality
And *incapacity of age* so dignifies your states?

Again; in the speech of Achilles to his horses, where Achilles, according to Homer, says simply, "Take heed that ye bring your master safe back to the host of the Danaans, in some other sort than the last time, when the battle is ended," Chapman sophisticates this into —

When with blood, for this day's fast observed, revenge shall yield
Our heart satiety, bring us off.

In Hector's famous speech, again, at his parting from Andromache, Homer makes him say: "Nor does my own heart so bid me" (to keep safe behind the walls), "since I have learned to be stanch always, and to fight among the foremost of the Trojans, busy on behalf of my father's great glory, and my own." In Chapman's hand this becomes —

The spirit I first did breathe

Did never teach me that; much less, since the contempt of death
Was settled in me, *and my mind knew what a worthy was,*
Whose office is to lead in fight, and give no danger pass

*Without improvement. In this fire must Hector's trial shine:
Here must his country, father, friends, be in him made divine.*

You see how ingeniously Homer's plain thought is *tormented*, as the French would say, here. Homer goes on: "For well I know this in my mind and in my heart, the day will be, when sacred Troy shall perish." Chapman makes this —

And such a *stormy* day shall come, in mind and soul I know,
When sacred Troy *shall shed her towers, for tears of overthrow.*

I might go on forever, but I could not give you a better illustration than this last, of what I mean by saying that the Elizabethan poet fails to render Homer because he cannot forbear to interpose a play of thought between his object and its expression. Chapman translates his object into Elizabethan, as Pope translates it into the Augustan of Queen Anne; both convey it to us through a medium. Homer, on the other hand, sees his object and conveys it to us immediately.

And yet, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of Homer's style, in spite of this perfect plainness and directness of his ideas, he is eminently *noble*; he works as entirely in the grand style, he is as grandiose, as Phidias, or Dante, or Michael Angelo. This is what makes his translators despair. "To give relief," says Cowper, "to prosaic subjects" (such as dressing, eating, drinking, harnessing, travelling, going to bed), — that is, to treat such subjects nobly, in the grand style, — "without seeming unreasonably tumid, is extremely difficult." It *is* difficult, but Homer has done it. Homer is precisely the incomparable poet he is, because he has done it. His translator must not be tumid, must not be artificial, must not be literary; true: but then also he must not be commonplace, must not be ignoble.

THE STRAYED REVELER.

*Scene: The Portico of Circe's Palace. Evening. Present: A YOUTH,
CIRCE.*

THE YOUTH. Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
 Down on me ! thy right arm,
 Leaned up against the column there,
 Props thy soft cheek ;
 Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
 The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
 I held but now.

Is it then evening
 So soon ? I see the night dew,
 Clustered in thick beads, dim
 The agate brooch stones
 On thy white shoulder ;
 The cool night wind, too,
 Blows through the portico,
 Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
 Waves thy white robe !

CIRCE. Whence art thou, sleeper ?

THE YOUTH. When the white dawn first
 Through the rough fir planks
 Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
 Up at the valley head,
 Came breaking, Goddess !
 I sprang up, I threw round me
 My dappled fawn skin ;
 Passing out, from the wet turf,
 Where they lay, by the hut door,
 I snatched up my vine crown, my fir staff,
 All drenched in dew —
 Came swift down to join
 The rout early gathered
 In the town, round the temple,
 Iacchus' white fane
 On yonder hill.

Quick I passed, following
 The woodcutters' cart track
 Down the dark valley ; — I saw
 On my left, through the beeches,
 Thy palace, Goddess,
 Smokeless, empty !
 Trembling, I entered ; beheld
 The court all silent,
 The lions sleeping,
 On the altar this bowl.

I drank, Goddess !
And sank down here, sleeping,
On the steps of thy portico.

CIRCE. Foolish boy! Why tremblest thou?
Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,
Through the delicate, flushed marble,
The red, creaming liquor,
Strewn with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I chide thee not,
Deny thee not my bowl.
Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so!
Drink — drink again!

THE YOUTH. Thanks, gracious one! —
Ah, the sweet fumes again!
More soft, ah me,
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute music!
Faint — faint! Ah me,
Again the sweet sleep!

CIRCE. Hist! Thou — within there!
Come forth, Ulysses!
Art tired with hunting?
While we range the woodland,
See what the day brings.

ULYSSES. Ever new magic!
Hast thou then lured hither,
Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
Iacchus' darling —
Or some youth beloved of Pan,
Of Pan and the Nymphs?
That he sits, bending downward
His white, delicate neck
To the ivy-wreathed marge
Of thy cup; the bright, glancing vine leaves
That crown his hair,
Falling forward, mingling
With the dark ivy plants —
His fawn skin, half untied,
Smeared with red wine stains? Who is he,
That he sits, overweighed

By fumes of wine and sleep,
So late, in thy portico ?
What youth, Goddess, — what guest
Of Gods or mortals ?

CIRCE. Hist ! he wakes !
I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
Nay, ask him !

THE YOUTH. Who speaks ! Ah, who comes forth
To thy side, Goddess, from within ?
How shall I name him ?
This spare, dark-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger ?
Ah, and I see too
His sailor's bonnet,
His short coat, travel-tarnished,
With one arm bare ! —
Art thou not he, whom fame
This long time rumors
The favored guest of Circe, brought by the waves ?
Art thou he, stranger ?
The wise Ulysses,
Laertes' son ?

ULYSSES. I am Ulysses.
And thou, too, sleeper ?
Thy voice is sweet.
It may be thou hast followed
Through the islands some divine bard,
By age taught many things,
Age and the Muses ;
And heard him delighting
The chiefs and people
In the banquet, and learned his songs,
Of Gods and Heroes,
Of war and arts
And peopled cities,
Inland, or built
By the gray sea — If so, then hail !
I honor and welcome thee.

THE YOUTH. The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

They see Tiresias
Sitting, staff in hand,
On the warm, grassy
Asopus bank,
His robe drawn over
His old, sightless head,
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Reared proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moored to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting ; — round him,
Round his green harvest plot,
Flow the cool lake waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide steppe, unharnessing
His wheeled house at noon.
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers ; all around
The boundless, waving grass plains stretch, thick-starred
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris flowers.
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal ; before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard fowl,
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil ; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds

Topped with rough-hewn,
Gray, rain-bleared statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream ; — thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
The ferryboat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm-harnessed by the mane ; a chief,
With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them ; but astern
The cowering merchants in long robes
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk bales and of balsam drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barred onyx stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies ;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor !
O prince, what pain !

They too can see
Tiresias ; — but the Gods,
Who gave them vision,
Added this law :
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorned white hairs ;

Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthened
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion ; — then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting ; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears
Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones ; they feel
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alcmena's dreadful son
Ply his bow ; — such a price
The Gods exact for song :
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake ; — but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms
In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon harvest to the heart — They see
The Scythian ; but long frosts
Parch them in winter time on the bare steppe,
Till they too fade like grass ; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
On the Oxus stream ; — but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber horse have burst
Upon their caravan ; or greedy kings,
In the walled cities the way passes through,
Crushed them with tolls ; or fever airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes
Near harbor ; — but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy ;
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first
Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
 Came, lolling in the sunshine,
 From the dewy forest coverts,
 This way, at noon.
 Sitting by me, while his Fauns
 Down at the water side
 Sprinkled and smoothed
 His drooping garland,
 He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,
 Sitting on the warm steps,
 Looking over the valley,
 All day long, have seen,
 Without pain, without labor,
 Sometimes a wild-haired Mænad—
 Sometimes a Faun with torches—
 And sometimes, for a moment,
 Passing through the dark stems
 Flowing-robed, the beloved,
 The desired, the divine,
 Beloved Iacchus.

Ah, cool night wind, tremulous stars!
 Ah, glimmering water,
 Fitful earth murmur,
 Dreaming woods!
 Ah, golden-haired, strangely smiling Goddess,
 And thou, proved, much enduring,
 Waved-tossed Wanderer!
 Who can stand still?
 Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me—
 The cup again!

Faster, faster,
 O Circe, Goddess,
 Let the wild, thronging train,
 The bright procession
 Of eddy forms,
 Sweep through my soul!

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 Upon the straits; on the French coast the light
 Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanchèd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 Of human misery; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here, as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MEMORIAL VERSES (1850).

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease,
 But one such death remained to come;
 The last poetic voice is dumb—
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
 We bowed our head and held our breath.

He taught us little ; but our soul
 Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
 With shivering heart the strife we saw
 Of passion with eternal law ;
 And yet with reverential awe
 We watched the fount of fiery life
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said, —
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
 Physician of the iron age,
 Goethe had done his pilgrimage,
 He took the suffering human race,
 He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
 And struck his finger on the place,
 And said : Thou ailest here, and here !
 He looked on Europe's dying hour
 Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
 His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
 The turmoil of expiring life —
 He said, The end is everywhere,
 Art still has truth, take refuge there !
 And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of terror, and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth ! — Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice !
 For never has such soothing voice
 Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 Wordsworth has gone from us — and ye,
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we !
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen — on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound
 Our souls in its benumbing round ;
 He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth,
 On the cool, flowery lap of earth.
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease ;

The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
 Our youth returned; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furled,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
 Others will teach us how to dare,

And against fear our breast to steel;
 Others will strengthen us to bear—

But who, ah! who, will make us feel?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly—
 But who, like him, will put it by?
 Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!
 Sing him thy best! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

RUGBY CHAPEL.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

COLDLY, sadly descends
 The autumn evening. The field
 Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
 Of withered leaves, and the elms,
 Fade into dimness apace,
 Silent; hardly a shout
 From a few boys late at their play!
 The lights come out in the street,
 In the schoolroom windows; but cold,
 Solemn, unlighted, austere,
 Through the gathering darkness, arise
 The chapel-walls, in whose bound
 Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
 Of the autumn evening. But ah!

That word *gloom* to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigor again.
In the gloom of November we passed
Days not dark at thy side :
Seasons impaired not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast ! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Restored as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now ? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain !
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm !

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
Prompt, unwearied, as here.
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad ;
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue ; reviv'st,
Succorest. This was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth ?
Most men eddy about
Here and there, eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die, —
Perish; and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone.

And there are some whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes! some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave.
We, we have chosen our path, —
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance; but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth:
Then, on the height, comes the storm.
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock; the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breached
The track; the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep; the spray
Boils o'er its borders; aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin. Alas!
Havoc is made in our train!

Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm.

We, we only are left !
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compressed, we strain on,
On; and at nightfall at last
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks ;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs,
Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks, —
Whom in our party we bring ?
Whom we have left in the snow ?

Sadly we answer, We bring
Only ourselves ! We lost
Sight of the rest in the storm.
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripped, without friends, as we are.
Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou wouldst not *alone*
Be saved, my father ! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing: to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful and firm !
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone ;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else —
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see —
Seemed but a dream of the heart,
Seemed but a cry of desire.
Yes ! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous and arid and vile ;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God ! — or sons
Shall I not call you ? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost —
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted and fallen and died.

See ! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line.
Where are they tending ? A God
Marshalled them, gave them their goal,
Ah, but the way is so long !

Years they have been in the wild :
Sore thirst plagues them ; the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe ;
Factions divide them ; their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
Ah ! keep, keep them combined !
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive ;
Sole they shall stray ; on the rocks
Batter forever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye like angels appear,
Radiant with ardor divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear !
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van ! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.

Order, courage, return ;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D.

ARNOLD, THOMAS, D.D., an English educator and historian; born at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795; died at Rugby, June 12, 1842. He was educated at various schools, and in 1811 was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and subsequently a fellow of Oriel College, where he gained in 1815 and 1817 the Chancellor's prize for two University essays, the one in Latin, the other in English. He received deacon's orders in 1818; married soon after, and took up his residence at Laleham, where he devoted himself for nine years to the preparation of students for the great schools and the universities. In 1828 he took priest's orders, and was chosen to the head-mastership of Rugby School. Probably no English educator ever exercised so powerful a personal influence over his pupils as did Thomas Arnold. His cardinal principle was that no "black sheep" should find place at Rugby. "It is not necessary," he said, "that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." In 1841, still retaining the head-mastership of Rugby, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and delivered an inaugural lecture which awakened the highest anticipations of the future which lay before him in this department. He had hardly passed middle age, and his apparently robust frame gave every indication that he would attain the extremest limit of human life. But on the evening of June 11, 1842, he was seized with a sudden spasm of the heart, and died early the next morning. His "Life and Correspondence," edited by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, is justly esteemed as among the best of English biographies.

TAKING LIFE IN EARNEST.

I MEET with a great many persons in the course of a year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always

on the surface of things ; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are, generally talked about, still upon the surface ; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation ; that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation. But I want a sign, which one catches by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life ; whither tending, in what cause engaged ; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

THE SIEGE OF GENOA IN 1800.

(From "Lectures on Modern History.")

IN the Autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont. Their last victory of Fossano, or Genola, had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po. The French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa — the narrow strip of coast, between the Apennines and the sea ; which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa.

Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul ; but he could not be expected to take the field until the following Spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without ; everything was to depend upon his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa ; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy the hope of reducing it by famine ; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval Commander-in-Chief, in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians ; and by the vigilance of his cruisers the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It was not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, began to realize the idea of scarcity ; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, began seriously to

conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the store-houses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply, or hope of supply, appeared.

Winter passed away, and Spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and opened to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hillsides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city, to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited for a very different object. Ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure.

The French General pitied the distress of the people; but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy. Not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825 told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June — when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy — the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure.

HANNIBAL THE CARTHAGINIAN.

(From "History of Rome.")

HANNIBAL'S genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the

calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, and even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to the political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth, and which forbore either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama.

This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered. His triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man — even though it were Hannibal himself — can in one generation effect such a work. But where a nation has been merely enkindled for awhile by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before.

He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the Commonwealth of Christian Europe.

CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

(From "Life and Correspondence.")

I HAVE long had in my mind a work on Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen, in which the whole question of a Religious Establishment, and the education proper for Christian members of a Christian Commonwealth would naturally find a place. It would embrace also an historical sketch of the pretended conversion of the Kingdoms of this World to the Kingdom of Christ, in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played. . . . I mean that by inducing Kings and nations to get into their hands the direction of Christian Societies he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and insuring the ascendancy of his own.

ITALY SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

(From Dr. Arnold's Journal.)

CHIAVASSO, July 3, 1825.

I CAN now understand what Signor A—— said of the nakedness of the country between Hounslow and Laleham, as all the plains here are covered with fruit-trees, and the villages, however filthy within, are generally picturesque either from situation, or from the character of their buildings, and their lively white. The architecture of the churches, however, is quite bad; and certainly their villages bear no more comparison with those of Northamptonshire, than St. Giles's does with Waterloo Place. There are more ruins here than I expected,—ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here; but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery than theirs; and I cannot help

thinking, that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel, their division of society would more tend to the general good, than ours. Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate them. I like the simple crosses and oratories by the roadside, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin, and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the water of life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible, if, indeed, any man can be so, and yet belong to a system so abominable.

JULY 25, 1825.

On the cliff above the Lake of Como.—We are on a mule-track that goes from Como along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule-track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half-way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lonely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, and the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake; and about half a mile on my right the rock is too steep for anything to go on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond, I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses; and further still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same; villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

On the edge of the Lake of Como.—We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery; we stopped at a walk at a spot where the stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls; the dell so deep that the sun could not reach

the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear, that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them; the banks of the dell, all turf; and magnificent chestnuts varied with rocks, and the broad lake, bright in the sunshine, stretched out before us.

JOIGNY, April 6, 1827.

Sens has a fine cathedral, with two very beautiful painted rose-windows in the transepts, and a monument of the Dauphin, father to the present king, which is much spoken of. Here the cheating of the blacksmiths went on in full perfection, and is really a very great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in France. The moment we stop anywhere, out comes a fellow with his leathern apron, and goes poking and prying about the carriage in hopes of finding some job to do; and they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessor's clumsiness. Again I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement; there seem great elements of good amongst the people here, — great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favorably and feel kindly towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His name.

Approach to Rome, April, 1827.

When we turned the summit and opened on the view of the other side, it might be called the first approach to Rome. At the distance of more than forty miles, it was of course impossible to see the town, and besides the distance was hazy; but we were looking on the scene of the Roman History; we were standing on the outward edge of the frame of the great picture, and, though the features of it were not to be traced dis-

tinctly, yet we had the consciousness that there they were before us. Here, too, we first saw the Mediterranean ; the Alban hills, I think, in the remote distance, and just beneath us, on the left, Soracte, an outlier of the Apennines, which has got to the right bank of the Tiber, and stands out by itself most magnificently. Close under us, in front, was the Ciminian Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded, as they all are, with their basin of wooded hills, and lying like a beautiful mirror stretched out before us. Then there was the grand beauty of Italian scenery, the depth of the valleys, and the endless variety of the mountain outline, and the towns perched up on the mountain summits, and this now seen under a mottled sky which threw an ever varying shadow and light over the valley beneath, and all the freshness of the young spring. We descended along one of the rims of this lake to Ronciglione, and from thence still descending on the whole to Monterossi. Here the famous Campagna begins, and it certainly is one of the most striking tracts of country I ever beheld. It is by no means a perfect flat, except between Rome and the sea ; but rather like the Bagshot Heath country — ridges of hills with intermediate valleys, and the road often running between high steep banks, and sometimes crossing sluggish streams sunk in a deep bed. All these banks were overgrown with the broom, now in full flower ; and the same plant was luxuriant everywhere. There seemed no apparent reason why the country should be so desolate ; the grass was growing richly everywhere, there was no marsh anywhere visible, but all looked as fresh and healthy as any of our chalk downs in England. But it is a wide wilderness, no villages, scarcely any houses, and here and there a lonely ruin of a single square tower, which I suppose used to serve as strongholds for men and cattle in the plundering warfare of the middle ages. It was after crowning the top of one of these lines of hills, a little on the Roman side of Baccano, at five minutes after six, according to my watch, that we had the first view of Rome itself. I expected to see St. Peter's rising above the line of the horizon as York Minster does, but instead of that, it was within the horizon, and so was much less conspicuous, and, only a part of the dome being visible from the nature of the ground, it looked mean and stumpy. Nothing else marked the site of the city, but the trees of the gardens about it, sunk by the distance into one dark mass, and the number of white villas, specking the opposite bank of the Tiber for some little distance

above the town, and then suddenly ceasing. But the whole scene that burst upon our view, when taken in all its parts, was most interesting. Full in front rose the Alban hills, the white villas on their sides distinctly visible even at that distance, which was more than thirty miles. On the left were the Apennines, and Tivoli was distinctly to be seen on the summit of its mountain, on one of the lowest and nearest points of the chain. On the right and all before us lay the Campagna, whose perfectly level outline was succeeded by that of the sea, which was scarcely more so. It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian bridge. About two miles farther on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.

ROME, April, 1827.

. . . After dinner Bunsen called for us in his carriage and took us to his house first on the Capitol, the different windows of which command the different views of ancient and modern Rome. Never shall I forget the view of the former; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and, beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban hills bright in the setting sun, which played full upon Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake; and, farther away in the distance, it lit up the old town of Lavinium. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen from rubbish at least fifteen feet, so that no wonder that the hills look lower than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was, one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation-stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honor of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in the fifth century. What the fragments of pillars belonged to, perhaps we never can know; but that I think matters little. I care not whether it was a Temple of Jupiter Stator, or the Basilica Julia, but one knows that one is on the



ARCH OF TITUS, SHOWING COLOSSEUM, ROME

ground of the Forum, under the Capitol, the place where the tribes assembled, and the orators spoke; the scene, in short, of all the internal struggles of the Roman people. We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs, there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned His visible and local Temple to the hands of the heathen for the sins of His nominal worshippers, has taken to Him His great power and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon; and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of His holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcass of sin in every land which the eagles of His wrath will surely find out, perish forever from before Him. We returned to our inn to dress, and then went again to Bunsen's evening party. We came home about eleven; I wrote some Journal, and went to bed soon after twelve. Such was my first day in Rome; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in comparison with what I find here; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham; that so I might bring home my recollection of this place "unmixed with baser matter."

MAY 2, 1827.

. . . After dinner we started again in our carriage to the Ponte Molle, about two miles out of Rome. All the way the road runs under a steep and cliffy bank, which is the continuation of the Collis Hortulorum in Rome itself, and which turns off at the Ponte Molle, and forms the boundary of the Tiber for some way to the northward, the cliffs, however, being succeeded by grass slopes. On the right bank, after crossing the Ponte Molle, the road which we followed ran southwest towards St. Peter's and the Vatican, between the Tiber and the Monte Mario. The Monte Mario is the highest point of the same line of hills, of which the Vatican and Janiculum form parts: it is a line intersected with many valleys of denudation, making several curves, and as it were little bays and creeks in it, like the hills on the right bank of the Thames behind Chertsey, which coming forward at St. Anne's, fall back in a very irregular line behind Stroud and Thorpe Green, and then come forward again with a

higher and steeper side close to the Thames at Cooper's Hill. The Monte Mario is like Cooper's Hill, the highest, boldest, and most prominent part of the line; it is about the height and steepness too of Cooper's Hill, and has the Tiber just at the foot of it, like the Thames at Anchorwick. To keep up the resemblance there is a sort of a terrace at the top of the Monte Mario planted with cypresses, and a villa, though dilapidated, crowns the summit, as also at our old friend above Egham. Here we stood, on a most delicious evening, the ilex and the gum-cistus in great profusion about us, the slope below full of olives and vines, the cypresses over our heads, and before our eyes all that one has ever read of in Roman History—the course of the Tiber between the low hills that bound it, coming down from Fidenæ, and receiving the Allia and the Anio; beyond, the Apennines, the distant and higher summits still quite white with snow; in front, the Alban hills; on the right, the Campagna to the sea, and just beneath us the whole length of Rome, ancient and modern—St. Peter's and the Colosseum rising as the representatives of each—the Pantheon, the Aventine, the Quirinal, all the well-known objects distinctly laid before us. One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this.

ROME, May, 1827.

Lastly, we ascended to the top of the Colosseum, Bunsen leaving us at the door, to go home; and I seated myself with——, just above the main entrance, towards the Forum, and there took my farewell look over Rome. It was a delicious evening, and everything was looking to advantage; the huge Colosseum just under me,—the tufts of ilex and alaternus, and other shrubs that fringe the ruins everywhere in the lower parts,—while the outside wall, with its top of gigantic stones, lifts itself high above, and seems like a mountain barrier of bare rock, enclosing a green and varied valley,—I sat and gazed upon the scene with an intense and mingled feeling. The world could show nothing grander; it was one which for years I had longed to see, and I was now looking at it for the last time. I do not think you will be jealous, dearest, if I confess that I could not take leave of it without something of regret. Even with you and our darlings, I would not live out of our dear country, to which I feel bound alike by every tie of duty and affection; and to be here a

vagrant, without you, is certainly very far from happiness. Not for an instant would I prolong my absence from Laleham, yet still I feel, at leaving Rome, very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties; and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere town full of curiosities, where the eye has been amused, and the intellect gratified. I never thought to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum.

In a Ferry-boat on the Po, May 16, 1827.

Here we are in our carriage in a great boat, with another carriage alongside of us, in which is a priest of some dignity, as I imagine, with two servants. The Po has been uncivil to us, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged us to go round by Pavia, and then has made such a flood that we cannot land at the usual place, but are going to have a voyage of nearly a mile up the river. The scene is very Trentish; the wide and very dirty river; the exceedingly rich and fat plains; the church towers on the banks, and the exceeding clumsiness of the boats, — so unlike those of the Thames. Meanwhile I gain some time for Journal, which I am in great need of. The whole of yesterday morning, from nine to half-past two, I spent in the Library at Parma, collating Thucydides. At a little before four we left Parma, and at a little before nine we reached Placentia. I must not omit to mention the remarkable beauty of the fire-flies last night, just as we entered Placentia. The wide meadows before we reached the town were sparkling with the shifting light of hundreds of these little creatures, whose irregular movements and perpetual change resembled a fairy dance, in which each elf carried a lamp in his hand, alternately lighting and extinguishing it by magic power. I never saw them before in such abundance. The change of climate from Rome is very perceptible. We have no olives here, and few figs, and the flowers in the fields and hedges are mostly the same as our own: though I still see our garden gladiolus in the cornfields, and the dog-roses are in full bloom. From Placentia here we have been again on old ground, — still the

great plain of Lombardy, which we have now followed for a hundred and twenty miles without one hill,—and we are going to follow it for fifty more on the other bank of the Po from here to Como. Its richness is apparently unequal, and about Placentia it seems much inferior to what it is about Bologna, Modena, and Reggio. We have just crossed about three miles of the Sardinian dominions in our way to the Po: and for this little bit we have again had trouble with the Custom-House about my books: for it seems the Sardinian government is afraid of light as well as its neighbors. There has evidently been a great deal of rain here lately, and all the streams from the Apennines are full. We should not have been able to cross the Trebbia had there not been a bridge built about two years since, and the same may be said of the Taro. These increasing facilities of communication are certainly very creditable to the governments, and of good omen for the people; as they may tend to give them some activity of mind, and some knowledge of what is going on at some little distance from their own homes; and thus they may in time be fit for liberty. But I cannot think that any good and wise man can regret the failure of the Piedmontese and Neapolitan revolutions of 1821. It would be a hopeless state of things to see the half-informed and thoroughly unprincipled lawyers, merchants, and literati of Italy put into the possession of power. With Prussia the case is totally different; but the king there has done so much good, that we may hope favorably of what he will do to make his people independent of the personal character of their sovereign. Successors like himself he cannot reckon on; and the true magnanimity of a sovereign is to resign the exclusive power of doing good to his people, and to be content that they should do it to themselves. By the way, I suppose it was this sentiment in my *Life of Trajan* that — found so shocking; but be it so; at that rate I cannot write what will not be shocking,—and most ashamed I should be so to write as that such men should approve of it. The Po has been now civil enough to redeem his incivility, so I shall part with him on good terms.

ANDERS CHRISTENSEN ARREBO.

ARREBO, ANDERS CHRISTENSEN. A classic Danish poet (1587-1637). Bishop of Drontheim, Norway, when only thirty-one, but deposed in 1622 owing to his objectionable life; he was afterwards rehabilitated as preacher in Vordingborg. As the pioneer of the renaissance movement, he is considered the father of modern poetry in Denmark. His rhymed translation of the "Psalms of David" (1623), but especially his "Hexæmeron" (1641), an imitation of a once famous poem of the French poet Du Bartas on the Creation, are highly esteemed.

THE MAELSTROM.

IN Loufoud far to north on Norway's distant shore,
 A flood is found that hath no like the wide world o'er,
 Entitled Moske-flood, from that high Mosker rock
 Round which in seemly rings the obsequious waters flock;
 When this with hasty zeal performs the moon's designs,
 If any man comes near, the world he straight resigns;
 In spring its billows rear like other mountains high,
 But through their sides we see the sun, the earth's bright eye;
 Then, if the winds should rise against the flood's wild way,
 Two heroes rush and meet in crash of war's array.
 Then tremble land and house, then doors and windows rattle,
 The earth is fain to cleave before that monstrous battle;
 The vast and magic whale dares not its breach essay,
 But turns in fear to flight, and roaring speeds away.
 Now my belief is this: that underneath the sea,
 A belt of lofty rock is forged immutably,
 Which hath an entrance, but is solid stone elsewhere,
 And in the centre sends a peak high up to air.
 When now the flood is come, with angry voice it calls,
 And rushes inward like a thousand waterfalls,
 And can no exit find to rule its rugged shock,
 So madly whirls around the lofty central rock,
 And rumbles like a quern when man doth grind therein.

PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSEN.

ASBJÖRNSEN, PETER CHRISTEN, a Norwegian zoölogist and author, was born at Christiania, January 15, 1812, and died January 6, 1885. He was educated at the University of Christiania, where he studied medicine and zoölogy, but applied himself particularly to the latter. In 1842, in collaboration with the poet Moe, he published a volume of folk-lore entitled "Norwegian Popular Tales," a book that made little impression at the time, but which has grown to be one of the bulwarks of Norwegian literature, and which, besides winning for him a world-fame, has had a profound influence on the younger poets of our day. His later works, besides various translations, include: "Tales of the Mountain Spirits" (1845); "Natural History" (6 vols., finished 1849); "Christmas-Tree Story-Books" (4 vols., 1850-66); "Norwegian Stories" (1871).

From 1868 to 1871 he held the office of peat-commissioner; and in this connection he wrote his "Torf og Torfdrift." Asbjörnsen, though not himself a poet, was the herald of the new national poetry of Norway, and the father, in a sense, of the folk-songs of Moe, the historical dramas of Ibsen, and the peasant romances of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

THERE was once a very poor woman who had only one son. She toiled for him till he was old enough to be confirmed by the priest, when she told him that she could support him no longer, but that he must go out in the world and gain his own livelihood. So the youth set out, and after wandering about for a day or two he met a stranger. "Whither art thou going?" asked the man. "I am going out in the world to see if I can get employment," answered the youth. "Wilt thou serve us?" — "Yes, just as well serve you as anybody else," answered the youth. "Thou shalt be well cared for with me," said the man: "thou shalt be my companion, and do little or nothing besides."

So the youth resided with him, had plenty to eat and drink, and very little or nothing to do; but he never saw a living person in the man's house.

One day his master said to him: — "I am going to travel, and shall be absent eight days. During that time thou wilt be here alone: but thou must not go into either of these four rooms; if thou dost, I will kill thee when I return." The youth answered that he would not. When the man had gone away three or four days, the youth could no longer refrain, but went into one of the rooms. He looked around, but saw nothing except a shelf over the door, with a whip made of briar on it. "This was well worth forbidding me so strictly from seeing," thought the youth. When the eight days had passed the man came home again. "Thou hast not, I hope, been into any of my rooms," said he. "No, I have not," answered the youth. "That I shall soon be able to see," said the man, going into the room the youth had entered. "But thou hast been in," said he, "and now thou shalt die." The youth cried and entreated to be forgiven, so that he escaped with his life but had a severe beating; when that was over, they were as good friends as before.

Some time after this, the man took another journey. This time he would be away a fortnight, but first forbade the youth again from going into any of the rooms he had not already been in; but the one he had previously entered he might enter again. This time all took place just as before, the only difference being that the youth abstained for eight days before he entered the forbidden rooms. In one apartment he found only a shelf over the door, on which lay a huge stone and a water-bottle. "This is also something to be in such fear about," thought the youth again. When the man came home, he asked whether he had been in any of the rooms. "No, he had not," was the answer. "I shall soon see," said the man; and when he found that the youth had nevertheless been in, he said, "Now I will no longer spare thee, thou shalt die." But the youth cried and implored that his life might be spared, and thus again escaped with a beating; but this time got as much as could be laid on him. When he had recovered from the effect of this beating he lived as well as ever, and he and the man were as good friends as before.

Some time after this, the man again made a journey, and now he was to be three weeks absent. He warned the youth

anew not to enter the third room; if he did he must at once prepare to die. At the end of a fortnight, the youth had no longer any command over himself, and stole in; but here he saw nothing save a trap-door in the floor. He lifted it up and looked through; there stood a large copper kettle, that boiled and boiled, yet he could see no fire under it. "I should like to know if it is hot," thought the youth, dipping his finger down into it; but when he drew it up again he found that all his finger was gilt. He scraped and washed it, but the gilding was not to be removed; so he tied a rag over it, and when the man returned and asked him what was the matter with his finger, he answered he had cut it badly. But the man, tearing the rag off, at once saw what ailed the finger. At first he was going to kill the youth, but as he cried and begged again, he merely beat him so that he was obliged to lie in bed for three days. The man then took a pot down from the wall and rubbed him with what it contained, so that the youth was as well as before.

After some time the man made another journey, and said he should not return for a month. He then told the youth that if he went into the fourth room, he must not think for a moment that his life would be spared. One, two, even three weeks the youth refrained from entering the forbidden room; but then, having no longer any command over himself, he stole in. There stood a large black horse in a stall, with a trough of burning embers at its head and a basket of hay at its tail. The youth thought this was cruel, and therefore changed their position, putting the basket of hay by the horse's head. The horse thereupon said:—

"As you have so kind a disposition that you enable me to get food, I will save you: should the Troll return and find you here, he will kill you. Now you must go up into the chamber above this, and take one of the suits of armor that hang there: but on no account take one that is bright; on the contrary, select the most rusty you can see, and take that; choose also a sword and saddle in like manner."

The youth did so, but he found the whole very heavy for him to carry. When he came back, the horse said that now he should strip and wash himself well in the kettle, which stood boiling in the next apartment. "I feel afraid," thought the youth, but nevertheless did so. When he had washed himself, he became comely and plump, and as red and white as milk

and blood, and much stronger than before. "Are you sensible of any change?" asked the horse. "Yes," answered the youth. "Try to lift me," said the horse. Aye, that he could, and brandished the sword with ease. "Now lay the saddle on me," said the horse, "put on the armor and take the whip of thorn, the stone and the water-flask, and the pot with ointment, and then we will set out."

When the youth had mounted the horse, it started off at a rapid rate. After riding some time, the horse said, "I think I hear a noise. Look round: can you see anything?" — "A great many men are coming after us, — certainly a score at least," answered the youth. "Ah! that is the Troll," said the horse, "he is coming with all his companions."

They travelled for a time, until their pursuers were gaining on them. "Throw now the thorn whip over your shoulder," said the horse, "but throw it far away from me."

The youth did so, and at the same moment there sprang up a large thick wood of briars. The youth now rode on a long way, while the Troll was obliged to go home for something wherewith to hew a road through the wood. After some time the horse again said, "Look back: can you see anything now?" "Yes, a whole multitude of people," said the youth, "like a church congregation." — "That is the Troll; now he has got more with him; throw out now the large stone, but throw it far from me."

When the youth had done what the horse desired, there arose a large stone mountain behind them. So the Troll was obliged to go home after something with which to bore through the mountain; and while he was thus employed, the youth rode on a considerable way. But now the horse again bade him look back; he then saw a multitude like a whole army; they were so bright that they glittered in the sun. "Well, that is the Troll with all his friends," said the horse. "Now throw the water bottle behind you, but take good care to spill nothing on me!" The youth did so, but notwithstanding his caution he happened to spill a drop on the horse's loins. Immediately there rose a vast lake, and the spilling of the few drops caused the horse to stand far out in the water; nevertheless, he at last swam to the shore. When the Trolls came to the water they lay down to drink it all up, and they gulped and gulped till they burst. "Now we are quit of them," said the horse.

When they had travelled on a very long way they came to

a green plain in a wood. "Take off your armor now," said the horse, "and put on your rags only; lift my saddle off and hang everything up in that large hollow linden; make yourself then a wig of pine-moss, go to the royal palace which lies close by, and there ask for employment. When you desire to see me, come to this spot, shake the bridle, and I will instantly be with you."

The youth did as the horse told him; and when he put on the moss wig he became so pale and miserable to look at that no one would have recognized him. On reaching the palace, he only asked if he might serve in the kitchen to carry wood and water to the cook; but the cook-maid asked him why he wore such an ugly wig? "Take it off," said she: "I will not have anybody here so frightful." — "That I cannot," answered the youth, "for I am not very clean in the head." — "Dost thou think then that I will have thee in the kitchen, if such be the case?" said she; "go to the master of the horse: thou art fittest to carry muck from the stables." When the master of the horse told him to take off his wig, he got the same answer, so he refused to have him. "Thou canst go to the gardener," said he, "thou art only fit to go and dig the ground." The gardener allowed him to remain, but none of the servants would sleep with him, so he was obliged to sleep alone under the stairs of the summer-house, which stood upon pillars and had a high staircase, under which he laid a quantity of moss for a bed, and there lay as well as he could.

When he had been some time in the royal palace, it happened one morning, just at sunrise, that the youth had taken off his moss wig and was standing washing himself, and appeared so handsome it was a pleasure to look on him. The princess saw from her window this comely gardener, and thought she had never before seen any one so handsome.

She then asked the gardener why he lay out there under the stairs. "Because none of the other servants will lie with him," answered the gardener. "Let him come this evening and lie by the door in my room," said the princess: "they cannot refuse after that to let him sleep in the house."

The gardener told this to the youth. "Dost thou think I will do so?" said he. "If I do so, all will say there is something between me and the princess." — "Thou hast reason, forsooth, to fear such a suspicion," replied the gardener, "such a fine, comely lad as thou art." — "Well, if she has commanded

it, I suppose I must comply," said the youth. In going upstairs that evening he stamped and made such a noise that they were obliged to beg of him to go more gently, lest it might come to the king's knowledge. When within the chamber, he lay down and began immediately to snore. The princess then said to her waiting-maid, "Go gently and pull off his moss wig." Creeping softly toward him, she was about to snatch it, but he held it fast with both hands, and said she should not have it. He then lay down again and began to snore. The princess made a sign to the maid, and this time she snatched his wig off. There he lay so beautifully red and white, just as the princess had seen him in the morning sun. After this the youth slept every night in the princess's chamber.

But it was not long before the king heard that the gardener lad slept every night in the princess's chamber, at which he became so angry that he almost resolved on putting him to death. This, however, he did not do, but cast him into prison, and his daughter he confined to her room, not allowing her to go out, either by day or night. Her tears and prayers for herself and the youth were unheeded by the king, who only became the more incensed against her.

Some time after this, there arose a war and disturbance in the country, and the king was obliged to take arms and defend himself against another king, who threatened to deprive him of his throne. When the youth heard this he begged the jailer would go to the king for him, and propose to let him have armor and a sword, and allow him to follow to the war. All the courtiers laughed when the jailer made known his errand to the king. They begged he might have some old trumpery for armor, that they might enjoy the sport of seeing the poor creature in the war. He got the armor and also an old jade of a horse, which limped on three legs, dragging the fourth after it.

Thus they all marched forth against the enemy, but they had not gone far from the royal palace before the youth stuck fast with his old jade in a swamp. Here he sat beating and calling to the jade, "Hie! wilt thou go? hie! wilt thou go?" This amused all the others, who laughed and jeered as they passed. But no sooner were they all gone than, running to the linden, he put on his own armor and shook the bridle, and immediately the horse appeared, and said, "Do thou do thy best and I will do mine."

When the youth arrived on the field the battle had already begun, and the king was hard pressed; but just at that moment the youth put the enemy to flight. The king and his attendants wondered who it could be that came to their help; but no one had been near enough to speak to him, and when the battle was over he was away. When they returned, the youth was still sitting fast in the swamp, beating and calling to his three-legged jade. They laughed as they passed, and said, "Only look, yonder sits the fool yet."

The next day when they marched out the youth was still sitting there, and they again laughed and jeered at him; but no sooner had they all passed by than he ran again to the linden, and everything took place as on the previous day. Every one wondered who the stranger warrior was who had fought for them; but no one approached him so near that he could speak to him: of course no one ever imagined that it was the youth.

When they returned in the evening and saw him and his old jade still sticking fast in the swamp, they again made a jest of him; one shot an arrow at him and wounded him in the leg, and he began to cry and moan so that it was sad to hear, whereupon the king threw him his handkerchief that he might bind it about his leg. When they marched forth the third morning there sat the youth calling to his horse, "Hie! wilt thou go? hie! wilt thou go?"—"No, no! he will stay there till he starves," said the king's men as they passed by, and laughed so heartily at him that they nearly fell from their horses. When they had all passed, he again ran to the linden, and came to the battle just at the right moment. That day he killed the enemy's king, and thus the war was at an end.

When the fighting was over, the king observed his handkerchief tied round the leg of the strange warrior, and by this he easily knew him. They received him with great joy, and carried him with them up to the royal palace, and the princess, who saw them from her window, was so delighted no one could tell. "There comes my beloved also," said she. He then took the pot of ointment and rubbed his leg, and afterward all the wounded, so that they were all well again in a moment.

After this the king gave him the princess to wife. On the day of his marriage he went down into the stable to see the horse, and found him dull, hanging his ears and refusing to eat. When the young king—for he was now king, having obtained the half of the realm—spoke to him and asked him

what he wanted, the horse said, "I have now helped thee forward in the world, and I will live no longer: thou must take thy sword, and cut my head off." — "No, that I will not do," said the young king: "thou shalt have whatever thou wilt, and always live without working." — "If thou wilt not do as I say," answered the horse, "I shall find a way of killing thee."

The king was then obliged to slay him; but when he raised the sword to give the stroke he was so distressed that he turned his face away; but no sooner had he struck his head off than there stood before him a handsome prince in the place of the horse.

"Whence in the name of Heaven didst thou come?" asked the king. "It was I who was the horse," answered the prince. "Formerly I was king of the country whose sovereign you slew yesterday; it was he who cast over me a horse's semblance, and sold me to the Troll. As he is killed, I shall recover my kingdom, and you and I shall be neighboring kings; but we will never go to war with each other."

Neither did they; they were friends as long as they lived, and the one came often to visit the other.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

(From "Tales from the Fjeld.")

ONCE on a time there was a lad who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of Yule ale. Well, he got it and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if any one were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might lessen and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"I'm looking after some one to drink with and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?"

said the man. "I have fared both far and wide, and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well! why shouldn't I?" said the lad; "but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am 'Our Lord,' and come from Heaven," said the man.

"Thee will I not drink with," said the lad; "for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink," and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so lessen the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly, scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with any one else?" said the man; "I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well, why not?" said the lad; "but who are you, and whence do you come?"

"Who am I? I am the De'il, and I come from Hell; that's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the lad; "thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness astir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale keg on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 't was a wonder his bones hung together.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some one to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man.

"Yes; why not?" said the lad. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"The very man for my money," said the lad. "Thee I am glad to drink with," and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

At last Death said, "I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But, after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room, Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sat by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess' room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm.

So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?"

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read, but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to Amen; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ONCE on a time there was a man who went into the wood to cut hop poles, but he could find no trees so long and straight and slender as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"Maybe," said the Dragon, "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and

never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world — that's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first thing that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see nor hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it's the way of the world," said the hound; "that's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat; but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now, I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he could n't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon. He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard, "I see how it all is;" but as he said this he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you?" said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hillside, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I dare say," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and what's more I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into his hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he could n't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs

stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lassies with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard; "how true it is. 'T is the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."

THE LADY POVERTY.

THE Lady Poverty was fair,
But she has lost her looks of late,
With change of times and change of air.
Ah, slattern! she neglects her hair,
Her gown, her shoes; she keeps no state,
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or — almost worse, if worse can be —
She scolds in parlors, dusts, and trims,
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,
Who with Obedience carolled hymns,
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
Not among modern kinds of men;
But in the stony fields, where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And slender landscape and austere.

Anonymous.

ROGER ASCHAM.

ASCHAM, ROGER, a noted English classical scholar, born in Yorkshire in 1515; died in London, December 30, 1568. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroope. At the age of fifteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in Greek and Latin, and was three years after chosen a fellow of his College. In 1544 he became public orator of the University, and was made Latin Secretary to the boy-king, Edward VI., then only seven years old. In 1548 he was invited by the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Queen, to direct her studies in Latin and Greek. In 1550 he went as secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, who had been appointed ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., and remained abroad for three years. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, Ascham was appointed her Latin Secretary, and he was continued in this office upon the accession of Elizabeth, three years later. When he died, Elizabeth said that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor. Ascham has been styled, perhaps somewhat too emphatically, "the father of English prose."

THE BRINGING UP OF YOUTH.

(From "The Schoolmaster.")

LEARNING is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden, about St. James tide: a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour: when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats: sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangledness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito: That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number: which he proveth true in diverse other things: as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow: And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better, learned, wiser, and honester man: and therefore do I the more lament that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skilful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one, they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should: for he suf-

fereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children: and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

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Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear: They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth: as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all: and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind: And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both: which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly

to school, and run so fast to the stable: For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred for learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causes them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo witnesseth:—

“Darius the king lieth buried here,
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.”

But, to our purpose, young men who, by any means, lose the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill-handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more,—and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent,—that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to

receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a sweet young babe is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young; and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with wilfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittingly mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park: I found her in her chamber, reading "*Phædon Platonis*" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato: alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."—"And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it: seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto."—"I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because

it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

ON STUDY AND EXERCISE.

(From "Toxophilus.")

PHILOLOGE. But now to our shooting, Toxophile, again; wherein I suppose you cannot say so much for shooting to be fit for learning, as you have spoken against music for the same. Therefore, as concerning music, I can be content to grant you your mind; but as for shooting, surely I suppose that you cannot persuade me, by no means, that a man can be earnest in it, and earnest at his book too; but rather I think that a man with a bow on his back, and shafts under his girdle, is more fit to wait upon Robin Hood than upon Apollo or the Muses.

TOXOPHILE. Over-earnest shooting surely I will not over-earnestly defend; for I ever thought shooting should be a waiter upon learning, not a mistress over learning. Yet this I marvel not a little at, that ye think a man with a bow on his back is more like Robin Hood's servant than Apollo's, seeing that Apollo himself, in *Alcestis* of Euripides, which tragedy you read openly not long ago, in a manner glorieth, saying this verse: —

"It is my wont always my bow with me to bear."

Therefore a learned man ought not too much to be ashamed to bear that sometime, which Apollo, god of learning, himself was not ashamed always to bear. And because ye would have a man wait upon the Muses, and not at all meddle with shooting: I marvel that you do not remember how that the nine Muses their self, as soon as they were born, were put to nurse to a lady called Euphemis, which had a son named Erotus, with whom the nine Muses for his excellent shooting kept evermore company withal, and used daily to shoot together in the Mount Parnassus; and at last it chanced this Erotus to die, whose death the Muses lamented greatly, and fell all upon their knees afore Jupiter their father; and at their request, Erotus, for shooting with the Muses on earth, was made a sign and called Sagittarius in heaven. Therefore you see that if Apollo and the Muses either were examples indeed, or only feigned of wise men to be examples of learning, honest shooting may well enough be companion with honest study.

PHILOLOGE. — Well, Toxophile, if you have no stronger defence of shooting than poets, I fear if your companions which love shooting heard you, they would think you made it but a trifling and fabling matter, rather than any other man that loveth not shooting could be persuaded by this reason to love it.

TOXOPHILE. — Even as I am not so fond but I know that these be fables, so I am sure you be not so ignorant but you know what such noble wits as the poets had, meant by such matters ; which oftentimes, under the covering of a fable, do hide and wrap in goodly precepts of philosophy, with the true judgment of things. Which to be true, specially in Homer and Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, and Galen plainly do show ; when through all their works (in a manner) they determine all controversies by these two poets and such like authorities. Therefore, if in this matter I seem to fable and nothing prove, I am content you judge so on me, seeing the same judgment shall condemn with me Plato, Aristotle, and Galen, whom in that error I am well content to follow. If these old examples prove nothing for shooting, what say you to this, that the best learned and sagest men in this realm which be now alive, both love shooting and use shooting, as the best learned bishops that be ? amongst whom, Philologe, you yourself know four or five, which, as in all good learning, virtue, and sageness, they give other men example what thing they should do, even so by their shooting they plainly show what honest pastime other men given to learning may honestly use. That earnest study must be recreated with honest pastime, sufficiently I have proved afore, both by reason and authority of the best learned men that ever wrote. Then seeing pastimes be leful [lawful], the most fittest for learning is to be sought for. A pastime, saith Aristotle, must be like a medicine. Medicines stand by contraries ; therefore, the nature of studying considered, the fittest pastime shall soon appear. In study every part of the body is idle, which thing causeth gross and cold humors to gather together and vex scholars very much ; the mind is altogether bent and set on work. A pastime then must be had where every part of the body must be labored, to separate and lessen such humors withal ; the mind must be unbent, to gather and fetch again his quickness withal. Thus pastimes for the mind only be nothing fit for students, because the body, which is most hurt by study, should take away no profit thereat. This knew Erasmus very well, when he was here in Cambridge ; which, when he had been sore at his book (as Garret our book-

binder had very often told me), for lack of better exercise, would take his horse and ride about the market-hill and come again. If a scholar should use bowls or tennis, the labor is too vehement and unequal, which is condemned of Galen; the example very ill for other men, when by so many acts they be made unlawful. Running, leaping, and quaiting be too vile for scholars, and so not fit by Aristotle's judgment; walking alone into the field hath no token of courage in it, a pastime like a simple man which is neither flesh nor fish. Therefore if a man would have a pastime wholesome and equal for every part of the body, pleasant and full of courage for the mind, not vile and dishonest to give ill example to laymen, not kept in gardens and corners, not lurking on the night and in holes, but evermore in the face of men, either to rebuke it when it doeth ill, or else to testify on it when it doth well, let him seek chiefly of all other for shooting.

THE CAPTAIN IN LOVE.

"CONDUCT thee wisely, Nicholas, as well becomes a captain,
Nor with thy children be at strife, nor venture to insult them;
For they an evil plot have laid, resolving they will slay thee." —
"Who is it with my children talks? who is it tells them stories?
Well! when the blooming spring shall come, and when shall come
the summer,
To Xerolibada I go, and to our ancient quarters, —
Thither I go to wed my love, to take a fair-haired maiden:
With golden coins I'll deck my love, with strings of pearls adorn
her."

The Pallicars they heard his words, and scornful was their anger;
Three shots they gave him all at once, and all the three were fatal.
"Down with the weakling fool!" they cried; "shoot down the
worthless wanton!

From us he took the golden coins to win the fair-haired maiden.
Our fair-haired maid the pistol is, the sabre is our mistress."

Modern Greek.

ATHENÆUS.

ATHENÆUS, an industrious Greek writer of the third century, reputed to have been born at Naucratis in the Nile Delta, and to have lived at Alexandria and afterwards at Rome. He is famous for one work, his "Feast of the Learned," a series of books giving with little connection or little literary art a vast assemblage of quotations from nearly 800 writers and 2400 distinct writings, covering practically every department of ancient learning. It has been valued by scholars of all succeeding times as a treasure-house of quotation and anecdote.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH.

(From the "Deipnosophistæ.")

ONE ought to avoid thick perfumes, and to drink water that is thin and clear, and that in respect of weight is light, and that has no earthy particles in it. And that water is best which is of moderate heat or coldness, and which, when poured into a brazen or silver vessel, does not produce a blackish sediment. Hippocrates says, "Water which is easily warmed or easily chilled is always lighter." But that water is bad which takes a long time to boil vegetables; and so too is water full of nitre, or brackish. And in his book "On Waters," Hippocrates calls good water drinkable; but stagnant water he calls bad, such as that from ponds or marshes. And most spring-water is rather hard.

Erasistratus says that some people test water by weight, and that is a most stupid proceeding. "For just look," says he, "if men compare the water from the fountain Amphiaras with that from the Eretrian spring, though one of them is good and the other bad, there is absolutely no difference in their respective weights." And Hippocrates, in his book "On Places," says that those waters are the best which flow from high ground, and from dry hills, "for they are white and sweet, and are able to bear very little wine, and are warm in winter and cold in summer." And he praises those most, the springs of which break toward

the east, and especially toward the northeast, for they must be inevitably clear and fragrant and light. Diocles says that water is good for the digestion and not apt to cause flatulency, that it is moderately cooling, and good for the eyes, and that it has no tendency to make the head feel heavy, and that it adds vigor to the mind and body. And Praxagoras says the same; and he also praises rain-water. But Euenor praises water from cisterns, and says that the best is that from the cistern of Amphiaraus, when compared with that from the fountain in Eretria.

That water is really nutritious is plain from the fact that some animals are nourished by it alone, as for instance grasshoppers. And there are many other liquids that are nutritious, such as milk, barleywater, and wine. At all events, animals at the breast are nourished by milk; and there are many nations who drink nothing but milk. And it is said that Democritus, the philosopher of Abdera, after he had determined to rid himself of life on account of his extreme old age, and after he had begun to diminish his food day by day, when the day of the Thesmo-phorian festival came round, and the women of his household besought him not to die during the festival, in order that they might not be debarred from their share in the festivities, was persuaded, and ordered a vessel full of honey to be set near him: and in this way he lived many days with no other support than honey; and then some days after, when the honey had been taken away, he died. But Democritus had always been fond of honey; and he once answered a man, who asked him how he could live in the enjoyment of the best health, that he might do so if he constantly moistened his inward parts with honey, and the outer man with oil. And bread and honey was the chief food of the Pythagoreans, according to the statement of Aristoxenus, who says that those who eat this for breakfast were free from disease all their lives. And Lycus says that the Cyrneans (a people who lived near Sardinia) are very long-lived, because they are continually eating honey; and it is produced in great quantities among them.

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME GREAT EATERS.

(From the "Deipnosophistæ.")

HERACLITUS, in his "Entertainer of Strangers," says that there was a woman named Helena who ate more than any other woman ever did. And Posidippus, in his "Epigrams," says

that Phuromachus was a great eater, on whom he wrote this epigram: —

“This lowly ditch now holds Phuromachus,
 Who used to swallow everything he saw,
 Like a fierce carrion crow who roams all night.
 Now here he lies wrapped in a ragged cloak.
 But, O Athenian, whosoe’er you are,
 Anoint this tomb and crown it with a wreath,
 If ever in old times he feasted with you.
 At last he came *sans* teeth, with eyes worn out,
 And livid, swollen eyelids; clothed in skins,
 With but one single cruse, and that scarce full;
 Far from the gay Lenæan Games he came,
 Descending humbly to Calliope.”

Amarantus of Alexandria, in his treatise on the Stage, says that Herodorus, the Megarian trumpeter, was a man three cubits and a half in height; and that he had great strength in his chest, and that he could eat six pounds of bread, and twenty *litraë* of meat, of whatever sort was provided for him, and that he could drink two *choes* of wine; and that he could play on two trumpets at once; and that it was his habit to sleep on only a lion’s skin, and when playing on the trumpet he made a vast noise. Accordingly, when Demetrius the son of Antigonus was besieging Argos, and when his troops could not bring the battering ram against the walls on account of its weight, he, giving the signal with his two trumpets at once, by the great volume of sound which he poured forth, instigated the soldiers to move forward the engine with great zeal and earnestness; and he gained the prize in all the games ten times; and he used to eat sitting down, as Nestor tells us in his “Theatrical Reminiscences.” And there was a woman, too, named Aglais, who played on the trumpet, the daughter of Magacles, who, in the first great procession which took place in Alexandria, played a processional piece of music; having a head-dress of false hair on, and a crest upon her head, as Posidippus proves by his epigrams on her. And she too could eat twelve *litraë* of meat and four *chœnixes* of bread, and drink a *chœnus* of wine, at one sitting.

There was besides a man of the name of Lityerses, a bastard son of Midas, the King of Celænæ, in Phrygia, a man of a savage and fierce aspect, and an enormous glutton. He is mentioned by Sositheus, the tragic poet, in his play called “Daphnis” or “Lityersa;” where he says: —

"He'll eat three asses' panniers, freight and all,
 Three times in one brief day; and what he calls
 A measure of wine is a ten-amphoræ cask;
 And this he drinks all at a single draught."

And the man mentioned by Pherecrates, or Strattis, whichever was the author of the play called "The Good Men," was much such another; the author says:—

"*A.*—I scarcely in one day, unless I'm forced,
 Can eat two bushels and a half of food.
B.—A most unhappy man! how have you lost
 Your appetite, so as now to be content
 With the scant rations of one ship of war?"

And Xanthus, in his "Account of Lydia," says that Cambles, who was the king of the Lydians, was a great eater and drinker, and also an exceeding epicure; and accordingly, that he one night cut up his own wife into joints and ate her; and then, in the morning, finding the hand of his wife still sticking in his mouth, he slew himself, as his act began to get notorious. And we have already mentioned Thys, the king of the Paphlagonians, saying that he too was a man of vast appetite, quoting Theopompus, who speaks of him in the thirty-fifth book of his "History;" and Archilochus, in his "Tetrameters," has accused Charilas of the same fault, as the comic poets have attacked Cleonymus and Pisander. And Phœnicides mentions Chærippus in his "Phylarchus" in the following terms:—

"And next to them I place Chærippus third;
 He, as you know, will without ceasing eat
 As long as any one will give him food,
 Or till he bursts, — such stowage vast has he,
 Like any house."

And Nicolaus the Peripatetic, in the hundred and third book of his "History," says that Mithridates, the king of Pontus, once proposed a contest in great eating and great drinking (the prize was a talent of silver), and that he himself gained the victory in both; but he yielded the prize to the man who was judged to be second to him, namely, Calomodrys, the athlete of Cyzicus. And Timocreon the Rhodian, a poet and an athlete who had gained the victory in the pentathlon, ate and drank a great deal, as the epigram on his tomb shows:—

“Much did I eat, much did I drink, and much
Did I abuse all men ; now here I lie : —
My name Timocreon, my country Rhodes.”

And Thrasymachus of Chalcedon, in one of his prefaces, says that Timocreon came to the great king of Persia, and being entertained by him, did eat an immense quantity of food ; and when the king asked him, What he would do on the strength of it ? he said that he would beat a great many Persians ; and the next day having vanquished a great many, one after another, taking them one by one, after this he beat the air with his hands ; and when they asked him what he wanted, he said that he had all those blows left in him if any one was inclined to come on. And Clearchus, in the fifth book of his “Lives,” says that Cantibaris the Persian, whenever his jaws were weary with eating, had his slaves to pour food into his mouth, which he kept open as if they were pouring it into an empty vessel. But Hellanicus, in the first book of his *Deucalionia*, says that Erysichthon, the son of Myrmidon, being a man perfectly insatiable in respect of food, was called *Æthon*. Also Polemo, in the first book of his “Treatise addressed to Timæus,” says that among the Sicilians there was a temple consecrated to gluttony, and an image of Demeter Sito ; near which also there was a statue of Himalis, as there is at Delphi one of Hermuchus, and as at Scolum in Bœotia there are statues of Megalartus and Megalomazus.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

ATHERSTONE, EDWIN, an English poet; born at Nottingham, England, April 17, 1788; died January 29, 1872. He was the author of "The Last Days of Herculaneum" and "The Fall of Nineveh." In addition to these poems he wrote "Israel in Egypt" and "The Handwriting on the Wall."

THE BANQUET OF SARDANAPALUS.

THE moon is clear, the stars are coming forth,
The evening breeze falls pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that on high jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendors flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual King is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .

Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls. . . .

Sylph-like girls and blooming boys
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as Spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes:
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. . . .
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy

And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
 That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
 Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro ;
 Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze —
 Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold ;
 Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there ;
 Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song ;
 And many feet that tread the dance are seen ;
 And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned,
 So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .

Then went the king,

Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
 Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised
 From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
 Purple and edged with gold; and standing then
 Upon the utmost summit of the mount —
 Round and yet round — for two strong men a task
 Sufficient deemed — he waved the splendid flag,
 Bright as a meteor streaming. — At that sight
 The plain was in a stir; the helms of brass
 Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
 And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
 Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
 Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
 And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
 And clashed together. In a moment more
 Up came the monstrous universal shout,
 Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
 The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
 Rocking the clouds; from all the swarming plain
 And from the city rose the mingled cry,
 "Long live Sardanapalus, King of Kings!
 May the King live forever!" Thrice the flag
 The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
 Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
 And the firm ground made tremble.

ATTERBOM.

ATTERBOM, PER DANIEL AMADEUS. An eminent and scholarly Swedish poet; born in the parish of Asbo, East-Gothland, Jan. 19, 1790; died in Upsala, July 21, 1855. He was early influenced by German literature, and having visited Germany and Italy in 1817-19, he formed ties of friendship with Schelling and Thorwaldsen; he became instructor to Crown Prince Oscar in 1820, and professor at the university in Upsala in 1828. Although unquestionably the foremost among the lyric poets of the romantic school in Sweden, it must be acknowledged that his rare talent was much impaired by his groping in Schelling's and Hegel's philosophy. His most celebrated work is "The Isle of Blessedness" (1823), a romantic drama in the manner of Tieck; but he also wrote: "The Flowers," a cycle of lyrics; "The Blue Bird," a play, and "Swedish Seers and Poets," a volume of criticisms.

THE MERMAID.

Leaving the sea, the pale moon lights the strand.
Tracing old runes, a youth inscribes the sand.
And by the rune-ring waits a woman fair,
Down to her feet extends her dripping hair.

Woven of lustrous pearls her robes appear,
Thin as the air and as the water clear.
Lifting the veil with milk-white hand she shows
Eyes in whose deeps a deadly fire glows.

Blue are her eyes: she looks upon him — bound,
As by a spell, he views their gulf profound.
Heaven and death are there: in his desire,
He feels the chill of ice, the heat of fire.

Graciously smiling, now she whispers low:
"The runes are dark, would you their meaning know?
Follow! my dwelling is as dark and deep;
You, you alone, its treasure vast shall keep!"



THE MERMAID
From Painting by W Kray

"Where is your dwelling, charming maid, now say?"
 "Built on a coral island far away,
 Crystalline, golden, floats that castle free.
 Meet for a lovely daughter of the sea!"

Still he delays and muses, on the strand;
 Now the alluring maiden grasps his hand.
 "Ah! Do you tremble, you who were so bold?"
 "Yes, for the heaving breakers are so cold!"

"Let not the mounting waves your spirit change!
 Take, as a charm, my ring with sea-runes strange.
 Here is my crown of water-lilies white,
 Here is my harp, with human bones bedight."

Blithely she dances on the pearl-strewn sand,
 Smiting the bone-harp with her graceful hand.
 Fair is her bosom, through her thin robe seen,
 White as a swan beheld through rushes green.

"Follow me, youth! through ocean deeps we'll rove;
 There is my castle in its coral grove;
 There the red branches purple shadows throw,
 There the green waves, like grass, sway to and fro.

"Heaven and earth to win you I abjure!
 Child of the ocean, is your promise sure?"
 "Heaven and earth abjuring, great's your gain,
 Throned with the ancient gods, a king to reign!"

Lo, as she speaks, a thousand starlights gleam,
 Lighted for Heaven's Christmas day they seem.
 Sighing, he swears the oath, — the die is cast;
 Into the mermaid's arms he sinks at last.

High on the shore the rushing waves roll in.
 "Why does the color vary on your skin?
 What! From your waist a fish's tail depends!"
 "Worn for the dances of my sea-maid friends."

High overhead, the stars, like torches, burn:
 "Haste! to my golden castle I return.
 Save me, ye runes!" — "Yes, try them now; they fail.
 Pupil of *heathen* men, my spells prevail!"

Proudly she turns; her sceptre strikes the wave.
 Roaring, it parts; the ocean yawns, a grave.
 Mermaid and youth go down; the gulf is deep.
 Over their heads the surging waters sweep.

Often, on moonlight nights, when bluebells ring,
 When for their sports the elves are gathering,
 Out of the waves the youth appears, and plays
 Tunes that are merry, mournful, like his days.

SVANHVIT'S SONG.

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee,
 Slumber from snow and stormy sky,
 Lovely and lone one!
 Now is the time for thee to die,
 When vale and streamlet frozen lie.
 Hush thee, Oh, hush thee.

Hours hasten onward;
 For thee the last will soon be o'er.
 Rest thee, Oh, rest thee,
 Flowers have withered thus before;
 And my poor heart, what would'st thou more?
 Rest thee, Oh, rest thee!

Shadows should darkly
 Enveil thy past delights and woes.
 Forget, Oh, forget them!
 'T is thus that eve its shadow throws;
 But now, in noiseless night's repose
 Forget, Oh, forget them!

Slumber, Oh, slumber!
 No friend hast thou like kindly snow;
 Sleep is well for thee,
 For whom no second spring will blow:—
 Then why, poor heart, still beating so?
 Slumber, Oh, slumber!

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!
 Resign thy life-breath in a sigh;
 Listen no longer;
 Life bids farewell to thee;— then die.
 Sad one, good-night!— in sweet sleep lie!
 Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES, an American naturalist, born in Louisiana, of French parentage, May 4, 1780; died at his residence near the city of New York, January 27, 1851. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, where he studied art under the direction of the painter David. But the whole bent of his mind was toward natural history, and especially toward birds. Returning to America in 1798, his father established him on a farm in Pennsylvania; but his vocation was not that of an agriculturist. In 1810, accompanied by his wife and child, he boated down the Ohio River on a bird-sketching expedition. A year later he set out for Florida with like intent. For ten or a dozen years more one may find him traversing American forests in order to become acquainted with their winged inhabitants in their own habitats. He had during these years planned his great work, "The Birds of America," and in 1826 he went to Europe in order to try to make arrangements for its publication. He received the warmest encouragement from all British men of letters and science. In two years the beginning of the mighty work was ready for the subscribers. It consisted of eighty-seven parts, in what is technically known as "elephant folio," a size sufficient to render it possible for the largest birds to be represented in life size. The work, as finally completed, consisted of five of these huge volumes of colored engravings, containing 448 plates of birds, and five octavo volumes of letter-press, which together constitute the "American Ornithological Biography." The subscription price of the entire work was £182, 14s. — equivalent to a little less than \$1,000. An edition much reduced in size, but with some additional plates, was issued in 1844.

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE.

(From "The American Ornithological Biography.")

ON my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming

as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace; and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which formed their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the long wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had

split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch should make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself, in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed me and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eyes met mine; but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down,

with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard; and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother — for so she proved to be — bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised toward the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in the situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon —, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first one who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in the world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the point of rising and shooting her on the spot; — but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that

moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation.

Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives. They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upward of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travelers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road, and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with! So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beautiful petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without

injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens — nay, the deepest shades of the forest — are all visited in their turn; and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light — upwards, downwards, to the right and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season; and retreats with equal care at the approach of Autumn.

THE DESCENT OF THE OHIO: 1810.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronze carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us. Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a flash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white-perch; for, on casting our net from the

now, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangement, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water; and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable extent and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along these delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great-owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us. So was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar.

When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered by snow. Many sluggish flatboats we overtook and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest that every-

where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper in every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transporting civilization into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years [1810-30] I pause, wonder, and — although I know all to be a fact — can scarcely believe its reality.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD, a celebrated German novelist, poet, and author, of Jewish parentage, was born in Nordstetten, Würtemberg, Black Forest, February 28, 1812; died at Cannes, France, February 8, 1882. His parents were of the common people, and too poor to educate him, but they were not slow to perceive his unusual intelligence, and wished him educated for the synagogue. He was sent to the Talmud school at Hechingen, to Carlsruhe, and to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, completing his studies at the universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg. But while at these universities he began to neglect Hebrew theology for history, philosophy, and literature, and later wholly abandoned it for literature. His first published work, "Judaism and Recent Literature," appeared in 1836; a biographical romance founded on the life of Spinoza, in 1837; a translation of Spinoza's works, 5 vols., in 1841; and the first series of "Village Stories of the Black Forest" in 1843; then followed "The Professor's Wife" (1847); "Baarfüssele" (1856); "Joseph in the Snow" (1860); "Edelweiss" (1861); "The Villa on the Rhine" (1869); "On the Heights" (1871); "Waldfried" (1874); "Brigitta" (1880). Many of his stories have been translated into English and several European languages.

IRMA'S REMORSE.

(From "On the Heights.")

HE who destroys his life does not destroy his own life alone.

The child who afflicts a father assists in preparing his grave.

Upon my brow there stands an inextinguishable print, a Cain mark from the hand of my father.

I can never again look at my own face, nor can I ever let the eye of another look on it.

Can I flee from myself? Everywhere myself must follow me.

I am a castaway, lost, and ruined —

Such was the dreary monotone that rang through Irma's soul again and again.

She lay in the darkened room, where not a sunbeam was allowed to penetrate, nor a ray of light to enter; she was alone with herself and darkness. Her thoughts called to her like voices, on the right, on the left, from above, and from below, everywhere — and it often seemed to her as if her father's hand hovered through the gloom with an outstretched finger of flame.

She heard without the voices of Bruno and the physician; Bruno wanted to ask her many things, Gunther wished to return to the capital. Irma answered that she could see no one; she commissioned Gunther with a thousand greetings to all who cared for her.

Gunther charged the family doctor and the maid to watch carefully over Irma; he sent a messenger to Emmy in the convent.

Irma remained in darkness and in solitude.

The tempter came to her, and said: —

“Why dost thou pine away thy young life? the whole world lies before thee with its splendor and beauty. Where is a trace upon thy brow? the hand that left it is stiff and decayed. Rise up! the world is thine! why languish away? why mortify thyself? everything lives for itself, everything lives its time. Thy father has consummated his life, consummate thou thine own! What is sin? — death has no right to life, life alone has right” —

Hither and thither the struggle tormented her, and suddenly in the gloom she seemed to have before her the New Testament scene, in which Satan and the Archangel dispute about the body of Moses.

“I am no dead body,” she burst forth, “and there are no angels and there are no devils! All is a lie! from generation to generation they sing to us all sorts of tales as they do to children in the darkness.

“The day is here. I can pull aside my curtain and the world of light is mine. Have not thousands erred like me, and still live happy?”

She rushed to the window. It seemed to her as if she lay buried alive in the earth, her imagination transported her to that one grave —

“I must have light, light!”

She raised the curtain. A broad ray of light came in. She sprung back; the curtain fell again and she lay in darkness.

Presently she heard a voice which went deep to her heart. Colonel Bronnen had come from the capital to show the last token of respect to Eberhardt; he begged Irma — and his strong voice was half stifled — to do him the favor and let him mourn with her for the dead.

Irma's blood seemed to congeal in her heart. She opened the door and held out her hand to her friend in the dark; he pressed it, and she heard him, strong man as he was, weeping loudly. As if storm-driven, the thoughts passed through her mind: there stands a man who could rescue thee, and thou couldst serve him, and be subject to him — but how wouldst thou dare?

"I thank you," she said at last; "may you ever feel the happiness of having acted kindly to the departed one and me" —

Her voice faltered; she could not say more.

Bronnen went: he left her in the darkness.

Irma was again alone.

The last hold which she had left in life was broken. Could she have imagined what lines, from a torn letter picked up on the public way, Bronnen had in his pocket, she would have screamed aloud.

One thought alone was ever awake within her. What was it to her to see the sun rise so many thousand times more, and every sunbeam and every eye would make writing the glare, and words would be an everlasting terror to her. Father — daughter — who would efface those words from language, that she might never hear them again, never read them again?

She felt a sort of unfathomable void in her mind. The one and only thought was ever returning, it was never to be exhausted, and yet every side of it had been weighed, and brooding reflection had turned it over and over, with crushing power, indefatigably and yet wearily, in a thousand different aspects.

Then there came on that stupor of mind which is utter thoughtlessness. Nothing to think, nothing to desire, nothing to do. Chaos had fallen over the individual man, and beyond it hovered intangible objects. Let them come; be still as a beast for sacrifice, upon whose head the axe of the officiating priest is to be uplifted. The destiny must be accomplished;

thou canst do nothing, thou canst only stand still and not shrink away from it.

Irma lay thus for hours.

Outside her room, the pendulum of the great clock ticked, and the sound seemed ever saying, "Father — daughter, daughter — father." For hours she heard nothing but the ticking, and ever the words, Father — daughter, daughter — father! She longed to call out and order them to stop the clock, but she forbore. She tried to force herself not to hear these words in the ticking of the pendulum. But she could not succeed. Father — daughter, daughter — father! the pendulum still kept on repeating.

That which had once been the free play of her humor now played with her. "What hast thou seen of the world?" she said to herself. "A little segment. Thou must now make a journey round the whole earth; that shall be thy pilgrimage, and so thou wilt forget thyself. Thou must become acquainted with the whole planet, on which these creatures creep about, who call themselves men, and who stupefy their misery with digging and planting, with preaching and singing, with chiselling and painting, until they die. Stupefaction is everything" —

And in her mind pictures formed themselves, carrying her into boundless distances, the faithful servant pitching the tent in the desert, and perhaps some wild race approaching —

Half dreaming she heard the tomtom, and saw herself borne away, adorned with peacock's feathers, and dusky young forms dancing round her.

Her lively fancy had once amused itself with the idea, and it now arose of itself before her, half maddening her, as the sense-confusing dance closed around her.

It was the depth of the night. All were sleeping.

Irma opened her door gently and glided out.

She went to the chamber of death. A solitary light was burning at the head of the body; he lay in an open coffin, with a bunch of corn in his hand. The servant, who was watching by the corpse, looked amazed at Irma; he only nodded and did not speak a word.

Irma grasped her father's hand. Had that hand but rested in blessing on her head, instead of —

She knelt down and kissed the icy cold hand with her burning lips. A thought, a sense-distracting thought, flashed

through her mind: "It was the kiss of eternity! Burning flame and icy coldness had met together. It was the kiss of eternity" —

When she awoke in her room, she knew no longer whether she had been dreaming, or whether it was a reality that she had kissed the dead hand of her father; but this she felt — that deep within her innermost soul there lay something like a drop of ice, immovable, indelible.

The kiss of eternity — she could nevermore kiss warm lips — she was united to the dead.

She heard the bells toll as they carried her father to the grave; she did not leave her room, no sound came from her lips, no tear fell from her eye; everything in her was mute, dull, and shattered.

She lay in darkness. When the pigeons cooed on the window sill outside, and flew away, she knew that it was day.

Bruno was annoyed to the utmost at his sister's eccentric conduct. He wished to leave, and he requested her to accompany him, or to say what she proposed doing. But she gave no reply. At length, equipped for starting, he went into Irma's anteroom; her maid was sitting there, reading.

Bruno had stretched out his hand to pat her under the chin, but he quickly recollected himself that he was in sorrow; and he drew his hand back.

He gave his hat to the maid to fasten a mourning band on it, and in doing so, he stroked her hand as if by accident. Then he went again to his sister's door.

"Irma," said he, "Irma, be reasonable: give me an answer at last!"

"What do you want me to do?" asked a voice within.

"Open the door."

"I hear," she replied, but she did not open it.

"Well, then, I must tell you, there has been no will of my father's found. I will arrange everything with you in a brotherly manner. Won't you go with me to my family?"

"No."

"Then I must start alone. Good by!"

He received no answer; he listened to the footsteps retreating from the door, and turned away. The maid had fastened the crape round his hat; Bruno kissed her hand, and gave her a handsome present.

Then he set out on his journey.

It suited him well that he could travel without Irma; he could better give way to his inclinations when undisturbed by any one, and his philosophy enjoined no unnecessary sorrow! It is of no avail, and only mars life by it.

On the road, he felt very well satisfied with himself. The Wildenort estate he kept for himself on account of the name; it was small, and without some position in the state he could not live on it in a manner suitable to his rank. He resolved to give Irma when she married, which he hoped would soon be the case, the entire value of the hereditary property as her dowry.

Bruno travelled to the capital, and his first object after having visited his family was the jockey club, which was now permanently established. By paying a moderate forfeit, he wished to withdraw his horses from the race, which was to take place in the next few days; he was in sorrow, and they would have regard to that. On the way he met the physician, and Bruno turned back. The physician was going to the palace.

Never had this man, who was regarded at court as unmovable, been seen so agitated as when he brought back the tidings of the death of the old Count Wildenort.

He told the queen of the edifying reflections which had roused Eberhardt in his last hour, but he could not help adding that his deceased friend had not attained to the high point towards which he had so honestly striven; for that in his very last hour he had groped for outward support, and was obliged to impress anew upon his mind all that he had labored to obtain. The queen looked with astonishment at the man who could judge so sternly even when most deeply affected.

"How does our Irma bear it?" asked she.

"Heavily and silently, your majesty," replied the physician.

"I think," said the king to the queen, "we ought to write to our friend and send a messenger to her."

The queen concurred with his opinion, and the king said aloud to the comptroller of the household:—

"The queen wishes at once to despatch a courier to the Countess Irma; will you make the necessary arrangement? Send the lackey Baum."

The queen was startled. Why did the king say that she wished to send a messenger, when he had suggested it, and she had only agreed? A fear passed through her, but she mastered it quickly, and reproached herself that the evil thought which

had once been stirred in her had not yet entirely vanished. She went to her room, and wrote to Irma. The king also wrote.

Baum assumed a very modest and submissive expression when the comptroller of the household ordered him at once to make ready and to go as courier to the Countess of Wildenort; he was to remain with the countess, and never to leave her, and if she wished to travel, he was to accompany her until her return to the court.

When Baum set off with the letters, his face wore a very different expression; it was now triumphant; he was now on the point of gaining his great desire; the most delicate commission had been given him, he knew how it was, they understood him and he understood others. He turned behind to look towards the palace, and his expression was now by no means submissive; whispering behind his left hand, while he stroked his breast with the right, he said to himself, "I shall come back a made man, and I must at least be gentleman of the chamber."

Baum arrived at the castle. The maid told him that her mistress neither saw nor spoke to any one.

"If she could only cry," said the maid; "her silent grief is killing her."

There was a knock at Irma's closed door; but it was long before an answer came. At last Irma inquired what was the matter. She was obliged to support herself by the handle of the door, when she recognized Baum's voice. Had the king himself perhaps come?

Baum said that he had been sent as courier by their majesties, to deliver a letter. Irma opened the door only so far as to put out her hand; she took in the large letter and placed it on the table—she had nothing to learn of the world outside, the world outside could give her no comfort, no one could.

At length, towards evening, she drew back the curtains and broke the seal of the large envelope. Two letters were in it; one was directed in the queen's handwriting, the other in that of the king. She unfolded the queen's letter first, and read:—

DEAR, GOOD IRMA! [It was the first time that the queen had written so affectionately. Irma wiped her face with her handkerchief and went on reading.]

You have suffered the hardest sorrow in life. I should like to be with you to press your heavily beating heart to my own, and to kiss the tears from your eyes. I will not comfort you, I will only tell you that I feel with you, so far as one can feel what one has not one's self experienced. You are strong, noble, and harmonious, and I must appeal to you [Irma's hand trembled as she read this] to remember yourself and to bear your grief purely and beautifully. You are orphaned, but the world must not be desolate and void to you. There still live hearts allied to you by friendship. I rejoice, or rather I thank God, that I can be anything to you in sorrow. I need not tell you that I am your friend, but it does one good in hours like this to tell one's self so. I should like not to spend a single hour in amusement while you are in affliction. Every feeling is shared between us. [Irma covered her face with her hand. She composed herself and went on reading.]

Let me soon know what I can be to you. Come to me, or remain in solitude, just as your nature prompts. If I could only give you that enjoyment of yourself which we feel! You don't know what great delights you have afforded us. You have enriched our wealth of perception; that is the noblest achievement. Be strong in yourself, and know that you may rely on your heartily loving

MATILDA.

Irma laid the letter on the table, but she involuntarily pushed it far away from that of the king, which was still unopened. Years should elapse, seas should lie between, before the words of the king ought to be heard after such as these. And yet—how often had she listened to them both in the same breath, and looked at them with the same glance.

With a violent movement, as if in anger, she broke open the king's letter and read:—

It is deeply painful to me that you, my sweet friend, should have to learn that you are the child of a mortal man. I lament that your beautiful eyes should weep. If the most exalted are still capable of purification—and what mortal being is not so—this sorrow will only heighten your noble sentiments. But I pray you not to mount so high as to find us mean and low. Carry us with you on your heights.

Irma's countenance assumed a bitter, petrified expression. She went on reading:—

If you torment your beautiful eyes with tears and your noble heart with sighs, for more than seven days, and wish to live alone, let me know it by one word. If you wish to protect your mourn-

ing, and to recover yourself and another self by travel, decide whither you intend to go; only not too far away, not too far into the land of sorrow, a land foreign to you. You ought to be joyful, and to subdue grief cheerfully and quickly.

Your affectionate

K.

In the letter there lay a small piece of paper with the inscription, "To be burnt at once."

I can't live without thee: I lose myself if I lose thee. The present alone is life. I can only breathe in the light of thine eyes. I want no clouds, I yearn for sun. Remember what a world of thought thou harborest beneath that feathered hat. Give the world its sway. Thou must not be sad, thou must not, for my sake. Thou must be mistress of thy grief, as thou art mistress over me. Be strong, soar above everything, and come to thy K.

The kiss of eternity! I alone can kiss away the clouds, the sadness from thy brow — I can and I will!

Irma screamed aloud; she suppressed a convulsive laugh.

Can any lips kiss this brow? How would they relish the cold touch of death stamped here forever? How would that terrible word taste to their lips? Kiss it away! kiss it away! It burns, it freezes!

The maid outside heard these last words; she wanted to hasten to Irma, but the door was locked.

After a time Irma raised her head, and was astonished to find herself on the ground. She rose, and ordered light and writing materials. She burned both the letters from the king, held her heavy head for a time in her two hands, then took her pen and wrote: —

QUEEN, — I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget.

IRMA.

She wrote on the envelope, "By Gunther's hand. To the queen herself."

Then she took another sheet, and wrote: —

MY FRIEND, — I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself, agree with the law that binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both; and I, I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true

to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly, if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin, but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow, inscribe thine in thy heart, and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance.

IN COUNTESS IRMA'S DIARY.

(From "On the Heights.")

YESTERDAY was a year since I lay at the foot of the rock. I could not write a word. My brain whirled with the thoughts of that day; but now it is over.

I don't think I shall write much more. I have now experienced all the seasons in my new world. The circle is complete. There is nothing new to come from without. I know all that exists about me, or that can happen. I am at home in my new world.

Unto Jesus the Scribes and Pharisees brought a woman who was to be stoned to death, and He said unto them, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Thus it is written.

But I ask: How did she continue to live — she who was saved from being stoned to death; she who was pardoned — that is, condemned to live? How did she live on? Did she return to her home? How did she stand with the world? And how with her own heart?

No answer. None.

I must find the answer in my own experience.

"Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." These are the noblest, the greatest words ever uttered by human lips, or heard by human ear. They divide the history of the human race into two parts. They are the "Let there be light" of the second creation. They divide and heal my little life too, and create me anew.

Has one who is not wholly without sin a right to offer precepts and reflections to others?

Look into your own heart. What are you?

Behold my hands. They are hardened by toil. I have done more than merely lift them in prayer.

Since I am alone I have not seen a letter of print. I have no book and wish for none; and this is not in order to mortify myself, but because I wish to be perfectly alone.

She who renounces the world, and in her loneliness still cherishes the thought of eternity, has assumed a heavy burden.

Convent life is not without its advantages. The different voices that join in the *chorale* sustain each other; and when the tone at last ceases, it seems to float away on the air and vanish by degrees. But here I am quite alone. I am priest and church, organ and congregation, confessor and penitent, all in one; and my heart is often so heavy, as if I must needs have another to help me bear the load. "Take me up and carry me, I cannot go further!" cries my soul. But then I rouse myself again, seize my scrip and my pilgrim's staff and wander on, solitary and alone; and while I wander, strength returns to me.

It often seems to me as if it were sinful thus to bury myself alive. My voice is no longer heard in song, and much more that dwells within me has become mute.

Is this right?

If my only object in life were to be at peace with myself, it would be well enough; but I long to labor and to do something for others. Yet where and what shall it be?

When I first heard that the beautifully carved furniture of the great and wealthy is the work of prisoners, it made me shudder. And now, although I am not deprived of freedom, I am in much the same condition. Those who have disfigured life should, as an act of expiation, help to make life more beautiful for others. The thought that I am doing this comforts and sustains me.

My work prospers. But last winter's wood is not yet fit for use. My little pitchman has brought me some that is old, excellent, and well seasoned, having been part of the rafters of an old house that has just been torn down. We work together cheerfully, and our earnings are considerable.

Vice is the same everywhere, except that here it is more open. Among the masses, vice is characterized by coarseness; among the upper classes, by meanness.

The latter shake off the consequences of their evil deeds, while the former are obliged to bear them.

The rude manners of these people are necessary, and are far preferable to polite deceit. They must needs be rough and rude. If it were not for its coarse, thick bark, the oak could not withstand the storm.

I have found that this rough bark covers more tenderness and sincerity than does the smoothest surface.

Jochem told me, to-day, that he is still quite a good walker, but that a blind man finds it very troublesome to go anywhere; for at every step he is obliged to grope about, so that he may feel sure of his ground before he firmly plants his foot on the earth.

Is it not the same with me? Am I not obliged to be sure of the ground before I take a step?

Such is the way of the fallen.

Ah! why does everything I see or hear become a symbol of my life?

I have now been here between two and three years. I have formed a resolve which it will be difficult to carry out. I shall go out into the world once more. I must again behold the scenes of my past life. I have tested myself severely.

May it not be a love of adventure, that genteel yet vulgar desire to undertake what is unusual or fraught with peril? Or is it a morbid desire to wander through the world after having died, as it were?

No; far from it. What can it be? An intense longing to roam again, if it be only for a few days. I must kill the desire, lest it kill me.

Whence arises this sudden longing?

Every tool that I use while at work burns my hand.

I must go.

I shall obey the impulse, without worrying myself with speculations as to its cause. I am subject to the rules of no

order. My will is my only law. I harm no one by obeying it. I feel myself free; the world has no power over me.

I dreaded informing Walpurga of my intention. When I did so, her tone, her words, her whole manner, and the fact that she for the first time called me "child," made it seem as if her mother were still speaking to me.

"Child," said she, "you're right! Go! It'll do you good. I believe that you'll come back and will stay with us; but if you don't, and another life opens up to you — your expiation has been a bitter one, far heavier than your sin."

Uncle Peter was quite happy when he learned that we were to be gone from one Sunday to the Sunday following. When I asked him whether he was curious as to where we were going, he replied, —

"It's all one to me. I'd travel over the whole world with you, wherever you'd care to go; and if you were to drive me away, I'd follow you like a dog and find you again."

I shall take my journal with me, and will note down every day.

[By the lake.] — I find it difficult to write a word.

The threshold I am obliged to cross, in order to go out into the world, is my own gravestone.

I am equal to it.

How pleasant it was to descend toward the valley. Uncle Peter sang; and melodies suggested themselves to me, but I did not sing. Suddenly he interrupted himself and said:

"In the inns you'll be my niece, won't you?"

"Yes."

"But you must call me 'uncle' when we're there?"

"Of course, dear uncle."

He kept nodding to himself for the rest of the way, and was quite happy.

We reached the inn at the landing. He drank, and I drank too, from the same glass.

"Where are you going?" asked the hostess.

"To the capital," said he, although I had not said a word to him about it. Then he said to me in a whisper, —

"If you intend to go elsewhere, the people need n't know everything."

I let him have his own way.

I looked for the place where I had wandered at that time

There — there was the rock — and on it a cross, bearing in golden characters the inscription :—

HERE PERISHED
IRMA, COUNTESS VON WILDENORT,
IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR
OF HER LIFE.

Traveller, pray for her and honor her memory.

I never rightly knew why I was always dissatisfied, and yearning for the next hour, the next day, the next year, hoping that it would bring me that which I could not find in the present. It was not love, for love does not satisfy. I desired to live in the passing moment, but could not. It always seemed as if something were waiting for me without the door, and calling me. What could it have been ?”

I know now ; it was a desire to be at one with myself, to understand myself. Myself in the world, and the world in me.

The vain man is the loneliest of human beings. He is constantly longing to be seen, understood, acknowledged, admired, and loved.

I could say much on the subject, for I too was once vain. It was only in actual solitude that I conquered the loneliness of vanity. It is enough for me that I exist.

How far removed this is from all that is mere show.

Now I understand my father's last act. He did not mean to punish me. His only desire was to arouse me ; to lead me to self-consciousness ; to the knowledge which, teaching us to become different from what we are, saves us.

I understand the inscription in my father's library : “ When I am alone, then am I least alone.”

Yes ; when alone, one can more perfectly lose himself in the life universal. I have lived and have come to know the truth. I can now die.

He who is at one with himself, possesses all. . . .

I believe that I know what I have done. I have no compassion for myself. This is my full confession.

I have sinned — not against nature, but against the world's rules. Is that sin? Look at the tall pines in yonder forest. The higher the tree grows, the more do the lower branches die away; and thus the tree in the thick forest is protected and sheltered by its fellows, but can nevertheless not perfect itself in all directions.

I desired to lead a full and complete life and yet to be in the forest, to be in the world and yet in society. But he who means to live thus, must remain in solitude. As soon as we become members of society, we cease to be mere creatures of nature. Nature and morality have equal rights, and must form a compact with each other; and where there are two powers with equal rights, there must be mutual concessions.

Herein lies my sin.

He who desires to live a life of nature alone, must withdraw himself from the protection of morality. I did not fully desire either the one or the other; hence I was crushed and shattered.

My father's last action was right. He avenged the moral law, which is just as human as the law of nature. The animal world knows neither father nor mother, so soon as the young is able to take care of itself. The human world does know them and must hold them sacred.

I see it all quite clearly. My sufferings and my expiation are deserved. I was a thief! I stole the highest treasures of all: confidence, love, honor, respect, splendor.

How noble and exalted the tender souls appear to themselves when a poor rogue is sent to jail for having committed a theft! But what are all possessions which can be carried away, when compared with those that are intangible!

Those who are summoned to the bar of justice are not always the basest of mankind.

I acknowledge my sin, and my repentance is sincere.

My fatal sin, the sin for which I now atone, was that I dissembled, that I denied and extenuated that which I represented to myself as a natural right. Against the Queen I have sinned worst of all. To me she represents that moral order which I violated and yet wished to enjoy.

To you, O Queen, to you — lovely, good, and deeply injured one — do I confess all this!

If I die before you, — and I hope that I may, — these pages are to be given to you.

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I can now accurately tell the season of the year, and often the hour of the day, by the way in which the first sunbeams fall into my room and on my work-bench in the morning. My chisel hangs before me on the wall, and is my index.

The drizzling spring showers now fall on the trees ; and thus it is with me. It seems as if there were a new delight in store for me. What can it be ? I shall patiently wait !

A strange feeling comes over me, as if I were lifted up from the chair on which I am sitting, and were flying, I know not whither ! What is it ? I feel as if dwelling in eternity.

Everything seems flying toward me : the sunlight and the sunshine, the rustling of the forests and the forest breezes, beings of all ages and of all kinds — all seem beautiful and rendered transparent by the sun's glow.

I am !

I am in God !

If I could only die now and be wafted through this joy to dissolution and redemption !

But I will live on until my hour comes.

Come, thou dark hour, whenever thou wilt ! To me thou art light !

I feel that there is light within me. O Eternal Spirit of the universe, I am one with thee !

I was dead and I live — I shall die and yet live.

Everything has been forgiven and blotted out. — There was dust on my wings. — I soar aloft into the sun and into infinite space. I shall die singing from the fulness of my soul. Shall I sing !

Enough.

I know that I shall again be gloomy and depressed and drag along a weary existence ; but I have once soared into infinity and have felt a ray of eternity within me. That I shall never lose again. I should like to go to a convent, to some quiet, cloistered cell, where I might know nothing of the world, and could live on within myself until death shall call me. But it is not to be. I am destined to live on in freedom and to labor ; to live with my fellow-beings and to work for them.

The results of my handiwork and of my powers of imagination belong to you ; but what I am within myself is mine alone.

I have taken leave of everything here ; of my quiet room, of my summer bench ; for I know not whether I shall ever return. And if I do, who knows but what everything may have become strange to me !

[Last page written in pencil.] — It is my wish that when I am dead, I may be wrapped in a simple linen cloth, placed in a rough, unplanned coffin, and buried under the apple-tree, on the road that leads to my paternal mansion. I desire that my brother and other relatives may be apprised of my death at once, and that they shall not disturb my grave by the wayside.

No stone, no name, is to mark my grave.

FROM "THE FIRST MASS."

AMID the ringing of all the bells, the procession at last issued from the church-door. The pennons waved, the band of music brought from Horb struck up, and the audible prayers of the men and women mingled with the sound. Ivo, with the school-master at his side, took the lead, carrying the crucifix. On the hill the altar was finely decorated ; the chalices and the lamps and the spangled dresses of the saints flashed in the sun, and the throng of worshippers covered the common and the adjoining fields as far as the eye could reach. Ivo hardly took courage to look at the "gentleman," meaning the young clergyman, who, in his gold-laced robe, and bare head crowned with a golden wreath, ascended the steps of the altar with pale and sober mien, bowing low as the music swelled, and folding his small white hands upon his breast. The squire's Barbara, who carried a burning taper wreathed with rosemary, had gone before him and took her stand at the side of the altar. The mass began ; and at the tinkling of the bell all fell upon their faces, and not a sound would have been heard, had not a flight of pigeons passed directly over the altar with that fluttering and chirping noise which always accompanies their motion through the air. For all the world Ivo would not have looked up just then ; for he knew that the Holy Ghost was descending, to effect the mysterious transubstantiation of the wine into blood and the bread into flesh, and that no mortal eye can look upon Him without being struck with blindness.

The chaplain of Horb now entered the pulpit, and solemnly addressed the "permitiant."

ÉMILE AUGIER.

AUGIER, ÉMILE, a clever and distinguished French dramatist; born at Valence, September 17, 1820; died at Croissy, October 25, 1889. With his first play, "The Hemlock" (1844), he won popular favor, as it commenced a needed reaction against the overstrained romanticism of the time. He lashed the dominant vices of modern society in a series of plays: "The Marriage of Olympia" (1855); "The Poor Lionesses" (1858); "The Brazen-Fronted" (1861); and "Giboyer's Boy" (1862). "The Fourchambaults" (1878) is esteemed his best work.

A CONTENTED IDLER.

(From "M. Poirier's Son-in-Law.")

[*The party are leaving the dining-room.*]

GASTON. Well, Hector! What do you think of it? The house is just as you see it now, every day in the year. Do you believe there is a happier man in the world than I?

DUKE. Faith! I envy you; you reconcile me to marriage.

ANTOINETTE [*in a low voice to Verdelet*], Monsieur de Montmeyran is a charming young man!

VERDELET [*in a low voice*]. He pleases me.

GASTON [*to Poirier, who comes in last*]. Monsieur Poirier, I must tell you once for all how much I esteem you. Don't think I'm ungrateful.

POIRIER. Oh! Monsieur!

GASTON. Why the devil don't you call me Gaston? And you, too, dear Monsieur Verdelet, I'm very glad to see you.

ANTOINETTE. He is one of the family, Gaston.

GASTON. Shake hands then, Uncle.

VERDELET [*aside, giving him his hand*]. He's not a bad fellow.

GASTON. Agree, Hector, that I've been lucky. Monsieur Poirier, I feel guilty. You make my life one long fête and never give me a chance in return. Try to think of something I can do for you.



ÉMILE AUGIER

POIRIER. Very well, if that's the way you feel, give me a quarter of an hour. I should like to have a serious talk with you.

DUKE. I'll withdraw.

POIRIER. No, stay, Monsieur. We are going to hold a kind of family council. Neither you nor Verdelet will be in the way.

GASTON. The deuce, my dear father-in-law. A family council! You embarrass me!

POIRIER. Not at all, dear Gaston. Let us sit down.

[*They seat themselves around the fireplace.*]

GASTON. Begin, Monsieur Poirier.

POIRIER. You say you are happy, dear Gaston, and that is my greatest recompense.

GASTON. I'm willing to double your gratification.

POIRIER. But now that three months have been given to the joys of the honeymoon, I think that there has been romance enough, and that it's time to think about history.

GASTON. You talk like a book. Certainly, we'll think about history if you wish. I'm willing.

POIRIER. What do you intend to do?

GASTON. To-day?

POIRIER. And to-morrow, and in the future. You must have some idea.

GASTON. True, my plans are made. I expect to do to-day what I did yesterday, and to-morrow what I shall do to-day. I'm not versatile, in spite of my light air; and if the future is only like the present I'll be satisfied.

POIRIER. But you are too sensible to think that the honeymoon can last forever.

GASTON. Too sensible, and too good an astronomer. But you've probably read Heine?

POIRIER. You must have read that, Verdelet?

VERDELET. Yes; I've read him.

POIRIER. Perhaps he spent his life at playing truant.

GASTON. Well, Heine, when he was asked what became of the old full moons, said that they were broken up to make the stars.

POIRIER. I don't understand.

GASTON. When our honeymoon is old, we'll break it up and there'll be enough to make a whole Milky Way.

POIRIER. That is a clever idea, of course.

GASTON. Its only merit is simplicity.

POIRIER. But seriously, don't you think that the idle life you lead may jeopardize the happiness of a young household?

GASTON. Not at all.

VERDELET. A man of your capacity can't mean to idle all his life.

GASTON. With resignation.

ANTOINETTE. Don't you think you'll find it dull after a time, Gaston?

GASTON. You cullumniate yourself, my dear.

ANTOINETTE. I'm not vain enough to suppose that I can fill your whole existence, and I admit that I'd like to see you follow the example of Monsieur de Montmeyran.

GASTON [*rising and leaning against the mantelpiece*]. Perhaps you want me to fight?

ANTOINETTE. No, of course not.

GASTON. What then?

POIRIER. We want you to take a position worthy of your name.

GASTON. There are only three positions which my name permits me: soldier, bishop, or husbandman. Choose.

POIRIER. We owe everything to France. France is our mother.

VERDELET. I understand the vexation of a son whose mother remarries; I understand why he does n't go to the wedding: but if he has the right kind of heart he won't turn sulky. If the second husband makes her happy, he'll soon offer him a friendly hand.

POIRIER. The nobility cannot always hold itself aloof, as it begins to perceive. More than one illustrious name has set the example: Monsieur de Valcherrière, Monsieur de Chazerolles, Monsieur de Mont Louis —

GASTON. These men have done as they thought best. I don't judge them, but I cannot imitate them.

ANTOINETTE. Why not, Gaston?

GASTON. Ask Montmeyran.

VERDELET. The Duke's uniform answers for him.

DUKE. Excuse me, a soldier has but one opinion — his duty; but one adversary — the enemy.

POIRIER. However, Monsieur —

GASTON. Enough, it is n't a matter of politics, Monsieur Poirier. One may discuss opinions, but not sentiments. I am bound by gratitude. My fidelity is that of a servant and of a friend.

Not another word. [*To the Duke.*] I beg your pardon, my dear fellow. This is the first time we've talked politics here, and I promise you it shall be the last.

THE DUKE [*in a low voice to Antoinette*]. You've been forced into making a mistake, Madame.

ANTOINETTE. I know it, now that it's too late.

VERDELET [*softly, to Poirier*]. Now you're in a fine fix.

POIRIER [*in same tone*]. He's repulsed the first assault, but I don't raise the siege.

GASTON. I'm not resentful, Monsieur Poirier. Perhaps I spoke a little too strongly, but this is a tender point with me, and unintentionally you wounded me. Shake hands.

POIRIER. You are very kind.

A SERVANT. There are some people in the little parlor who say they have an appointment with Monsieur Poirier.

POIRIER. Very well, ask them to wait a moment. [*The servant goes out.*] Your creditors, son-in-law.

GASTON. Yours, my dear father-in-law. I've turned them over to you.

DUKE. As a wedding present.

THE FEELINGS OF AN ARTIST.

(From "M. Poirier's Son-in-Law.")

POIRIER [*alone*]. How vexatious he is, that son-in-law of mine! and there's no way to get rid of him. He'll die a nobleman, for he will do nothing and he is good for nothing. — There's no end to the money he costs me. — He is master of my house. — I'll put a stop to it. [*He rings. Enter a servant*]. Send up the porter and the cook. We shall see my son-in-law! I have set up my back. I've unsheathed my velvet paws. You will make no concessions, eh, my fine gentleman? Take your comfort! I will not yield either: you may remain marquis, and I will again become a *bourgeois*. At least I'll have the pleasure of living to my fancy.

THE PORTER. Monsieur has sent for me?

POIRIER. Yes, François, Monsieur has sent for you. You can put the sign on the door at once.

THE PORTER. The sign?

POIRIER. "To let immediately, a magnificent apartment on the first floor, with stables and carriage houses.

THE PORTER. The apartment of Monsieur le Marquis?

POIRIER. You have said it, François.

THE PORTER. But Monsieur le Marquis has not given the order.

POIRIER. Who is the master here, donkey? Who owns this mansion?

THE PORTER. You, Monsieur.

POIRIER. Then do what I tell you without arguing.

THE PORTER. Yes, Monsieur. [*Enter Vatel.*]

POIRIER. Go, François. [*Exit Porter.*] Come in, Monsieur Vatel: you are getting up a big dinner for to-morrow?

VATEL. Yes, Monsieur, and I venture to say that the menu would not be disowned by my illustrious ancestor himself. It is really a work of art, and Monsieur Poirier will be astonished.

POIRIER. Have you the menu with you?

VATEL. No, Monsieur, it is being copied; but I know it by heart.

POIRIER. Then recite it to me.

VATEL. Le potage aux ravioles à l'Italienne et le potage à l'orge à la Marie Stuart.

POIRIER. You will replace these unknown concoctions by a good meat soup, with some vegetables on a plate.

VATEL. What, Monsieur?

POIRIER. I mean it. Go on.

VATEL. Relevé. La carpe du Rhin à la Lithuanienne, les poulardes à la Godard — le filet de bœuf braisé aux raisins à la Napolitaine, le jambon de Westphalie, rôtie madère.

POIRIER. Here is a simpler and far more sensible fish course: brill with caper sauce — then Bayonne ham with spinach, and a savory stew of bird, with well-browned rabbit.

VATEL. But Monsieur Poirier — I will never consent.

POIRIER. I am master — do you hear? Go on.

VATEL. Entrées. Les filets de volaille à la concordat — les croustades de truffe garnies de foies à la royale, le faisan étoffé à la Montpensier, les perdreaux rouges farcis à la bohémienne.

POIRIER. In place of these side dishes we will have nothing at all, and we will go at once to the roast, — that is the only essential.

VATEL. That is against the precepts of art.

POIRIER. I'll take the blame of that: let us have your roasts.

VATEL. It is not worth while, Monsieur: my ancestor would have run his sword through his body for a less affront. I offer my resignation.

POIRIER. And I was about to ask for it, my good friend ; but as one has eight days to replace a servant —

VATEL. A servant, Monsieur ? I am an artist !

POIRIER. I will fill your place by a woman. But in the mean time, as you still have eight days in my service, I wish you to prepare my menu.

VATEL. I will blow my brains out before I dishonor my name.

POIRIER [*aside*]. Another fellow who adores his name ! [*Aloud*]. You may burn your brains, Monsieur Vatel, but don't burn your sauces.— Well, *bon jour* ! [*Exit Vatel.*] And now to write invitations to my old cronies of the Rue des Bourdonnais. Monsieur le Marquis de Presles, I'll soon take the starch out of you.

[*He goes out whistling the first couplet of "Monsieur and Madame Denis."*]

A CONTEST OF WILLS.

(From "The Fourchambaults.")

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Why do you follow me ?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I'm not following you : I'm accompanying you.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. I despise you ; let me alone. Oh ! my poor mother little thought what a life of privation would be mine when she gave me to you with a dowry of eight hundred thousand francs !

FOURCHAMBAULT. A life of privation — because I refuse you a yacht !

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. I thought my dowry permitted me to indulge a few whims, but it seems I was wrong.

FOURCHAMBAULT. A whim costing eight thousand francs !

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Would you have to pay for it ?

FOURCHAMBAULT. That's the kind of reasoning that's ruining me.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Now he says I'm ruining him ! His whole fortune comes from me.

FOURCHAMBAULT. Now don't get angry, my dear. I want you to have everything in reason, but you must understand the situation.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. The situation ?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I ought to be a rich man ; but thanks to

the continual expenses you incur in the name of your dowry, I can barely rub along from day to day. If there should be a sudden fall in stocks, I have no reserve with which to meet it.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. That can't be true! Tell me at once that it isn't true, for if it were so you would be without excuse.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I or you?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. This is too much! Is it my fault that you don't understand business? If you haven't had the wit to make the best use of your way of living and your family connections — any one else —

FOURCHAMBAULT. Quite likely! But I am petty enough to be a scrupulous man, and to wish to remain one.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Pooh! That's the excuse of all the dolts who can't succeed. They set up to be the only honest fellows in business. In my opinion, Monsieur, a timid and mediocre man should not insist upon remaining at the head of a bank, but should turn the position over to his son.

FOURCHAMBAULT. You are still harping on that? But, my dear, you might as well bury me alive! Already I'm a mere cipher in my family.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You do not choose your time well to pose as a victim, when like a tyrant you are refusing me a mere trifle.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I refuse you nothing. I merely explain my position. Now do as you like. It is useless to expostulate.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. At last! But you have wounded me to the heart, Adrien, and just when I had a surprise for you —

FOURCHAMBAULT. What is your surprise? [*Aside*: It makes me tremble.]

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Thanks to me, the Fourchambaults are going to triumph over the Duhamels.

FOURCHAMBAULT. How?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Madame Duhamel has been determined this long time to marry her daughter to the son of the prefect.

FOURCHAMBAULT. I knew it. What about it?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. While she was making a goose of herself so publicly, I was quietly negotiating, and Baron Rastiboulois is coming to ask our daughter's hand.

FOURCHAMBAULT. That will never do! I'm planning quite a different match for her.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You? I should like to know—

FOURCHAMBAULT. He's a fine fellow of our own set, who loves Blanche, and whom she loves if I'm not mistaken.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. You are entirely mistaken. You mean Victor Chauvet, Monsieur Bernard's clerk?

FOURCHAMBAULT. His right arm, rather. His *alter ego*.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Blanche did think of him at one time. But her fancy was just a morning mist, which I easily dispelled. She has forgotten all about him, and I advise you to follow her example.

FOURCHAMBAULT. What fault can you find with this young man?

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Nothing and everything. Even his name is absurd. I never would have consented to be called Madame Chauvet, and Blanche is as proud as I was. But that is only a detail; the truth is, I won't have her marry a clerk.

FOURCHAMBAULT. You won't have! You won't have! But there are two of us.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Are you going to portion Blanche?

FOURCHAMBAULT. I? No.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Then you see there are not two of us. As I am going to portion her, it is my privilege to choose my son-in-law.

FOURCHAMBAULT. And mine to refuse him. I tell you I won't have your little baron at any price.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Now it is your turn. What fault can you find with him, except his title?

FOURCHAMBAULT. He's fast, a gambler, worn out by dissipation.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. Blanche likes him just as he is.

FOURCHAMBAULT. Heavens! He's not even handsome.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. What does that matter? Have n't I been the happiest of wives?

FOURCHAMBAULT. What? One word is as good as a hundred. I won't have him. Blanche need not take Chauvet, but she shan't marry Rastiboulois either. That's all I have to say.

MADAME FOURCHAMBAULT. But, Monsieur—

FOURCHAMBAULT. That's all I have to say.

[*He goes out.*]

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

AUGUSTINE (AURELIUS AUGUSTINUS), SAINT, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, was born at Tagasta, in Numidia, Africa, November 13, A.D. 354, and died at Hippo, near Carthage, where he was bishop, August 28, A.D. 430. His father, Patricius, was a prominent and wealthy citizen of Tagasta, and a Pagan; his mother, Monica, was an earnest and devoted Christian. Augustine was intended by his father as a "Rhetorician," or, as we would say, a "Professor," and received the best education which the country and age afforded. His acquaintance with the Latin writers — at least with Cicero and the poets — was thorough; his knowledge of Greek was apparently about equivalent to that of an ordinary college professor in our time.

Augustine was a voluminous writer. His extant works in the Benedictine edition (Paris, 1679–1700) fill eleven folio volumes. They were reprinted in a more compact form (1836–38) in twenty-two half volumes. An adequate translation into English of the most important of them is contained in the "Library of the Fathers." Many of them relate to the religious polemics of the age. But several are of permanent value. Upon the treatise on "The Trinity," in fifteen books, he was occupied at intervals for nearly thirty years. The greatest of his works, in a theological point of view, is "The City of God" ("De Civitate Dei"), which was the main work of the last thirteen years of his life.

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE'S "CONFESSIONS."

HIS LIVING IDLE AT HOME CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SINS,
FROM WHICH HIS HOLY MOTHER ENDEAVORED TO DI-
VERT HIM.

Now for that year my studies were intermitted, I being called home from Madaura, in which neighboring city I had been for a while applied to learning and oratory, and the expenses of my studying farther from home at Carthage, being in the mean time provided by the resolution of my father

which went beyond his wealth, he being a citizen of Tagaste, of a very small estate. To whom am I relating these things? Not to thee, O my God, but in thy presence, to my fellow-mortals, of the same human kind as I am, how small soever a part of them it may be which shall light upon these my writings: and to what end do I do this? But that both I and they who read this may reflect from how *profound a depth* we must still be crying to thee. And what is nearer to thy ears than a confessing heart and a life of faith? For who did not then highly commend my father, for laying out in behalf of his son, even beyond the strength of his estate, which was necessary for the carrying on his studies at that great distance from home; whereas many citizens, far more wealthy than he, did no such thing for their children; whilst in the mean time this same father took no care of my growing up to thee, or of my being chaste, provided I was but eloquent [*disertus*] or rather [*desertus*] forsaken and uncultivated of thee, who art the one true and good Lord of thy field my heart.

But when in that sixteenth year of my age I began to live idly at home with my parents, whilst domestic necessities caused a vacation from school, the briers of lust grew over my head, and there was no hand to root them up. Nay, when that father of mine saw me in the Bagnio now growing towards man, and perceived in me the unquiet motions of youth, as if from hence he were big with hopes of grandchildren, he related it to my mother with joy; intoxicated with the generality of the world, by the fumes of the invisible wine of their own perverse will, whilst forgetting thee their Creator, and loving thy creature instead of thee, they stoop down to rejoice in these lowest of things. But in my mother's breast thou hadst already begun thy temple, and the foundation of thy holy habitation; for my father was as yet only a *Catechumen*, and that but of late. She therefore, upon hearing it, was seized with fear and trembling; being concerned for me, though I was not baptized, lest I should stray into those crooked ways in which worldings walk, who turn not their face but their back upon thee.

Alas! and dare I say that thou wert silent, O my God, when I was wandering still farther from thee? And wast thou silent indeed? And whose then but thine were those words, which, by my mother, thy faithful servant, thou didst sing in my ears, though no part of it descended into my heart to perform it?

For she desired, and I remember how she secretly admonished me with great solicitude, to keep myself pure from women, and above all to take care of defiling any one's wife; which seemed to me to be but the admonitions of a woman, which I should be ashamed to obey; but they were thy admonitions, and I knew it not; and I supposed thee to be silent whilst she spoke, whereas by her thou didst speak to me and in her wast despised by me, by me her son, *the son of thy handmaid thy servant*, Psalm 115. But I knew it not, and rushed on headlong with so much blindness, that amongst my equals I was ashamed of being less filthy than others; and when I heard them bragging of their flagitious actions, and boasting so much the more by how much the more beastly they were, I had a mind to do the like, not only for the pleasure of it, but that I might be praised for it.

Is there anything but vice that is worthy of reproach? Yet I became more vicious to avoid reproach; and when nothing came in my way, by committing which I might equal the most wicked, I pretended to have done what I had not done, lest I should be esteemed more vile by how much I was more chaste. Behold with what companions I was walking in the streets of Babylon; and I wallowed in the mire thereof, as if it were spices and precious perfumes, and that in the very midst of it, the invisible enemy trod me down and seduced me, because I was willing to be seduced: neither did that mother of my flesh (who was escaped out of the midst of Babylon, but walked yet with a slow pace in the skirts thereof), as she admonished me to be chaste, so take care to restrain that lust (which her husband had discovered to her in me, and which she knew to be so infectious for the present and dangerous for the future) within the bounds of conjugal affection, if it could not otherwise be cured: she did not care for this method, for fear my hope should be spoiled by the fetters of a wife; not that hope of the world to come which my mother had in thee, but the hope of my proficiency in learning, upon which both my parents were too much intent: he because he scarce thought at all of thee; and of me nothing but mere empty vanities; and she, because she supposed that those usual studies of sciences would be no hindrance, but rather some help towards the coming to thee. For so I conjecture, recollecting as well as I can the manners of my parents. Then also were the reins let loose to spend my time in play, beyond what a due severity would allow, which gave occasion to my being more dissolute in various inclina-

tions; and in them all there was a mist intercepting, O my God, from me the serenity of thy truth, *and my iniquities proceeded, as it were, from the fat*, Psalm 72, v. 7.

HE CONFESSES A THEFT OF HIS YOUTH DONE OUT OF MERE
WANTONNESS.

THY law, O Lord, punisheth theft, and a law written in the hearts of men, which even iniquity itself cannot blot out. For what thief is willing to have another steal from him? For even he that is rich will not endure another stealing for want. Yet I had a mind to commit theft, and I committed it, not for want or need, but loathing to be honest and longing to sin; for I stole that of which I had plenty, and much better. Neither was I fond of enjoying the things that I stole, but only fond of the theft and the sin. There was a pear-tree near our vineyard, loaded with fruit, which were neither tempting for their beauty nor their taste. To shake off and carry away the fruit of this tree, a company of wicked youths of us went late at night, having, according to a vicious custom, been playing till then in the yards; and thence we carried great loads, not for our eating, but even to be cast to the hogs; and if we tasted any of them, the only pleasure therein was, because we were doing what we should not do.

Behold my heart, O my God, behold my heart, of which thou hast had pity when it was in the midst of the bottomless pit. Behold, let my heart now tell thee what it was it then sought. That I might even be wicked without cause, and have nothing to tempt me to evil, but the ugly evil itself. And this I loved; I loved to perish, I loved to be faulty; not the thing in which I was faulty, but the very faultiness I loved. Oh! filthy soul, and falling from thy firmament to its utter ruin; affecting not something disgraceful, but disgrace itself.

N. B. — *After his return home to Africa he made ample restitution for those pears he had stolen.*

THAT MEN SIN NOT WITHOUT SOME APPEARANCE OR PRE-
TENCE OF GOOD.

THERE is a tempting appearance in beautiful bodies, in gold, and silver, and the rest. And in the sense of the touch there

is an agreeableness that is taking; and in like manner the other senses find their pleasures in their respective objects. So temporal honor, and the power of commanding and excelling hath something in it that is attractive; hence also arises the desire of revenge. And yet we must not, for the gaining of all or any of these things, depart from thee, O Lord, nor turn aside from thy law. The life also which we live here hath its allurements, by reason of a certain kind of beauty in it, and the proportion which it hath to all the rest of these lower beauties. Likewise the friendship of men is dearly sweet by the union of many souls together.

Upon occasion of all these and the like things sin is committed, when by an immoderate inclination to them, which have but the lowest place amongst good things, men forsake the best and highest goods, viz. thee, O Lord our God, and thy truth, and thy law. For these lowest things have indeed their delights, but not like my God who made all things; because in him doth the just delight, and he is the joy of the upright of heart. Therefore when the question is for what cause any crime was done, it is not usually believed but where it appears that there might be some desire of acquiring some of these lowest of goods, or fear of losing them: for they are fair and beautiful; though in comparison of those superior goods and beatific joys they are mean and contemptible.

A man hath murdered another. Why did he do it? He was in love with his wife, or his estate; or he did it that he might rob him to support his own life; or he was afraid of suffering the like from him; or he had been injured, and sought to be revenged. Would he commit a murder without a cause, merely for the sake of the murder; who can imagine this? For as for that furious and exceeding cruel man [Catiline] of whom a certain author has written that *he chose to be wicked and cruel gratis*; the cause is assigned in the same place, *lest, says he, his hand or his mind should be weakened for want of exercise*. And to what end did he refer this also? That being thus exercised in wickedness, he might be enabled to surprise the city [Rome] and obtain honors, power, riches, and be delivered from the fear of the laws, and the difficulties he labored under through want of an estate, and a guilty conscience. Therefore even Catiline himself was not in love with his crimes, but with something else, for the sake of which he committed them.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

THOSE studies also, which were accounted commendable, had a view to excelling in the courts of litigation; the more bepraised, the craftier. Such is men's blindness, glorying even in their blindness. And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I joyed proudly and swelled with arrogance, though (Lord, Thou knowest) far quieter and altogether removed from the subvertings of those "Subverters" (for this ill-omened and devilish name was the very badge of gallantry) among whom I lived, with a shameless shame that I was not even as they. With them I lived, and was sometimes delighted with their friendship, whose doings I ever did abhor, *i. e.*, their "subvertings," wherewith they wantonly persecuted the modesty of strangers, which they disturbed by a gratuitous jeering, feeding thereon their malicious mirth. . . .

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent out of a damnable and vainglorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called "Hortensius." But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredible burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before)—not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

SPIRITUAL YEARNINGS.

How did I burn, then, my God, how did I burn to remount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me. For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is called in Greek "Philosophy," with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and

disguising their own errors; and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth. There also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by Thy good and devout servant: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me. I was delighted with that exhortation so far only that I was thereby strongly roused and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace, not this or that sect, but wisdom itself, whatever it were, and this alone checked me, thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name — according to Thy mercy, O Lord — this name of my Saviour, Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk devoutly drank in, and deeply treasured; and whatsoever was without that name — though never so learned, polished, or true — took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the Holy Scriptures that I might see what they were. But behold I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children; lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully; for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

THEREFORE I fell among men, proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snare of the Devil, limed with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth: but so far forth as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out "Truth, truth!" and spake much thereof to me, yet it was not

in them; but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only (who truly art Truth), but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures. And I indeed ought to have passed by even those philosophers who spake truth concerning them, for love of Thee my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful. O Truth, Truth, how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and large books, echoed to me of Thee — though it was but an echo. And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after Thee, they, instead of Thee, served up the Sun and Moon — beautiful works of Thine, but yet Thy works, not Thyself: no, nor Thy first works. For Thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they may be, and shining. But I hungered and thirsted not even after these first works of Thine, but after Thee thyself, the Truth, “in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” Yet they still set before me, in those dishes, glittering fantasies, than which better were it to love this very Sun (which is real to our sight at least), than those fantasies which by our eyes deceive our minds. Yet because I thought them to be Thee, I fed thereon; not eagerly, for Thou didst not in them taste to me as Thou art; for Thou wast not in these emptinesses, nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. . . . Such empty husks was I then fed on, and was not fed. But Thou, my soul’s Love, “in looking for whom I fail,” that I may become strong, art neither those bodies which we see, though in heaven, nor those which we see not there; for Thou hast created them, nor dost thou account them the chiefest of Thy works. How far then art Thou from those fantasies of mine — fantasies of bodies which altogether are not — than which the images of those bodies which are, are far more certain; and more certain still the bodies themselves, which yet Thou art not: no, nor yet the soul, which is the life of the bodies. So, then, better and more certain is the life of the bodies than the bodies. But Thou art the life of souls, the life of lives, having life in Thyself; and changest not, life of my soul.

Where then wert Thou then to me, and how far from me? Far verily was I straying from Thee, barred from the very husks of the swine, whom with husks I fed. For how much better are the fables of poets and grammarians than these snares? For verses and poems, and “Medea flying,” are more profitable truly than these men’s “five elements,” variously dis-

guised, answering to five dens of darkness, which have no being, yet slay the believer. For verses and poems I can turn to true food, and "Medea flying," though I did sing, I maintained not; though I heard it sung, I believed not; but those things I did believe. Woe, woe, by what steps was I brought down to "the depths of hell," toiling and turmoiling through want of Truth, since I sought after Thee, my God (to Thee I confess it, who hadst mercy on me, not yet confessing), not according to the understanding of the mind, wherein Thou willedst that I should excel the beasts, but according to the sense of the flesh. But Thou wert more in word to me than my most inward part, and higher than my highest. I lighted upon that bold woman "simple and knowing nothing," shadowed out by Solomon, "sitting at the door, and saying, Eat ye bread of secrecies willingly, and drink ye stolen waters which are sweet." She seduced me because she found my soul dwelling abroad in the eye of my flesh, and ruminating on such food as through it I had devoured.

THE FINITE AND INFINITE.

FOR other than this, that which really is I knew not; and was, as it were through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, "Whence is evil?" "Is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?" "Are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?" At which I in my ignorance was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making toward it; because as yet I knew not that evil was nothing but a privation of good, until at last a thing ceases altogether to be; which how should I see the sight of, whose eyes reached only to bodies, and of my mind to a phantasm? And I knew not *God to be a Spirit*, not One who hath parts extended in length and breadth, or whose being was bulk. For every bulk is less in a part than in the whole; and if it be infinite, it must be less in such part as is defined by a certain space, than in its infinitude; and so is not wholly everywhere, as Spirit, as God. And what that should be in us, by which we were like to God, and might in Scripture be rightly said to be "after the Image of God," I was altogether ignorant. Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the

most rightful law of God Almighty, whereby the ways of places and times were disposed, according to those times and places ; itself being the same, always and everywhere, not one thing in one place and another in another ; according to which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, were righteous, and all these commended by the mouth of God ; but were judged unrighteous by silly men “judging out of man’s judgment,” and measuring by their own petty habits the moral habits of the whole human race.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in the blaze uplifted his strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his nativity !

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father’s throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame,
Circled about with them as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy,
Now passed on through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go,
“Thank God ! there *is* a heaven,” she cried, “though mine is endless woe.”

The angel of the golden gate said, “Where, then, dost thou dwell ?
And who art thou that enterest not ?” — “A soul escaped from hell.”

“Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be ;
God’s angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee.”

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,
Breathed free the blessed air of heaven, and knew her native air.

Anonymous.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

AURELIUS, MARCUS, the philosophic Roman emperor; born in Rome, April 20, 121 A.D.; died in Pannonia, March 17, 180. On account of his devotion to literature and philosophy he is often styled "The Philosopher," but he is known in history as Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. During his reign, his empire was visited by earthquake, famine, plague, and frequent wars; yet, amid the turmoil, he cherished always his love of peace, truth, and humanity. He founded in Athens chairs of philosophy for the Platonic, Stoic, Peripatetic, and Epicurean sects. His "Meditations," containing the inmost thoughts and purest aspirations of one of the noblest souls that ever lived, has always been highly prized.

EXCERPTS FROM THE "MEDITATIONS."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

BEGIN thy morning with these thoughts: I shall meet the meddler, the ingrate, the scorner, the hypocrite, the envious man, the cynic. These men are such because they know not to discern the difference between good and evil. But I know that Goodness is Beauty and that Evil is Loathsomeness: I know that the real nature of the evil-doer is akin to mine, not only physically but in a unity of intelligence and in participation in the Divine Nature. Therefore I know that I cannot be harmed by such persons, nor can they thrust upon me what is base. I know, too, that I should not be angry with my kinsmen nor hate them, because we are all made to work together fitly like the feet, the hands, the eyelids, the rows of the upper and the lower teeth. To be at strife one with another is therefore contrary to our real nature; and to be angry with one another, to despise one another, *is* to be at strife one with another. (Book ii., § 1.)

Fashion thyself to the circumstances of thy lot. The men whom Fate hath made thy comrades here, love; and love them in sincerity and in truth. (Book vi., § 39.)



STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS, ROME

This is distinctive of men,—to love those who do wrong. And this thou shalt do if thou forget not that they are thy kinsmen, and that they do wrong through ignorance and not through design; that ere long thou and they will be dead; and more than all, that the evil-doer hath really done thee no evil, since he hath left thy conscience unharmed. (Book viii., § 22.)

THE SUPREME NOBILITY OF DUTY.

As a Roman and as a man, strive steadfastly every moment to do thy duty, with dignity, sincerity, and loving-kindness, freely and justly, and freed from all disquieting thought concerning any other thing. And from such thought thou wilt be free if every act be done as though it were thy last, putting away from thee slothfulness, all loathing to do what Reason bids thee, all dissimulation, selfishness, and discontent with thine appointed lot. Behold, then, how few are the things needful for a life which will flow onward like a quiet stream, blessed even as the life of the gods. For he who so lives, fulfils their will. (Book ii., § 5.)

So long as thou art doing thy duty, heed not warmth nor cold, drowsiness nor wakefulness, life nor impending death; nay, even in the very act of death, which is indeed only one of the acts of life, it suffices to do well what then remains to be done. (Book vi., § 2.)

I strive to do my duty; to all other considerations I am indifferent, whether they be material things or unreasoning and ignorant people. (Book vi., § 22.)

THE FUTURE LIFE. IMMORTALITY.

THIS very moment thou mayest die. Think, act, as if this were now to befall thee. Yet fear not death. If there are gods they will do thee no evil. If there are not gods, or if they care not for the welfare of men, why should I care to live in a Universe that is devoid of Divine beings or of any providential care? But, verily, there are Divine beings, and they do concern themselves with the welfare of men; and they have given unto him all power not to fall into any real evil. If, indeed, what men call misfortunes were really evils, then from these things, also, man would have been given the power to free him-

self. But — thou sayest — are not death, dishonor, pain, really evils? Reflect that if they were, it is incredible that the Ruler of the Universe has, through ignorance, overlooked these things, or has not had the power or the skill to prevent them; and that thereby what is real evil befalls good and bad alike. For true it is that life and death, honor and dishonor, pain and pleasure, come impartially to the good and to the bad. But none of these things can affect our lives if they do not affect our true selves. Now our real selves they do not affect either for better or for worse; and therefore such things are not really good or evil. (Book ii., § 11.)

If our spirits live, how does Space suffice for all during all the ages? Well, how does the earth contain the bodies of those who have been buried therein during all the ages? In the latter case, the decomposition and — after a certain period — the dispersion of the bodies already buried, affords room for other bodies; so, in the former case, the souls which pass into Space, after a certain period are purged of their grosser elements and become ethereal, and glow with the glory of flame as they meet and mingle with the Creative Energy of the world. And thereby there is room for other souls which in their turn pass into Space. This, then, is the explanation that may be given, if souls continue to exist at all.

Moreover, in thinking of all the bodies which the earth contains, we must have in mind not only the bodies which are buried therein, but also the vast number of animals which are the daily food of ourselves and also of the entire animal creation itself. Yet these, too, Space contains; for on the one hand they are changed into blood which becomes part of the bodies that are buried in the earth, and on the other hand these are changed into the ultimate elements of fire or air. (Book iv., § 21.)

I am spirit and body: neither will pass into nothingness, since neither came therefrom; and therefore every part of me, though changed in form, will continue to be a part of the Universe, and that part will change into another part, and so on through all the ages. And, therefore, through such changes I myself exist; and, in like manner, those who preceded me and those who will follow me will exist forever, — a conclusion equally true though the Universe itself be dissipated at prescribed cycles of time. (Book v., § 13.)

How can it be that the gods, who have clothed the Universe with such beauty and ordered all things with such loving-kindness for the welfare of man, have neglected this alone, that the best men — the men who walked as it were with the Divine Being, and who, by their acts of righteousness and by their reverent service, dwelt ever in his presence — should never live again when once they have died? If this be really true, then be satisfied that it is best that it should be so, else it would have been otherwise ordained. For whatever is right and just is possible; and therefore, if it were in accord with the will of the Divine Being that we should live after death — so it would have been. But because it is otherwise, — if indeed it be otherwise, — rest thou satisfied that this also is just and right.

Moreover, is it not manifest to thee that in inquiring so curiously concerning these things, thou art questioning God himself as to what is right, and that this thou wouldst not do didst thou not believe in his supreme goodness and wisdom? Therefore, since in these we believe, we may also believe that in the government of the Universe nothing that is right and just has been overlooked or forgotten. (Book xii., § 5.)

THE UNIVERSAL BEAUTY OF THE WORLD.

To him who hath a true insight into the real nature of the Universe, every change in everything therein that is a part thereof seems appropriate and delightful. The bread that is over-baked so that it cracks and bursts asunder hath not the form desired by the baker; yet none the less it hath a beauty of its own, and is most tempting to the palate. Figs bursting in their ripeness, olives near even unto decay, have yet in their broken ripeness a distinctive beauty. Shocks of corn bending down in their fulness, the lion's mane, the wild boar's mouth all flecked with foam, and many other things of the same kind, though perhaps not pleasing in and of themselves, yet as necessary parts of the Universe created by the Divine Being they add to the beauty of the Universe, and inspire a feeling of pleasure. So that if a man hath appreciation of and an insight into the purpose of the Universe, there is scarcely a portion thereof that will not to him in a sense seem adapted to give delight. In this sense the open jaws of wild beasts will appear no less pleasing than their prototypes in the realm of art. Even in old men and women he will be able to perceive a distinctive maturity and

seemliness, while the winsome bloom of youth he can contemplate with eyes free from lascivious desire. And in like manner it will be with very many things which to every one may not seem pleasing, but which will certainly rejoice the man who is a true student of Nature and her works. (Book iii., § 2.)

THE GOOD MAN.

IN the mind of him who is pure and good will be found neither corruption nor defilement nor any malignant taint. Unlike the actor who leaves the stage before his part is played, the life of such a man is complete whenever death may come. He is neither cowardly nor presuming; not enslaved to life nor indifferent to its duties; and in him is found nothing worthy of condemnation nor that which putteth to shame. (Book iii., § 8.)

Test by a trial how excellent is the life of the good man;—the man who rejoices at the portion given him in the universal lot and abides therein content; just in all his ways and kindly minded toward all men. (Book iv., § 25.)

This is moral perfection: to live each day as though it were the last; to be tranquil, sincere, yet not indifferent to one's fate. (Book vii., § 69.)

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

CAST from thee all other things and hold fast to a few precepts such as these: forget not that every man's real life is but the present moment,—an indivisible point of time,—and that all the rest of his life hath either passed away or is uncertain. Short, then, the time that any man may live; and small the earthly niche wherein he hath his home; and short is longest fame,—a whisper passed from race to race of dying men, ignorant concerning themselves, and much less really knowing thee, who died so long ago. (Book iii., § 10.)

VANITY OF LIFE.

MANY are the doctors who have knit their brows over their patients and now are dead themselves; many are the astrologers who in their day esteemed themselves renowned in foretelling the death of others, yet now they too are dead. Many are the philosophers who have held countless discussions upon death

and immortality, and yet themselves have shared the common lot; many the valiant warriors who have slain their thousands and yet have themselves been slain by Death; many are the rulers and the kings of the earth who in their arrogance have exercised over others the power of life or death as though they were themselves beyond the hazard of Fate, and yet themselves have, in their turn, felt Death's remorseless power. Nay, even great cities — Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum — have, so to speak, died utterly. Recall, one by one, the names of thy friends who have died; how many of these, having closed the eyes of their kinsmen, have in a brief time been buried also. To conclude: keep ever before thee the brevity and vanity of human life and all that is therein; for man is conceived to-day, and to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, therefore, this moment of life in accord with the will of Nature, and depart in peace: even as does the olive, which in its season, fully ripe, drops to the ground, blessing its mother, the earth, which bore it, and giving thanks to the tree which put it forth. (Book iv., § 48.)

A simple yet potent help to enable one to despise Death is to recall those who, in their greed for life, tarried the longest here. Wherein had they really more than those who were cut off untimely in their bloom? Together, at last, somewhere, they all repose in death. Cadicianus, Fabius, Julianus, Lepidus, or any like them, who bore forth so many to the tomb, were, in their turn, borne thither also. Their longer span was but trivial! Think, too, of the cares thereof, of the people with whom it was passed, of the infirmities of the flesh! All vanity! Think of the infinite deeps of Time in the past, of the infinite depths to be! And in that vast profound of Time, what difference is there between a life of three centuries and the three days' life of a little child! (Book iv., § 50.)

THINK of the Universe of matter! — an atom thou! Think of the eternity of Time — thy predestined time but a moment! Reflect upon the great plan of Fate — how trivial this destiny of thine! (Book v., § 24.)

ALL things are enveloped in such darkness that they have seemed utterly incomprehensible to those who have led the philosophic life — and those, too, not a few in number, nor of ill-repute. Nay, even to the Stoics the course of affairs seems an enigma. Indeed, every conclusion reached seems tentative;

for where is the man to be found who does not change his conclusions? Think, too, of the things men most desire,—riches, reputation, and the like,—and consider how ephemeral they are, how vain! A vile wretch, a common strumpet, or a thief, may possess them. Then think of the habits and manners of those about thee—how difficult it is to endure the least offensive of such people—nay, how difficult, most of all, it is to endure one's self!

Amidst such darkness, then, and such unworthiness, amidst this eternal change, with all temporal things and even Time itself passing away, with all things moving in eternal motion, I cannot imagine what, in all this, is worthy of a man's esteem or serious effort. (Book v., § 10.)

FOR WHAT HE THANKED THE GODS.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind. But, through their favor, there never was such a convenience of circumstances as put me to the trial. . . .

Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and [adoptive] father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being for this reason either mean in thought, or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler. . . .

I thank the gods that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with the hope of my doing it some time after.

I thank the gods that I received clear and frequent impressions about living in accordance with Nature, and what kind of a life that is; so that, so far as dependent on the gods, and their gifts and help and inspiration, nothing hindered me from forthwith living according to Nature; though I still fall short of it through my own fault, and not observing the admonition of the gods, and, I may almost say, their direct instructions.

I thank the gods that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children; and that when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not waste my time on scribblers, or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens: for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune. (Book i.)

THE PRESENT ALONE IS OURS.

THOUGH thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years — and as many times ten thousand years — still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and the shortest are thus brought to the same. For the Present is the same to all, though that which is Past is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future: for what a man has not, how can anyone take this from him?

These two things, then, thou must bear in mind: The first, that all things from eternity are of like forms, and come round in a circle; and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two thousand years, or an indefinite time. And the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the Present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived — if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not. (Book ii.)

THE OVERRULING GODS.

IF the gods have determined about me, and about the things which must happen to me, they have determined well: for it is not easy even to imagine a Deity without forethought. And as to doing any harm, why should they have any desire toward that? For what advantage would result to them from this, or to the whole which is the special object of their providence? But if they have not determined about me individually, they have certainly determined about the whole, at least, and the things which happen by way of sequence in the general arrangement; and I ought to accept with pleasure, and to be content with them.

But if they have determined about nothing (which is wicked to believe), or if we do believe it, let us neither sacrifice, nor pray, nor swear to them, nor do anything else which we do, as if the gods were present and lived with us. But if, however, the gods have determined about none of the things which concern us, I am able to determine about myself; and I can inquire about that which is useful to every man, and that which is conformable to his own constitution and nature. But my nature is rational and social; and my city and country — so far as I am Antoninus — is Rome; but so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to those cities are alone useful to me. (Book vi.)

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest — while it is in thy power — be good.

Love the art — poor as it may be — which thou hast learned, and be content with it; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has — making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man. . . .

Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. . . .

Reverence that which is best in the Universe — and this is

that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And, in like manner, also reverence that which is best in Thyself, and this is of the same kind as that. For in Thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this. . . .

Let not future things disturb thee; for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same Reason which thou usest for present things.

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear. The same things happen to another, and either because he does not see that they have happened, or because he would show a great spirit, he is firm and remains unharmed. It is a shame then that ignorance and conceit should be stronger than wisdom.

Often think of the rapidity with which things pass by and disappear, both the things which are and the things which are produced. For substance is like a river in a continual flow, and the activities of things are in constant change, and the causes work in infinite varieties; and there is hardly anything which stands still. And consider this which is near to thee, this boundless abyss of the past and of the future in which all things disappear. How then is he not a fool who is puffed up with such things or plagued about them and makes himself miserable? for they vex him only for a time, and a short time.

Think of the universal substance, of which thou hast a very small portion; and of universal time, of which a short and indivisible interval has been assigned to thee; and of that which is fixed by destiny, and how small a part of it thou art.

Does another do me wrong? Let him look to it. He has his own disposition, his own activity. I now have what the universal nature wills me to have; and I do what my nature now wills me to do.

Art thou angry with him whose armpits stink? art thou angry with him whose mouth smells foul? What good will this anger do thee? He has such a mouth, he has such armpits: it is necessary that such an emanation must come from such things; but the man has reason, it will be said, and he is able, if he takes pains, to discover wherein he offends; I wish thee well of thy discovery. Well, then, and thou hast reason: by thy rational faculty stir up his rational faculty; show him his error, admonish him. For if he listens, thou wilt cure him, and there is no need of anger. . . .

Soon, very soon, thou wilt be ashes, or a skeleton, and either a name or not even a name ; but name is sound and echo. And the things which are much valued in life are empty and rotten and trifling, and [like] little dogs biting one another, and little children quarrelling, laughing, and then straightway weeping. But fidelity and modesty and justice and truth are fled

“ Up to Olympus from the widespread earth.”

HESIOD, “ Works,” etc., v. 197.

What then is there which still detains thee here, if the objects of sense are easily changed and never stand still, and the organs of perception are dull and easily receive false impressions, and the poor soul itself is an exhalation from blood ? But to have good repute amid such a world as this is an empty thing. Why then dost thou not wait in tranquillity for thy end, whether it is extinction or removal to another state ? And until that time comes, what is sufficient ? Why, what else than to venerate the gods and bless them, and to do good to men, and to practise tolerance and self-restraint ; but as to everything which is beyond the limits of the poor flesh and breath, to remember that this is neither thine nor in thy power.

Thou canst pass thy life in an equable flow of happiness, if thou canst go by the right way, and think and act in the right way. These two things are common both to the soul of God and to the soul of man, and to the soul of every rational being : not to be hindered by another ; and to hold good to consist in the disposition to justice and the practice of it, and in this to let thy desire find its termination.

It would be a man's happiest lot to depart from mankind without having had any taste of lying and hypocrisy and luxury and pride. However, to breathe out one's life when a man has had enough of these things is the next best voyage, as the saying is. Hast thou determined to abide with vice, and has not experience yet induced thee to fly from this pestilence ? For the destruction of the understanding is a pestilence, much more indeed than any such corruption and change of this atmosphere which surrounds us. For this corruption is a pestilence of animals so far as they are animals ; but the other is a pestilence of men so far as they are men.

Do not despise death, but be well content with it, since this too is one of those things which nature wills. For such as it is to be young and to grow old, and to increase and to reach

maturity, and to have teeth and beard and gray hairs, and to beget and to be pregnant and to bring forth, and all the other natural operations which the seasons of thy life bring, such also is dissolution. This, then, is consistent with the character of a reflecting man,—to be neither careless nor impatient nor contemptuous with respect to death, but to wait for it as one of the operations of nature. As thou now waitest for the time when the child shall come out of thy wife's womb, so be ready for the time when thy soul shall fall out of this envelope. But if thou requirest also a vulgar kind of comfort which shall reach thy heart, thou wilt be made best reconciled to death by observing the objects from which thou art going to be removed, and the morals of those with whom thy soul will no longer be mingled. For it is no way right to be offended with men, but it is thy duty to care for them and to bear with them gently; and yet to remember that thy departure will not be from men who have the same principles as thyself. For this is the only thing, if there be any, which could draw us the contrary way and attach us to life,—to be permitted to live with those who have the same principles as ourselves. But now thou seest how great is the trouble arising from the discordance of those who live together, so that thou mayst say, Come quick, O death, lest perchance I, too, should forget myself.

When thou art offended with any man's shameless conduct, immediately ask thyself, Is it possible, then, that shameless men should not be in the world? It is not possible. Do not, then, require what is impossible. For this man also is one of those shameless men who must of necessity be in the world. Let the same considerations be present to thy mind in the case of the knave and the faithless man, and of every man who does wrong in any way. For at the same time that thou dost remind thyself that it is impossible that such kind of men should not exist, thou wilt become more kindly disposed toward every one individually. It is useful to perceive this, too, immediately when the occasion arises, what virtue nature has given to man to oppose to every wrongful act. For she has given to man, as an antidote against the stupid man, mildness, and against another kind of man some other power. And in all cases it is possible for thee to correct by teaching the man who is gone astray; for every man who errs misses his object and is gone astray. Besides, wherein hast thou been injured? For thou wilt find that no one among those against whom thou art

irritated has done anything by which thy mind could be made worse; but that which is evil to thee and harmful has its foundation only in the mind. And what harm is done or what is there strange, if the man who has not been instructed does the acts of an uninstructed man? Consider whether thou shouldst not rather blame thyself, because thou didst not expect such a man to err in such a way. For thou hadst means given thee by thy reason to suppose that it was likely that he would commit this error, and yet thou hast forgotten and art amazed that he has erred. But most of all when thou blamest a man as faithless or ungrateful, turn to thyself. For the fault is manifestly thy own, whether thou didst trust that a man who had such a disposition would keep his promise, or when conferring thy kindness thou didst not confer it absolutely, nor yet in such way as to have received from thy very act all the profit. For what more dost thou want when thou hast done a man a service? art thou not content that thou hast done something conformable to thy nature, and dost thou seek to be paid for it? just as if the eye demanded a recompense for seeing or the feet for walking. For as these members are formed for a particular purpose, and by working according to their several constitutions obtain what is their own; so also as man is formed by nature to acts of benevolence, when he has done anything benevolent or in any other way conducive to the common interest, he has acted conformably to his constitution, and he gets what is his own.



J. Austen

JANE AUSTEN.

AUSTEN, JANE, an English novelist, born December 16, 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, where her father was rector; died at Winchester, July 18, 1817. Her first four published novels, "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," were issued anonymously between 1811 and 1816; two others, "Northanger Abbey" (which, however, was written in 1798) and "Persuasion," were published the year after her death. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives plain representations of English life and society in the middle and upper classes, without attempt at fine writing, and with no striking scenes, thrilling adventures, or extraordinary characters. Her novels were greatly admired by cultivated readers. Miss Austen's novels, perhaps, beyond any others in the English language, were favorites of Macaulay, as he records over and over again in his Journals.

MR. COLLINS' COURTSHIP.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

THE next day opened a new scene at Longbourn. Mr. Collins made his declaration in form. Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday, and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself, even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner with all the observances which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet, Elizabeth, and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words:—

"May I hope, madam, for your interest with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honor of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered:—

"Oh, dear! Yes, certainly. I am sure Lizzy will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty, I want you upstairs." And gathering her work together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out:—

"Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no; nonsense, Lizzy! I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I insist upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction; and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and, as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began:—

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had not there been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken. Almost as soon as I entered the house I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings on this subject, perhaps it will be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure, being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him further, and he continued:—

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and, thirdly, which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very

noble lady whom I have the honor of calling patroness. Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked, too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford — between our pools at quadrille, while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss De Bourgh's footstool — that she said: 'Mr. Collins you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry. Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman, for my sake and for your own; let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high, but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindnesses of Lady Catherine De Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favor of matrimony. It remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighborhood, where I assure you there are many aimable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honored father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible when the melancholy event takes place — which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you, in the most animated language, of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the four per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time.

Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honor of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," replied Mr. Collins, with a formal wave of the hand, "that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favor; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar ere long."

"Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, "your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make me happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who would make you so. Nay, were your friend, Lady Catherine, to know me, I am perfectly persuaded she would find me in every respect ill-qualified for the situation."

"Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins, very gravely — "but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honor of seeing her again I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

"Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and, by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family, and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls, without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising, as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her: —

"When I do myself the honor of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favorable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first applica-

tion, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," cried Elizabeth, with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of my addresses are merely words, of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: It does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favor; and you should take it into further consideration that, in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion is unhappily so small that it will, in all likelihood, undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must, therefore, conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists in tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honor you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female intending to plague you, but as a rational creature speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that, when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perseverance in wilful self-deception Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew, determined that, if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be

decisive, and whose behavior, at least, could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry of an elegant female.

Mr. Collins was not left long to the silent contemplation of his successful love; for Mrs. Bennet, having dawdled about in the vestibule to watch for the end of the conference, no sooner saw Elizabeth open the door and with quick step pass her toward the staircase, than she entered the breakfast room, and congratulated both him and herself in warm terms on the happy prospect of their nearer connection. Mr. Collins received and returned these felicitations with equal pleasure, and then proceeded to relate the particulars of their interview, with the result of which he trusted he had every reason to be satisfied, since the refusal which his cousin had steadfastly given him would naturally flow from her bashful modesty and the genuine delicacy of her character.

This information, however, startled Mrs. Bennet; she would have been glad to be equally satisfied that her daughter had meant to encourage him by protesting against his proposals, but she dared not believe it, and could not help saying so.

"But depend upon it, Mr. Collins," she added, "that Lizzy shall be brought to reason. I will speak to her about it myself directly. She is a very headstrong, foolish girl, and does not know her own interest; but I will make her know it!"

"Pardon me for interrupting you, madam," cried Mr. Collins; "but if she is really headstrong and foolish, I know not whether she would altogether be a very desirable wife to a man in my situation, who naturally looks for happiness in the marriage state. If, therefore, she actually persists in rejecting my suit, perhaps it were better not to force her into accepting me, because, if liable to such defects of temper, she could not add much to my felicity."

"Sir, you quite misunderstand me," said Mrs. Bennet, alarmed. "Lizzy is only headstrong in such matters as these. In everything else she is as good-natured a girl as ever lived. I will go directly to Mr. Bennet, and we shall very soon settle it with her, I am sure."

She would not give him time to reply, but hurrying instantly to her husband, called out, as she entered the library:—

"Oh, Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar! You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr.

Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste he will change his mind and not have her!"

Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book as she entered, and fixed them on her face with a calm unconcern, which was not in the least altered by her communication.

"I have not the pleasure of understanding you," said he, when she had finished her speech. "Of what are you talking?"

"Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy. Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy."

"And what am I to do on the occasion? It seems a hopeless business."

"Speak to Lizzy about it yourself. Tell her that you insist upon her marrying him."

"Let her be called down. She shall hear my opinion."

Mrs. Bennet rang the bell, and Miss Elizabeth was summoned to the library.

"Come here, child," cried her father, as she appeared. "I have sent for you on an affair of importance. I understand that Mr. Collins has made you an offer of marriage. Is it true?" Elizabeth replied that it was. "Very well — and this offer of marriage you have refused?"

"I have, sir?"

"Very well. We now come to the point. Your mother insists upon your accepting it. Is it not so, Mrs. Bennet?"

"Yes, or I will never see her again."

"An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth. From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do!"

Elizabeth could not but smile at such a conclusion of such a beginning; but Mrs. Bennet, who had persuaded herself that her husband regarded the affair as she wished, was excessively disappointed.

"What do you mean, Mr. Bennet, by talking in this way? You promised me to insist upon her marrying him."

"My dear," replied her husband, "I have two small favors to request. First, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and, secondly, of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be."

Not yet, however, in spite of her disappointment in her husband, did Mrs. Bennet give up the point. She talked to Eliza-

both again and again; coaxed and threatened her by turns. She endeavored to secure Jane in her interest, but Jane, with all possible mildness, declined interfering; and Elizabeth, sometimes with real earnestness, and sometimes with playful gayety, replied to her attacks. Though her manner varied, however, her determination never did.

Mr. Collins, meanwhile, was meditating in solitude on what had passed. He thought too well of himself to comprehend on what motive his cousin could refuse him; and though his pride was hurt, he suffered in no other way. His regard for her was quite imaginary, and the possibility of her deserving her mother's reproach prevented his feeling any regret.

While the family were in this confusion Charlotte Lucas came to spend the day with them. She was met in the vestibule by Lydia, who, flying to her, cried, in a half whisper, "I am glad you are come, for there is such fun here! What do you think has happened this morning? Mr. Collins has made an offer to Lizzy, and she will not have him."

Charlotte had hardly time to answer before they were joined by Kitty, who came to tell the same news: and no sooner had they entered the breakfast room where Mrs. Bennet was alone than she likewise began on the subject, calling on Miss Lucas for her compassion, and entreating her to persuade her friend Lizzy to comply with the wishes of all her family. "Pray do, my dear Miss Lucas," she added, in a melancholy tone, "for nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used; nobody feels for my poor nerves."

Charlotte's reply was spared by the entrance of Jane and Elizabeth.

"Ay, there she comes," continued Mrs. Bennet, "looking as unconcerned as may be, and caring no more for us than if we were at York, provided she can have her own way. But I tell you what, Miss Lizzy, if you take it into your head to go on refusing every offer of marriage in this way, you will never get a husband at all; and I am sure I do not know who is to maintain you when your father is dead. I shall not be able to keep you—and so I warn you. I have done with you from this very day. I told you in the library, you know, that I should never speak to you again, and you will find me as good as my word. I have no pleasure in talking to undutiful children. Not that I have much pleasure, indeed, in talking to anybody. People who suffer as I do from nervous complaints can have no great

inclination for talking. Nobody can tell what I suffer! But it is always so: those who do not complain are never pitied."

Her daughters listened in silence to this effusion, sensible that any attempt to reason with or soothe her would only increase the irritation. She talked on, therefore, without interruption from any of them, till they were joined by Mr. Collins, who entered with an air more stately than usual, and on perceiving whom she said to the girls:—

"Now I do insist upon it that you, all of you, hold your tongues and let Mr. Collins and me have a little conversation together."

Elizabeth passed quietly out of the room, Jane and Kitty followed, but Lydia stood her ground, determined to hear all she could; and Charlotte detained first by the civility of Mr. Collins, whose inquiries after herself and all her family were very minute, and then by a little curiosity, satisfied herself with walking to the window and pretending not to hear. In a doleful voice Mrs. Bennet thus began the projected conversation: "Oh, Mr. Collins!"

"My dear madam," replied he, "let us be forever silent on this point. Far be it from me," he presently continued, in a voice that marked his displeasure, "to resent the behavior of your daughter. Resignation to inevitable evils is the duty of us all—the peculiar duty of a young man who has been so fortunate as I have been, in early preferment; and, I trust, I am resigned. Perhaps not the less so from feeling a doubt of my positive happiness had my fair cousin honored me with her hand; for I have often observed that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation. You will not, I hope, consider me as showing any disrespect to your family, my dear madam, by thus withdrawing my pretensions to your daughter's favor, without having paid yourself and Mr. Bennet the compliment of requesting you to interpose your authority in my behalf. My conduct may, I fear, be objectionable in having accepted my dismissal from your daughter's lips instead of your own; but we are all liable to error. I have certainly meant well through the whole affair. My object has been to secure an amiable companion for myself, with due consideration for the advantage of all your family; and if my manner has been at all reprehensible, I here beg leave to apologize."

ELIZABETH AND LADY CATHERINE.

(From "Pride and Prejudice.")

One morning, about a week after Bingley's engagement with Jane had been formed, as he and the females of the family were sitting together in the dining room, their attention was suddenly drawn to the window by the sound of a carriage, and they perceived a chaise and four driving up the lawn. It was too early in the morning for visitors, and besides, the equipage did not answer to that of any of their neighbors. The horses were post; and neither the carriage nor the livery of the servant who preceded it was familiar to them. As it was certain, however, that somebody was coming, Bingley instantly prevailed on Miss Bennet to avoid the confinement of such an intrusion, and walk away with him into the shubbery. They both set off, and the conjectures of the remaining three continued, though with little satisfaction, till the door was thrown open and their visitor entered. It was Lady Catherine De Bourgh.

They were of course all intending to be surprised, but their astonishment was beyond their expectation; and on the part of Mrs. Bennet and Kitty, though she was perfectly unknown to them, even inferior to what Elizabeth felt.

She entered the room with an air more than usually ungracious, made no other reply to Elizabeth's salutation than a slight inclination of the head, and sat down without saying a word. Elizabeth had mentioned her name to her mother on her ladyship's entrance, though no request of introduction had been made.

Mrs. Bennet, all amazement, though flattered by having a guest of such high importance, received her with the utmost politeness. After sitting for a moment in silence she said, very stiffly, to Elizabeth:—

"I hope you are well, Miss Bennet. That lady, I suppose, is your mother?"

Elizabeth replied very concisely that she was.

"And that, I suppose, is one of your sisters?"

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Bennet, delighted to speak to a Lady Catherine; "she is my youngest girl but one. My youngest of all is lately married, and my eldest is somewhere about the ground, walking with a young man, who, I believe, will soon become a part of the family."

"You have a very small park here," returned Lady Catherine, after a short silence.

"It is nothing in comparison with Rosings, my lady, I dare say; but I assure you it is much larger than Sir William Lucas'."

"This must be a most inconvenient sitting room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her that they never sat there after dinner; and then added:—

"May I take the liberty of asking your ladyship whether you left Mr. and Mrs. Collins well?"

"Yes, very well. I saw them the night before last."

Elizabeth now expected that she would produce a letter for her from Charlotte, as it seemed the only probable motive for her calling. But no letter appeared, and she was completely puzzled.

Mrs. Bennet with great civility begged her ladyship to take some refreshment; but Lady Catherine very resolutely, and not very politely, declined eating anything; and then, rising up, said to Elizabeth:—

"Miss Bennet, there seemed to be a prettyish kind of a little wilderness on one side of your lawn. I should be glad to take a turn in it, if you will favor me with your company."

"Go, my dear," cried her mother, "and show her ladyship about the different walks. I think she will be pleased with the hermitage."

Elizabeth obeyed; and, running into her own room for her parasol, attended her noble guest downstairs. As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining parlor and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent-looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

"How could I ever think her like her nephew?" said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

"You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come."

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

"Indeed you are mistaken, madam; I have not been at all able to account for the honor of seeing you here."

"Miss Bennet," replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, "you ought to know that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness; and in a cause of such moment as this I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature reached me two days ago. I was told that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon united afterward to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood, though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place that I might make my sentiments known to you."

"If you believed it impossible to be true," said Elizabeth, coloring with astonishment and disdain, "I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?"

"At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted."

"Your coming to Longbourn to see me and my family," said Elizabeth, coolly, "will be rather a confirmation of it,—if, indeed, such a report is in existence."

"If! Do you, then, pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread about?"

"I never heard that it was."

"And you can likewise declare that there is no foundation for it?"

"I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may ask questions which I shall not choose to answer."

"This is not to be borne! Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?"

"Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible."

"It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment

of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in."

"If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it."

"Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns."

"But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behavior as this ever induce me to be explicit."

"Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place—no, never. Mr. Darcy is engaged to my daughter. Now, what have you to say?"

"Only this—that if he is so, you can have no reason to suppose he will make an offer to me."

Lady Catherine hesitated a moment, and then replied:—

"The engagement between them is of a peculiar kind. From their infancy they have been intended for each other. It was the favorite wish of his mother, as well as of hers. While in their cradles we planned the union; and now, at the moment when the wishes of both sisters would be accomplished in their marriage, to be prevented by a young woman of inferior birth, of no importance in the world, and wholly unallied to the family! Do you pay no regard to the wishes of his friends? to his tacit engagement with Miss De Bourgh? Are you lost to every feeling of propriety and delicacy? Have you not heard me say that from his earliest hours he was destined for his cousin?"

"Yes; and I had heard it before. But what is that to me? If there is no other objection to my marrying your nephew, I shall certainly not be kept from it by knowing that his mother and aunt wished him to marry Miss De Bourgh. You both did as much as you could in planning the marriage; its completion depended on others. If Mr. Darcy is neither by honor nor inclination confined to his cousin, why is not he to make another choice? and if I am that choice, why may not I accept him?"

"Because honor, decorum, prudence, nay interest, forbid it. Yes, Miss Bennet, interest, for do not expect to be noticed by his family or friends, if you wilfully act against the inclinations of all. You will be censured, slighted, and despised by every one connected with him. Your alliance will be a disgrace; your name will never even be mentioned by any of us."

"These are heavy misfortunes!" replied Elizabeth. "But

the wife of Mr. Darcy must have such extraordinary sources of happiness necessarily attached to her situation that she could, upon the whole, have no cause to repine."

"Obstinate, headstrong girl! I am ashamed of you! Is this your gratitude for my attentions to you last spring? Is nothing due to me on that score? Let us sit down. You are to understand, Miss Bennet, that I came here with the determined resolution of carrying my purpose; nor will I be dissuaded from it. I have not been used to submit to any person's whims. I have not been in the habit of brooking disappointment."

"That will make your ladyship's situation at present more pitiable; but it will have no effect on me."

"I will not be interrupted. Hear me in silence. My daughter and my nephew are formed for each other. They are descended, on the maternal side, from the same noble line; and, on the father's, from respectable, honorable, and ancient, though untitled, families. Their fortune on both sides is splendid. They are destined for each other by the voice of every member of their respective houses; and what is to divide them?—the upstart pretensions of a young woman without family, connections, or fortune! Is this to be endured? But it must not, shall not be! If you were sensible of your own good, you would not wish to quit the sphere in which you have been brought up."

"In marrying your nephew, I should not consider myself as quitting that sphere. He is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter; so far we are equal."

"True. You are a gentleman's daughter. But what was your mother? Who are your uncles and aunts? Do not imagine me ignorant of their condition."

"Whatever my connections may be," said Elizabeth, "if your nephew does not object to them, they can be nothing to you."

"Tell me, once for all, are you engaged to him?"

Though Elizabeth would not, for the mere purpose of obliging Lady Catherine, have answered this question, she could not but say, after a moment's deliberation:—

"I am not."

Lady Catherine seemed pleased.

"And will you promise me never to enter into such an engagement?"

"I will make no promise of the kind."

"Miss Bennet, I am shocked and astonished! I expected to

find a more reasonable young woman. But do not deceive yourself into a belief that I will ever recede. I shall not go away till you have given me the assurance I require."

"And I certainly never shall give it. I am not to be intimidated into anything so wholly unreasonable. Your ladyship wants Mr. Darcy to marry your daughter; but would my giving you the wished-for promise make their marriage at all more probable? Supposing him to be attached to me, would my refusing to accept his hand make him wish to bestow it on his cousin? Allow me to say, Lady Catherine, that the arguments with which you have supported this extraordinary application have been as frivolous as the application was ill-judged. You have widely mistaken my character, if you think I can be worked on by such persuasions as these. How far your nephew might approve of your interference in his affairs I cannot tell, but you have certainly no right to concern yourself in mine. I must beg, therefore, to be importuned no further on the subject."

"Not so hasty, if you please; I have by no means done. To all the objections I have already urged I have still another to add. I am no stranger to the particulars of your youngest sister's infamous elopement; I know it all — that the young man's marrying her was a patched-up business at the expense of your father and uncle. And is such a girl to be my nephew's sister? Is her husband, who is the son of his late father's steward, to be his brother? Heaven and earth! of what are you thinking? Are the shades of Pemberley to be thus polluted?"

"You can now have nothing further to say," she resentfully answered. "You have insulted me in every possible method. I must beg to return to the house."

And she rose as she spoke. Lady Catherine rose also, and they turned back. Her ladyship was highly incensed.

"You have no regard, then, for the honor and credit of my nephew? Unfeeling, selfish girl! Do you not consider that a connection with you must disgrace him in the eyes of everybody?"

"Lady Catherine, I have nothing further to say. You know my sentiments."

"You are, then, resolved to have him?"

"I have said no such thing. I am only resolved to act in that manner which will, in my own opinion, constitute my happiness, without reference to you, or to any person so wholly unconnected with me."

"It is well. You refuse, then, to oblige me; you refuse to obey the claims of duty, honor, and gratitude. You are determined to ruin him in the opinion of all his friends, and make him the contempt of the world."

"Neither duty, nor honor, nor gratitude," replied Elizabeth, "has any possible claim on me in the present instance. No principle of either would be violated by my marriage with Mr. Darcy. And with regard to the resentment of his family, or the indignation of the world, if the former were excited by his marrying me, it would not give me one moment's concern; and the world in general would have too much sense to join in the scorn."

"And this is your real opinion! This is your final resolve! Very well! I shall now know how to act. Do not imagine, Miss Bennet, that your ambition will ever be gratified. I came to try you. I hoped to find you reasonable, but depend upon it I will carry my point."

In this manner Lady Catherine talked on till they were at the door of the carriage, when, turning hastily round, she added:—

"I take no leave of you, Miss Bennet. I send no compliments to your mother; you deserve no such attention. I am most seriously displeased."

Elizabeth made no answer; and without attempting to persuade her ladyship to return into the house, walked quietly into it herself. She heard the carriage drive away as she proceeded upstairs. Her mother impatiently met her at the door of her dressing room, to ask why Lady Catherine would not come in again and rest herself.

"She did not choose it," said her daughter; "she would go."

"She is a very fine-looking woman, and her calling here was prodigiously civil; for she only came, I suppose, to tell us the Collinses were well. She is on her road somewhere, I dare say; and so, passing through Meryton, thought she might as well call on you. I suppose she had nothing particular to say to you, Lizzy?"

Elizabeth was forced to give in to a little falsehood here; for to acknowledge the substance of their conversation was impossible.

A WELL-MATCHED SISTER AND BROTHER.

(From "Northanger Abbey.")

"MY dearest Catherine, have you settled what to wear on your head to-night? I am determined, at all events, to be dressed exactly like you. The men take notice of *that* sometimes, you know."

"But it does not signify if they do," said Catherine, very innocently.

"Signify! oh, heavens! I make it a rule never to mind what they say. They are very often amazingly impertinent, if you do not treat them with spirit, and make them keep their distance."

"Are they? Well I never observed *that*. They always behave very well to me."

"Oh! they give themselves such airs. They are the most conceited creatures in the world, and think themselves of so much importance! By the by, though I have thought of it a hundred times, I have always forgot to ask you what is your favorite complexion in a man. Do you like them best dark or fair?"

"I hardly know. I never much thought about it. Something between both, I think — brown: not fair, and not very dark."

"Very well, Catherine. That is exactly he. I have not forgot your description of Mr. Tilney: 'a brown skin, with dark eyes, and rather dark hair.' Well, my taste is different. I prefer light eyes; and as to complexion, do you know, I like a sallow better than any other. You must not betray me, if you should ever meet with one of your acquaintance answering that description."

"Betray you! What do you mean?"

"Nay, do not distress me. I believe I have said too much. Let us drop the subject."

Catherine, in some amazement, complied; and after remaining a few moments silent, was on the point of reverting to what interested her at that time rather more than anything else in the world, Laurentina's skeleton, when her friend prevented her by saying, "For Heaven's sake! let us move away from this end of the room. Do you know, there are two odious young men who have been staring at me this half-hour. They

really put me quite out of countenance. Let us go and look at the arrivals. They will hardly follow us there."

Away they walked to the book; and while Isabella examined the names, it was Catherine's employment to watch the proceedings of these alarming young men.

"They are not coming this way, are they? I hope they are not so impertinent as to follow us. Pray let me know if they are coming. I am determined I will not look up."

In a few moments Catherine, with unaffected pleasure, assured her that she need not be longer uneasy, as the gentlemen had just left the Pump-room.

"And which way are they gone?" said Isabella, turning hastily round. "One was a very good-looking young man."

"They went towards the churchyard."

"Well, I am amazingly glad I have got rid of them! And now what say you to going to Edgar's Buildings with me, and looking at my new hat? You said you should like to see it."

Catherine readily agreed. "Only," she added, "perhaps we may overtake the two young men."

"Oh! never mind that. If we make haste, we shall pass by them presently, and I am dying to show you my hat."

"But if we only wait a few minutes, there will be no danger of our seeing them at all."

"I shall not pay them any such compliment, I assure you. I have no notion of treating men with such respect. *That* is the way to spoil them."

Catherine had nothing to oppose against such reasoning; and therefore, to show the independence of Miss Thorpe, and her resolution of humbling the sex, they set off immediately, as fast as they could walk, in pursuit of the two young men.

Half a minute conducted them through the Pump-yard to the archway, opposite Union Passage; but here they were stopped. Everybody acquainted with Bath may remember the difficulties of crossing Cheap Street at this point; it is indeed a street of so impertinent a nature, so unfortunately connected with the great London and Oxford roads, and the principal inn of the city, that a day never passes in which parties of ladies, however important their business, whether in quest of pastry, millinery, or even (as in the present case) of young men, are not detained on one side or other by carriages, horsemen, or carts. This evil had been felt and lamented, at least three

times a day, by Isabella since her residence in Bath: and she was now fated to feel and lament it once more; for at the very moment of coming opposite to Union Passage, and within view of the two gentlemen who were proceeding through the crowds and treading the gutters of that interesting alley, they were prevented crossing by the approach of a gig, driven along on bad pavements by a most knowing-looking coachman, with all the vehemence that could most fitly endanger the lives of himself, his companion, and his horse.

"Oh, these odious gigs!" said Isabella, looking up, "how I detest them!" But this detestation, though so just, was of short duration, for she looked again, and exclaimed, "Delightful! Mr. Morland and my brother!"

"Good Heaven! 'tis James!" was uttered at the same moment by Catherine; and on catching the young men's eyes, the horse was immediately checked with a violence which almost threw him on his haunches; and the servant having now scampered up, the gentlemen jumped out, and the equipage was delivered to his care.

Catherine, by whom this meeting was wholly unexpected, received her brother with the liveliest pleasure; and he, being of a very amiable disposition, and sincerely attached to her, gave every proof on his side of equal satisfaction which he could have leisure to do, while the bright eyes of Miss Thorpe were incessantly challenging his notice; and to her his devoirs were speedily paid, with a mixture of joy and embarrassment which might have informed Catherine, had she been more expert in the development of other people's feelings, and less simply engrossed by her own, that her brother thought her friend quite as pretty as she could do herself.

John Thorpe, who in the meantime had been giving orders about the horse, soon joined them, and from him she directly received the amends which were her due; for while he slightly and carelessly touched the hand of Isabella, on her he bestowed a whole scrape and half a short bow. He was a stout young man, of middling height, who, with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much like a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent where he might be allowed to be easy. He took out his watch:—"How long do you think we have been running in from Tetbury, Miss Morland?"

"I do not know the distance." Her brother told her that it was twenty-three miles.

"*Three-and-twenty!*" cried Thorpe; "five-and-twenty if it is an inch." Morland remonstrated, pleaded the authority of roadbooks, innkeepers, and milestones: but his friend disregarded them all; he had a surer test of distance. "I know it must be five-and-twenty," said he, "by the time we have been doing it. It is now half after one; we drove out of the inn-yard at Tetbury as the town-clock struck eleven; and I defy any man in England to make my horse go less than ten miles an hour in harness; that makes it exactly twenty-five."

"You have lost an hour," said Morland: "it was only ten o'clock when we came from Tetbury."

"Ten o'clock! it was eleven, upon my soul! I counted every stroke. This brother of yours would persuade me out of my senses, Miss Morland. Do but look at my horse: did you ever see an animal so made for speed in your life?" (The servant had just mounted the carriage and was driving off.) "Such true blood! Three hours and a half, indeed, coming only three-and-twenty miles! Look at that creature, and suppose it possible, if you can!"

"He *does* look very hot, to be sure."

"Hot! he had not turned a hair till we came to Walcot Church: but look at his forehead; look at his loins; only see how he moves: that horse *cannot* go less than ten miles an hour; tie his legs, and he will get on. What do you think of my gig, Miss Morland? A neat one, is it not? Well hung; town built: I have not had it a month. It was built for a Christ Church man, a friend of mine, a very good sort of fellow; he ran it a few weeks, till, I believe, it was convenient to have done with it. I happened just then to be looking out for some light thing of the kind, though I had pretty well determined on a curriele too; but I chanced to meet him on Magdalen Bridge, as he was driving into Oxford, last term: 'Ah, Thorpe,' said he, 'do you happen to want such a little thing as this? It is a capital one of the kind, but I am cursed tired of it.' 'Oh! d——,' said I, 'I am your man; what do you ask?' And how much do you think he did, Miss Morland?"

"I am sure I cannot guess at all."

"Curriele-hung, you see; seat, trunk, sword-case, splashing-board, lamps, silver molding, all, you see, complete; the iron-work as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas: I

closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine."

"And I am sure," said Catherine, "I know so little of such things, that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear."

"Neither one nor t'other; I might have got it for less, I dare say; but I hate haggling, and poor Freeman wanted cash."

"That was very good-natured of you," said Catherine, quite pleased.

"Oh! d—— it, when one has the means of doing a kind thing by a friend, I hate to be pitiful."

An inquiry now took place into the intended movements of the young ladies; and on finding whither they were going, it was decided that the gentlemen should accompany them to Edgar's Buildings, and pay their respects to Mrs. Thorpe. James and Isabella led the way; and so well satisfied was the latter with her lot, so contentedly was she endeavoring to insure a pleasant walk to him who brought the double recommendation of being her brother's friend and her friend's brother, so pure and uncoquettish were her feelings, that though they overtook and passed the two offending young men in Milsom Street, she was so far from seeking to attract their notice that she looked back at them only three times.

John Thorpe kept of course with Catherine, and after a few minutes' silence renewed the conversation about his gig:—"You will find, however, Miss Morland, it would be reckoned a cheap thing by some people, for I might have sold it for ten guineas more the next day; Jackson of Oriel bid me sixty at once; Morland was with me at the time."

"Yes," said Morland, who overheard this; "but you forgot that your horse was included."

"My horse! oh, d—— it! I would not sell my horse for a hundred. Are you fond of an open carriage, Miss Morland?"

"Yes, very: I have hardly ever an opportunity of being in one; but I am particularly fond of it."

"I am glad of it: I will drive you out in mine every day."

"Thank you," said Catherine, in some distress, from a doubt of the propriety of accepting such an offer.

"I will drive you up Lansdown Hill to-morrow."

"Thank you; but will not your horse want rest?"

"Rest! he has only come three-and-twenty miles to-day; all nonsense: nothing ruins horses so much as rest; nothing

knocks them up so soon. No, no: I shall exercise mine at the average of four hours every day while I am here."

"Shall you, indeed!" said Catherine, very seriously: "that will be forty miles a day."

"Forty! ay, fifty, for what I care. Well, I will drive you up Lansdown to-morrow; mind, I am engaged."

"How delightful that will be!" cried Isabella, turning round; "my dearest Catherine, I quite envy you; but I am afraid, brother, you will not have room for a third."

"A third, indeed! no, no; I did not come to Bath to drive my sisters about: that would be a good joke, faith! Morland must take care of you."

This brought on a dialogue of civilities between the other two; but Catherine heard neither the particulars nor the result. Her companion's discourse now sunk from its hitherto animated pitch to nothing more than a short, decisive sentence of praise or condemnation on the face of every woman they met; and Catherine, after listening and agreeing as long as she could, with all the civility and deference of the youthful female mind, fearful of hazarding an opinion of its own in opposition to that of a self-assured man, especially where the beauty of her own sex is concerned, ventured at length to vary the subject by a question which had been long uppermost in her thoughts. It was, "Have you ever read 'Udolpho,' Mr. Thorpe?"

"'Udolpho'! O Lord! not I: I never read novels; I have something else to do."

Catherine, humbled and ashamed, was going to apologize for her question; but he prevented her by saying, "Novels are all so full of nonsense and stuff! there has not been a tolerable decent one come out since 'Tom Jones,' except the 'Monk'; I read that t'other day: but as for all the others, they are the stupidest things in creation."

"I think you must like 'Udolpho,' if you were to read it: it is so very interesting."

"Not I, faith! No, if I read any, it shall be Mrs. Radcliffe's; her novels are amusing enough: they are worth reading; some fun and nature in *them*."

"'Udolpho' was written by Mrs. Radcliffe," said Catherine, with some hesitation, from the fear of mortifying him.

"No, sure; was it? Ay, I remember, so it was; I was thinking of that other stupid book, written by that woman

they made such a fuss about; she who married the French emigrant."

"I suppose you mean 'Camilla'?"

"Yes, that's the book: such unnatural stuff! An old man playing at see-saw: I took up the first volume once, and looked it over, but I soon found it would not do; indeed, I guessed what sort of stuff it must be before I saw it; as soon as I heard she had married an emigrant, I was sure I should never be able to get through it."

"I have never read it."

"You have no loss, I assure you; it is the horriddest nonsense you can imagine: there is nothing in the world in it but an old man's playing at see-saw and learning Latin; upon my soul, there is not."

This critique, the justness of which was unfortunately lost on poor Catherine, brought them to the door of Mrs. Thorpe's lodgings, and the feelings of the discerning and unprejudiced reader of "Camilla" gave way to the feelings of the dutiful and affectionate son, as they met Mrs. Thorpe, who had descried them from above, in the passage. "Ah, mother, how do you do?" said he, giving her a hearty shake of the hand; "where did you get that quiz of a hat? it makes you look like an old witch. Here is Morland and I come to stay a few days with you; so you must look out for a couple of good beds somewhere near." And this address seemed to satisfy all the fondest wishes of the mother's heart, for she received him with the most delighted and exulting affection. On his two younger sisters he then bestowed an equal portion of his fraternal tenderness, for he asked each of them how they did, and observed that they both looked very ugly.

FAMILY DOCTORS.

(From "Emma.")

WHILE they were thus comfortably occupied, Mr. Woodhouse was enjoying a full flow of happy regrets and tearful affection with his daughter.

"My poor, dear Isabella," said he, fondly taking her hand, and interrupting for a few moments her busy labors for some one of her five children, "how long it is, how terribly long since you were here! And how tired you must be after your journey! You must go to bed early, my dear, — and I recom-

mend a little gruel to you before you go. You and I will have a nice basin of gruel together. My dear Emma, suppose we all have a little gruel."

Emma could not suppose any such thing, knowing as she did that both the Mr. Knightleys were as unpersuadable on that article as herself, and two basins only were ordered. After a little more discourse in praise of gruel, with some wondering at its not being taken every evening by everybody, he proceeded to say, with an air of grave reflection:—

"It was an awkward business, my dear, your spending the autumn at South End instead of coming here. I never had much opinion of the sea air."

"Mr. Wingfield most strenuously recommended it, sir, or we should not have gone. He recommended it for all the children, but particularly for the weakness in little Bella's throat,—both sea air and bathing."

"Ah, my dear, but Perry had many doubts about the sea doing her any good; and as to myself, I have been long perfectly convinced, though perhaps I never told you so before, that the sea is very rarely of use to anybody. I am sure it almost killed me once."

"Come, come," cried Emma, feeling this to be an unsafe subject, "I must beg you not to talk of the sea. It makes me envious and miserable; I who have never seen it! South End is prohibited, if you please. My dear Isabella, I have not heard you make one inquiry after Mr. Perry yet; and he never forgets you."

"Oh, good Mr. Perry, how is he, sir?"

"Why, pretty well; but not quite well. Poor Perry is bilious, and he has not time to take care of himself; he tells me he has not time to take care of himself—which is very sad—but he is always wanted all round the country. I suppose there is not a man in such practice anywhere. But then, there is not so clever a man anywhere."

"And Mrs. Perry and the children, how are they? Do the children grow? I have a great regard for Mr. Perry. I hope he will be calling soon. He will be so pleased to see my little ones."

"I hope he will be here to-morrow, for I have a question or two to ask him about myself of some consequence. And, my dear, whenever he comes, you had better let him look at little Bella's throat."

"Oh, my dear sir, her throat is so much better that I have hardly any uneasiness about it. Either bathing has been of the greatest service to her, or else it is to be attributed to an excellent embrocation of Mr. Wingfield's, which we have been applying at times ever since August."

"It is not very likely, my dear, that bathing should have been of use to her; and if I had known you were wanting an embrocation, I would have spoken to —"

"You seem to me to have forgotten Mrs. and Miss Bates," said Emma: "I have not heard one inquiry after them."

"Oh, the good Bateses — I am quite ashamed of myself; but you mention them in most of your letters. I hope they are quite well. Good old Mrs. Bates. I will call upon her tomorrow, and take my children. They are always so pleased to see my children. And that excellent Miss Bates! — such thorough worthy people! How are they, sir?"

"Why, pretty well, my dear, upon the whole. But poor Mrs. Bates had a bad cold about a month ago."

"How sorry I am! but colds were never so prevalent as they have been this autumn. Mr. Wingfield told me that he had never known them more general or heavy, except when it has been quite an influenza."

"That has been a good deal the case, my dear, but not to the degree you mention. Perry says that colds have been very general, but not so heavy as he has very often known them in November. Perry does not call it altogether a sickly season."

"No, I do not know that Mr. Wingfield considers it *very* sickly, except —"

"Ah, my poor, dear child, the truth is, that in London it is always a sickly season. Nobody is healthy in London, nobody can be. It is a dreadful thing to have you forced to live there; — so far off! — and the air so bad!"

"No, indeed, *we* are not at all in a bad air. Our part of London is so very superior to most others. You must not confound us with London in general, my dear sir. The neighborhood of Brunswick Square is very different from almost all the rest. We are so very airy! I should be unwilling I own, to live in any other part of the town; there is hardly any other that I could be satisfied to have my children in: but *we* are so remarkably airy! Mr. Wingfield thinks the vicinity of Brunswick Square decidedly the most favorable as to air."

"Ah, my dear, it is not like Hartfield. You make the best of it — but after you have been a week at Hartfield, you are all of you different creatures; you do not look like the same. Now, I cannot say that I think you are any of you looking well at present."

"I am sorry to hear you say so, sir; but I assure you, excepting those little nervous headaches and palpitations which I am never entirely free from anywhere, I am quite well myself; and if the children were rather pale before they went to bed, it was only because they were a little more tired than usual from their journey and the happiness of coming. I hope you will think better of their looks to-morrow; for I assure you Mr. Wingfield told me that he did not believe he had ever sent us off, altogether, in such good case. I trust at least that you do not think Mr. Knightley looking ill," turning her eyes with affectionate anxiety toward her husband.

"Middling, my dear; I cannot compliment you. I think Mr. John Knightley very far from looking well."

"What is the matter, sir? Did you speak to me?" cried Mr. John Knightley, hearing his own name.

"I am sorry to find, my love, that my father does not think you looking well; but I hope it is only from being a little fatigued. I could have wished, however, as you know, that you had seen Mr. Wingfield before you left home."

"My dear Isabella," exclaimed he hastily, "pray do not concern yourself about my looks. Be satisfied with doctoring and coddling yourself and the children, and let me look as I choose."

"I did not thoroughly understand what you were telling your brother," cried Emma, "about your friend Mr. Graham's intending to have a bailiff from Scotland to look after his new estate. But will it answer? Will not the old prejudice be too strong?"

And she talked in this way so long and successfully that, when forced to give her attention again to her father and sister, she had nothing worse to hear than Isabella's kind inquiry after Jane Fairfax; and Jane Fairfax, though no great favorite with her in general, she was at that moment very happy to assist in praising.

"That sweet, amiable Jane Fairfax!" said Mrs. John Knightley. "It is so long since I have seen her, except now and then for a moment accidentally in town. What happiness

it must be to her good old grandmother and excellent aunt when she comes to visit them! I always regret excessively, on dear Emma's account, that she cannot be more at Highbury; but now their daughter is married I suppose Colonel and Mrs. Campbell will not be able to part with her at all. She would be such a delightful companion for Emma."

Mr. Woodhouse agreed to it all, but added:—

"Our little friend Harriet Smith, however, is just such another pretty kind of young person. You will like Harriet. Emma could not have a better companion than Harriet."

"I am most happy to hear it; but only Jane Fairfax one knows to be so very accomplished and superior, and exactly Emma's age."

This topic was discussed very happily, and others succeeded of similar moment, and passed away with similar harmony; but the evening did not close without a little return of agitation. The gruel came and supplied a great deal to be said—much praise and many comments—undoubting decision of its wholesomeness for every constitution, and pretty severe philippics upon the many houses where it was never met with tolerably; but unfortunately, among the failures which the daughter had to instance, the most recent and therefore most prominent was in her own cook at South End, a young woman hired for the time, who never had been able to understand what she meant by a basin of nice smooth gruel, thin, but not too thin. Often as she had wished for and ordered it, she had never been able to get anything tolerable. Here was a dangerous opening.

"Ah," said Mr. Woodhouse, shaking his head, and fixing his eyes on her with tender concern. The ejaculation in Emma's ear expressed, "Ah, there is no end of the sad consequences of your going to South End. It does not bear talking of." And for a little while she hoped he would not talk of it, and that a silent rumination might suffice to restore him to the relish of his own smooth gruel. After an interval of some minutes, however, he began with,—

"I shall always be very sorry that you went to the sea this autumn, instead of coming here."

"But why should you be sorry, sir? I assure you it did the children a great deal of good."

"And moreover, if you must go to the sea, it had better not have been to South End. South End is an unhealthy place. Perry was surprised to hear you had fixed upon South End."

"I know there is such an idea with many people, but indeed it is quite a mistake, sir. We all had our health perfectly well there, never found the least inconvenience from the mud, and Mr. Wingfield says it is entirely a mistake to suppose the place unhealthy; and I am sure he may be depended on, for he thoroughly understands the nature of the air, and his own brother and family have been there repeatedly."

"You should have gone to Cromer, my dear, if you went anywhere. Perry was a week at Cromer once, and he holds it to be the best of all the sea-bathing places. A fine open sea, he says, and very pure air. And by what I understand, you might have had lodgings there quite away from the sea—a quarter of a mile off—very comfortable. You should have consulted Perry."

"But, my dear sir, the difference of the journey: only consider how great it would have been. A hundred miles, perhaps, instead of forty."

"Ah, my dear, as Perry says, where health is at stake, nothing else should be considered; and if one is to travel, there is not much to choose between forty miles and a hundred. Better not move at all, better stay in London altogether than travel forty miles to get into a worse air. This is just what Perry said. It seemed to him a very ill-judged measure."

Emma's attempts to stop her father had been vain; and when he had reached such a point as this, she could not wonder at her brother-in-law's breaking out.

"Mr. Perry," said he, in a voice of very strong displeasure, "would do as well to keep his opinion till it is asked for. Why does he make it any business of his to wonder at what I do?—at my taking my family to one part of the coast or another? I may be allowed, I hope, the use of my judgment as well as Mr. Perry. I want his directions no more than his drugs." He paused, and growing cooler in a moment, added, with only sarcastic dryness, "If Mr. Perry can tell me how to convey a wife and five children a distance of a hundred and thirty miles with no greater expense or inconvenience than a distance of forty, I should be as willing to prefer Cromer to South End as he could himself."

"True, true," cried Mr. Knightley, with most ready interposition, "very true. That's a consideration, indeed. But, John, as to what I was telling you of my idea of moving the path to Langham, of turning it more to the right that it may not cut through the home meadows, I cannot conceive any diffi-

culty. I should not attempt it, if it were to be the means of inconvenience to the Highbury people, but if you call to mind exactly the present light of the path — The only way of proving it, however, will be to turn to our maps. I shall see you at the Abbey to-morrow morning, I hope, and then we will look them over, and you shall give me your opinion.”

Mr. Woodhouse was rather agitated by such harsh reflections on his friend Perry, to whom he had in fact, though unconsciously, been attributing many of his own feelings and expressions; but the soothing attentions of his daughters gradually removed the present evil, and the immediate alertness of one brother, and better recollections of the other, prevented any renewal of it.

THE MUSIC OF MAN'S HEART.

SINCE ever the world was fashioned,
Water and air and sod,
A music of divers meaning
Has flowed from the hand of God.
In valley and gorge and upland,
On stormy mountain height,
He makes him a harp of the forest,
He sweeps the chords with might.
He puts forth his hand to the ocean,
He speaks and the waters flow;
Now in a chorus of thunder,
Now in a cadence low.
He touches the waving flower bells,
He plays on the woodland streams,
A tender song like a mother
Sings to her child in dreams.
But the music divinest and dearest,
Since ever the years began,
Is the manifold passionate music
He draws from the heart of man.

Anonymous.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

AUSTIN, ALFRED, an English poet, critic, and journalist, was born in Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835. His parents were Catholics, and he was educated at Stonyhurst College and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. From Oscott he took his degree from the University of London in 1853, and was called to the bar in 1857. His tastes, however, were not for the law, but for literature, and since his father's death, in 1861, he has devoted himself to it. Among his poetical works are: "Randolph," published anonymously (1854); "The Season, a Satire" (1861 and 1869); "The Human Tragedy" (1862, 1876, and 1881); "The Golden Age" (1871); "Interludes" (1872); "Rome or Death" (1873); "Madonna's Child" (1873); "The Tower of Babel" (1874); "Savonarola" (1881); "Soliloquies" (1882); "At the Gate of the Convent" (1885); "Prince Lucifer" (1887); "English Lyrics" (1890); "Fortunatus the Pessimist" (1892); "Conversion of Winckelmann" (1897). He has published novels: "Five Years of It" (1858); "An Artist's Proof" (1864), and "Won by a Head" (1866). Mr. Austin was many years connected with "The Standard" and with "The Quarterly Review," and for a number of years editor of "The National Review." In January, 1896, Mr. Austin was made Poet Laureate, a position which had been vacant since the death of Tennyson in 1892.

PARTING OF GODFRID AND OLYMPIA.

(From "Madonna's Child.")

So once again they fled without delay,
 On wings of wind through leagues of dim-seen land;
 Night and the stars accompanying their way,
 And roar and blackness close on either hand:
 Until the dark drew off, and with the day
 They saw the sparkling bay and joyous strand,
 White sails, brown oars, huge coils of briny ropes,
 And fair proud city throned on regal slopes.

And soon the road they came by, which doth run
 'Twixt hill and sea, now smooth as woodland pond,
 Saw them once more, with all their dreams unspun,
 Facing farewell. A little way beyond,

A big brown mule stood blinking in the sun,
For a long march rudely caparisoned;
And at its side a gentle mountaineer,
Who to their grief lent neither eye nor ear.

“Hear me once more, Olympia! Must we part?
Is Heaven so stern, and can a gentle breast
Inflict and eye endure so keen a smart,
When pity’s voice could lull our pain to rest?
Is there no common Eden of the heart,
Where each fond bosom is a welcome guest?
No comprehensive paradise to hold
All loving souls in one celestial fold?

“For Love is older far than all the gods,
And will survive both gods and men, and be
The sovereign ruler still, when Nature nods,
And the scared stars through misty chaos flee.
Take love away, and we are brutish clods,
Blind, spelling out our fate without the key;
Love, love is our immortal part, and they
Who own it not are only walking clay.

“But they who in this cold contentious sphere
Deep in their heart cherish love’s sacred fire,
Can smile at pain, and all that mortals fear,
And tranquil keep when time and death conspire.
Though fickle winds should vex, they do not veer;
No threats can daunt them, weary waitings tire:
Their feet are planted on the clouds; their eyes
Glare cannot blind, scan the eternal skies.

“This is my creed, and that the heaven I seek;
Which even here, Olympia! may be ours,
Unless my lips, or else thine ears, be weak,
Or we have outraged the supernal powers.
Oh, but that cannot be! Would Nature wreak
Her wrath on thee, most precious of her flowers?
The sin, if sin there be, is mine, is mine;—
Wrong never was, can pain be ever, thine?

“Here ’twixt the mountains and the sea I swear
That I thy faith will reverence as thy soul;
And as on that bright morning when thy fair
Entrancing form upon my senses stole,

Still every dewy dawn fresh gifts will bear
 Unto Madonna's shrine, — that happy goal
 Where our first journey ended, and I fain
 Would have this end — not snapped, as now, in pain !”

The foam-fringe at their feet was not more white
 Than her pale cheeks, as downcast she replied : —
 “No, Godfrid! no. Farewell, farewell! You might
 Have been my star ; — a star once fell by pride ; —
 But since you furl your wings, and veil your light,
 I cling to Mary and Christ crucified.
 Leave me, nay, leave me, ere it be too late!
 Better part here than part at heaven's gate !”

Thereat he kissed her forehead, she his hand,
 And on the mule he mounted her, and then,
 Along the road that skirts the devious strand,
 Watched her, until she vanished from his ken.
 Tears all in vain as water upon sand,
 Or words of grace to hearts of hardened men,
 Coursed down her cheeks, whilst, half her grief divined,
 The mountain guide walked sad and mute behind.

But never more as in the simple days
 When prayer was all her thought, her heart shall be ;
 For she is burdened with the grief that stays,
 And by a shadow vexed that will not flee.
 Pure, but not spared, she passes from our gaze, —
 Victim, not vanquisher, of love. And he ?
 Once more a traveler o'er land and main ; —
 Ah ! life is sad and scarcely worth the pain !

A QUESTION.

Love, wilt thou love me still when wintry streak
 Steals on the tresses of autumnal brow ;
 When the pale rose hath perished in my cheek,
 And these are wrinkles, that are dimples now ?
 Wilt thou, when this fond arm that here I twine
 Round thy dear neck, to help thee in thy need,
 Drops faint and feeble, and hath need of thine,
 Be then my prop, and not a broken reed ?
 When thou canst only glean along the past,
 And garner in thy heart what time doth leave,

Oh, wilt thou then to me, love, cling as fast
As nest of April to December eve;
And while my beauty dwindles and decays,
Still warm thee by the embers of my gaze?

AN ANSWER.

COME, let us go into the lane, love mine,
And mark and gather what the Autumn grows, —
The creamy elder, mellowed into wine;
The russet hip, that was the pink-white rose;
The amber woodbine into rubies turned;
The blackberry, that was the bramble born;
Nor let the seeded clematis be spurned,
Nor pearls, that now are corals of the thorn.
Look! what a lovely posy we have made
From the wild garden of the waning year!
So when, dear love, your beauty is decayed,
Beauty more touching than is clustered here
Will linger in your life, and I shall cling
Closely as now, nor ask if it be spring.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

KACELYEVO's slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt;
For the last redoubt up the hill remained,
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.
Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried,
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,
And on to the last redoubt they poured.
One fell, and a second quickly stopped
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;
The second — a third straight filled his place;
The third — and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
 Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
 Many a heart that sought the crest
 Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.
 Over their corpses the living sprang,
 And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,
 Till the faces that lined the last redoubt
 Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
 That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;
 Brandishing blade with a gallant air,
 His head erect and his bosom bare.
 "Fly! they are on us!" his men implored,
 But he waved them on with his waving sword.
 "It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"
 But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

.
 "Yield!" but aloft his steel he flashed,
 And down on their steel it ringing clashed;
 Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
 His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.
 They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
 His limbs were shapely, and soft and round.
 No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade —
 "Bismillah!" they cried; "'tis an Infidel maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
 The riddled breast and the tender jaw.
 "Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
 "And daintily bury this dainty dead!
 Make her a grave where she stood and fell,
 'Gainst the jackal's scratch and the vulture's smell.
 Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
 In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."
 So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
 Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
 And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
 Shall drive her out of the Last Redoubt.

JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN.

AUSTIN, JANE (GOODWIN), an American novelist, was born in Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died in Boston, March 30, 1894. She was educated in private schools in Boston, and began her literary work by writing for periodicals, and most of her stories were first published in this form. She is the author of "Fairy Dreams" (1860); "Cipher: A Romance" (1869); "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain" (1870); "Mrs. Beauchamp Brown," of the No Name Series (1880); "A Nameless Nobleman" (1881); "Desmond Hundred," Round Robin Series (1882); and "Nantucket Scraps" (1883). Mrs. Austin has also written a series of historical novels of the old Plymouth Colony, among which are "Standish of Standish" (1887); "Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters" (1890); "Betty Alden" (1891); and "David Alden's Daughter" (1892). At the time of her death Mrs. Austin had nearly finished another historical novel which she regarded as one of her best.

STANDISH AT MERRY MOUNT.¹

(From "Betty Alden.")

SOME two weeks had passed by since the visit of the committee of safety to Plymouth; long enough for Bradford, ever moderate, ever considerate, to write a letter of kindly expostulation to Morton, and to receive an insolent and defiant reply; and now in a pleasant June afternoon the Plymouth boat, commanded by Standish, and manned by eight picked followers, drew into Weymouth fore-river, where upon the water-course now known as Phillips Creek, Weston and his men, some six or seven years before, had founded their unlucky settlement.

The fate of this settlement we have seen, and also learned that the houses protected by Standish's warning to the savages had since become the dwelling-place of some of the followers of Ferdinando Gorges, that showy personage who, coming to the New World with the romantic idea of proclaiming himself its governor, found it so savage and forbidding of aspect that, after

¹ By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

a few months spent mostly as a guest of Plymouth, he quietly returned to England, civilization, and a sovereignty on paper. The houses repaired or built by him still remained, however, and among the Gorges men who continued to live in them were the Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Bursley who accompanied Blackstone and Maverick to Plymouth.

A little below Phillips Creek, the Monatoquit River empties into the bay, and across the river lies a fair height, now included in the town of Quincy, but then known as Passonagessit, whence one might then, and still may, look east and north upon the lovely archipelago of Boston Harbor, or westward to the blue hills of Milton. On its eastern face this height of Passonagessit sloped gently to the sea, with good harborage for boats at its foot, promising facilities for fishing and for traffic with the northern Indians.

Upon this headland in the early summer of 1625 a wild and motley crowd of adventurers pitched their tents, and soon replaced the canvas with comfortable log-houses and a stockaded inclosure. The leader of this company was one Captain Wollaston, perhaps the same adventurer whom Captain John Smith of Pocahontas memory encountered, some fifteen years before, on the high seas, acting as lieutenant to one Captain Barry, an English pirate. With Wollaston were three or four partners, and a great crew of bound servants, men who had either pledged their own time, or been delivered into temporary slavery as punishment by English magistrates, and the purpose of the leaders was to found a settlement like that of Plymouth. The place was named Mount Wollaston by the white men, while the Indians continued to call it Passonagessit, just as they still speak of Weymouth as Wessagusset. One New England winter, however, cooled the courage of Captain Wollaston, as it had that of Robert Gorges, and in the spring of 1626 he took about half his bound men to Virginia, where he sold their services to the tobacco planters at such a profit, that he wrote back to Mr. Rasdall, his second in command, to bring down another gang as soon as possible, and to leave Mount Wollaston in charge of Lieutenant Fitcher, until he himself should return thither.

Rasdall obeyed, and in making his parting charges to Fitcher remarked,—

“All should go well, so that you keep Thomas Morton in check. Give him his head and he will run away with you and Wollaston.”

Fitcher assented with a rueful countenance, for he knew

himself to be but a timid rider, and the Morton a most unruly steed, and the event proved his fears well grounded, for Rasdall had not reached Virginia before Morton in the lieutenant's temporary absence called the eight remaining servants together, produced some bottles of rum, a net of lemons, and a bucket of sugar, to which he bade his guests heartily welcome, greeting each man jovially by name, and telling them that the time had come to throw off their chains, to assert their rights, and to reap for themselves the benefit of their hard work. He assured them that he, although a gentleman, a learned lawyer, and a man of means, felt himself no whit above them, and asked nothing better than to live with them in liberty, fraternity, and equality, finally proposing that they should seize upon "the plant" of Mount Wollaston, turn Lieutenant Fitcher out of doors, and establish a commonwealth of their own. No sooner said than done! The men whom Morton addressed were, in fact, the dregs of the company left behind by Wollaston as not worth trading off. Perhaps he never intended to come back to claim them; perhaps if indeed he had been a pirate he took Morton's action as nothing more than a reasonable proceeding; at any rate this disappearance of Captain Wollaston and Lieutenant Rasdall was final, and except that the neighborhood of Passonagessit is still called Wollaston Heights, the very name of this adventurer would probably have been forgotten.

It was at any rate disused, for so soon as Lieutenant Fitcher had been, as he reported to Bradford, "thrust out a dores," the name of the place was changed to Merry Mount, and the life of debauch and profligacy promised by Morton inaugurated; as a natural consequence, Merry Mount soon acquired so wide a fame for license and disorder that it became the resort of the lawless adventurers who haunted the coast in those days, sometimes calling themselves fishermen, sometimes privateers, and sometimes buccaneers, and the whole affair grew to be a scandal, not only to God-fearing Plymouth, but to those other settlements of sober, law-abiding folk, scattered up and down the coast, especially when in the spring of 1627 Morton set up a Maypole at Merry Mount, and proclaimed a Saturnalia of a week.

Although Plymouth and its neighbors were shocked at these practices, they would not probably have interfered, beyond a remonstrance, with the amusements of the Merry Mountaineers had the matter stopped there, but, as the delegates to Plymouth

represented, the selling of fire-arms to the Indians, teaching them to shoot, and inflaming their murderous passions with alcohol, was a very different matter, a matter of public import, and one to be arrested by any means before it went farther.

So after this long digression, tiresome no doubt, but essential to understanding what follows, we come back to Myles Standish and his eight men, "first-comers" all of them, pulling up their boat upon the shore at Wessagusset, just as they had done five years before. As they turned toward the path leading to the stockade, a man came hurriedly down to meet them.

"Good-morrow, Master Bursley," cried the captain cheerfully. "We are on our way to Merry Mount, and called to tell you so."

But Bursley held up his hand with a warning gesture, and so soon as he was near enough hoarsely muttered in unconscious plagiarism, —

"The devil's broke loose."

"Say you so, Bill Bursley!" responded Standish, showing all his broad white teeth. "I did not know he'd ever been in the bilboes!"

"Morton's here at the house, full of liquor and swearing all sorts of wicked intent toward — well now, Captain, if you won't take it amiss, I'll tell you that he calls you Captain Shrimp!"

"Following Master Oldhame," replied Standish carelessly. "I must marvel at the lack of sound wit at Wessagusset when so small a jest has to serve so many men. But you say this roysterer is here in your house?"

"No, in Jeffries' house. He came this morning asking that we should return with him to Merry Mount, and help him against the 'Plymouth insolents,' as he called you."

"And what answer did he get, Master Bursley?"

"What but nay?" demanded Bursley with a glance of honest surprise. "Was not I one of those who came the other day to Plymouth begging Governor Bradford to take order with this rebel? But he has been drinking, and is in such a woundy bad humor that but now he drew a knife upon Jeffries, and may have slain him outright before this."

"Say you so! Then let us hasten and bury him with all due honors!" exclaimed the captain, in whose nostrils the breath of battle was ever a pleasant savor. "Howland, Alden, Browne, all of you, my merry men! Leave the boat snug, and follow to the house, to chat with Master Morton, who awaits us there."

And the captain sped joyously up the path, looking to the priming of his long pistols, and loosening Gideon in his scabbard as he went. A rod from the house, however, a bullet nearly found its billet in his brain, while on the threshold stood Morton, his face flushed, his gait unsteady, and a smoking pistol in his hand.

"Holla! Captain Shrimp, I warn you stand out of range of my pistol practice. You might get a hurt by chance!" cried he, raising another pistol, but before it could be aimed, or the captain take action, somebody within the house struck up the madman's arm, and as he turned savagely upon this new foe, Standish, whose muscles were strong and elastic as a panther's, sprang across the intervening space, and seizing his prisoner by the collar, shouted:—

"Yield, Morton, or you're but a dead man!"

"One man may well yield to a mob," muttered Morton, sullenly, and seeing that he was disarmed, Standish released his hold, saying quietly, —

"Fair and softly, Master Morton! Governor Bradford sends me and these men, praying for your company at Plymouth so soon as may be. If you will go quietly, well; but if you resist, you will go all the same; so choose you."

"The Governor of Plymouth does me too much honor to send so many of his servants with the major-domo at the head," replied Morton bitterly. "And sith as you say, the invitation may not be refused, I'll e'en accept it, but would first return to Merry Mount to fetch some clothes and set my house in order."

"Your return to Merry Mount will be as the Governor orders hereafter. I was bid to bring you to Plymouth without delay, and that I shall do."

"But not to-night, I trust, Captain Standish," interposed Jeffries. "A shrewd tempest is threatening, and by the time it is past, night will be upon us, and no moon."

"With the shoals and sandbars of this coast thick as plums in a Christmas pudding," remarked Philip De la Noye, whereat Peter Browne growled, "Make it a Thanksgiving pudding, an it please you, Master Philip. We hold no Papist feasts here."

Stepping outside the door, Standish took a survey of the skies, the sea, and the forest, already waving its green boughs in welcome to the coming rain.

"Do you hear the 'calling of the sea,' Captain?" asked a Cornish man, placing his curved hand behind his ear, and bending it to catch the deep murmur and wail that float shoreward

from the hollow of ocean when a thunder-storm is gathering in its unknown spaces.

"Yes," replied Standish in an unusually hushed voice, "we will stay awhile; perhaps the night, if our friends can keep us."

"Glad and gayly," said Jeffries, who, truth to tell, was a little afraid that the remaining garrison of Merry Mount might descend upon his house in the night to rescue their leader or avenge his loss.

"And we'll feast you on the pair of wild turkeys my boy shot to-day," cried Bursley. "Come, we'll make a night on't, sith there are not beds enough for all to lie down."

"With your leave, sirs, I will claim one of those beds, and take my rest while I may," broke in Morton sourly. "I have no mind for revelling with tipstaves and jailers."

"Ne'ertheless you might keep a civil tongue in your head, Morton," angrily exclaimed Browne, but Standish interposed,—

"Tut, tut, man! Never jibe at a prisoner. A bruised creature ever solaces itself with its tongue, and so may a bruised man. Let him alone!"

"Thank you for nothing, Captain Shrimp!" snarled Morton; but Standish only nodded good-humoredly, and began looking about to see if the log hut could be made secure for the night. Finally, a small bedroom off the principal or living room was set aside for Morton, the window shutter nailed from the outside, and a man set to watch beside him, and be responsible for his safety.

The turkeys were soon plucked, dressed, and each hung by a string tied to one leg before a rousing fire, so oppressive for the June night, that Standish retreated to a shed at the back of the house, and stood watching the magnificent spectacle of the tempest now in full force. On one side lay the primeval forest, dense and gloomy with its evergreen growth, through whose serried ranks the mad wind ploughed like a charge of cavalry, rending the giants limb from limb, lashing the bowed heads of those who resisted, trampling down in its savage fury old and young, the sturdy veterans and the helpless saplings.

At the other hand lay the ocean, seen through a slant veil of hurtling rain, its waters flat and foaming like the head of a tigress that lays back her ears and gnashes her teeth as she crouches for her spring, and ever and anon, between the crashing peals of thunder and the splitting report of some lightning bolt riving the heart of oak or mast of pine, came the weird "calling of the sea," the voice of deep crying unto deep:—

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye!" "But hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we shall have sealed the servants of our God!"

In face of this vast antiphony, Morton of Merry Mount and his concerns sank to insignificance; and so felt Myles Standish, who had all the love of nature inseparable from a great heart; but his had not been so great had it been capable of slighting the meanest duty, and his last act before midnight when he lay down for a few hours' repose was to see that his prisoner was both safe and comfortable, and that two reliable men were upon the watch. One of these men was Richard Soule and the other John Alden, to whom the Captain said:—

"Now mind you, Jack, it has been a hard day's work, and our friends' hospitality full liberal. Do you feel your head heavy? If so, say the word, and I'll watch myself, and be none the worse for it on the morrow. Speak honest truth now, lad."

But Alden so indignantly protested that nothing could tempt him to sleep in such an emergency, and so affectionately besought his friend to take some rest, that the captain at length complied, much to the delight of Morton, who, feigning sleep, had listened to the conversation.

Twelve o'clock, and one, and two passed quietly, yet not unnoted, for Morton, among other claims to distinction, was the possessor of a "pocket-clock," the only one at Wessagusset that night, since even Standish did not aspire to such luxury, and was well content to divide his day by the sun and the dial, if it were clear, or by his instinct, if it were stormy, while the night was told by its stars, the deeper and lessening darkness, or the chill that always precedes the dawn. Half past two, and the prisoner turned himself silently upon his bed. At its foot sat John Alden, his snaphance between his knees, and his head fallen forward and sidewise till he seemed to be peering down its barrel; but alas, his stertorous breathing proclaimed that nature had succumbed to fatigue, and the watchman was fast asleep.

A smile of elfish glee widened Morton's already wide and loose-lipped mouth and twinkled in his beady eyes, as without a sound, and with the cautious movements of a cat, he stole off the bed, seized his doublet which had been laid aside, and crept out of the bedroom into the kitchen where, with his head and shoulders sprawling over the table, and his piece lying upon it, Richard

Soule lay sweetly dreaming of seizing the rebel by the hair of his head and dragging him to the foot of a gallows high as Haman's. With the same malicious grin and the same cat-like movement Morton stole rapidly past this second Cerberus, pausing only to secure his snaphance. The outer door was made fast by an oaken bar dropped into iron staples, and this the runaway lightly lifted out and stood against the wall; but as he opened the door, the storm tore it from his hand, threw down the bar, extinguished the candles, and roused the sleepers.

Myles Standish, whose vigilant brain had warned him even through a heavy sleep that there was danger in the camp, was already afoot and groping for the ladder whereby to descend from his loft when the shriek of the wind and the bewildered outcries of the watch told him what had happened, and like a whirlwind he was down the steps, calling upon Alden and Soule, and loudly demanding news of their prisoner.

"He's gone! He's gone!" cried Soule, while Alden mutely bestirred himself with flint and steel to strike a light. When it was obtained, and disastrous certainty replaced the captain's worst suspicions, his anger knew no bounds, and the hot temper, generally controlled, for once burst its limits and poured out a short, sharp torrent of words that had better never have been spoken, until at last John Alden, slowly roused to a state of wrath very foreign to his nature, retorted, —

"The next time that Nell Billington is brought before the court as a scold, it might be well to present Myles Standish along with her. What say you, Dick?"

"Haw! Haw!" roared Soule, who, although a worthy citizen, was not a man of fine sensibilities. Standish glanced at him with angry contempt, and then fixed his eyes upon Alden with a look before which that honest fellow shrunk, and colored fiery red as he stammered, —

"I — I said amiss — nay, then, — forgive me, Captain."

"The captain can easily forgive what the friend will not soon forget, John," said Standish gravely, for indeed the brief treason of his ancient henchman had struck deep into the proud, loving heart of the soldier. "But," continued he in the same breath, "this is no time for private grievances — follow me!"

And opening the door he dashed out into the night, and down the path to the rude pier where his own boat and the two belonging to the settlement were made fast. As he approached, a figure slipped away, and was lost in the neighboring thicket;

Myles could not see it, but surmised it, and quick as thought a rattling charge of buckshot followed the slight sound hardly to be distinguished amid the clashing of branches, the scream of the wind, and the sobbing blows of the surf upon the shore.

Morton, lying flat upon his face behind a big poplar, heard the shot fall around him, and knew that more would come; so, pursuing the tactics of his Indian allies, he wriggled backward, still clinging as closely as possible to mother earth, until, arrived at the roots of a giant oak, he drew himself upright behind it, and stood silent and waiting. The captain waited also, and in a moment came the green glare both men counted upon, and while Myles springing forward searched the thicket with another storm of shot and then with foot and sword, Morton, taking a rapid survey of the situation, selected his route, and sheltered by the crash of thunder which drowned all other sounds sprang from the oak to a clump of cedars higher up the hill, and so, guided by the lightning, and screened from the quick ear of his pursuer by the thunder, he gradually gained the trail made by the Indians between Wessagusset and the head waters of the tidal river Monatoquit; crossing this channel with infinite danger, the fugitive made his way down the other bank, and about daylight reached Merry Mount greatly to the astonishment of the only three of his comrades who remained at home, the rest of the garrison having gone under guidance of some of their Indian allies to trade for beaver in the interior.

Standish meanwhile, finding that the prisoner had made good his escape, returned to the house, and setting aside the condolences of his hosts and the shamefaced penitence of Richard Soule, for John Alden said never a word, he passed the remaining hours of darkness in examining his weapons, in pacing up and down his narrow quarters, gnawing his mustache, fondling the hilt of Gideon, and looking out of the door or the unglazed window-place. The hosts meantime bestirred themselves to prepare a savory meal of venison steaks, corn cakes, and mighty ale, to which, just as the first streaks of daylight appeared through the breaking clouds, the whole party sat down, the stern and silent captain among them, for angry and mortified though he was, the old soldier had served in too many rude campaigns not to secure his rations when and where they might be had. But the meal was very different from the jolly supper of the night before, and it was rather a relief when the captain rising briefly ordered,—

"Fall in, men! To the boat with you. Our thanks for your kind entertainment, Master Jeffries, and you, Master Bursley. We will let you know the ending of our enterprise so soon as may be."

And as the sun rose across the sea, whose blue expanse dimpled and laughed at thought of its wild frolic during his absence, the Plymouth boat, crossing the mouth of the Monatoquit and skirting its marshy basin, drew in to the landing place of Merry Mount, not without expectation of a volley from some ambush near at hand. None such came, however, and so soon as the boat was secured, the captain, deploying his men in open order that a shot might harm no more than one, led them up the gentle slope and halted in the shelter of a clump of cedars, whose survivor stands to-day lifeless and broken, but yet a witness to the mad revels of Merry Mount and their sombre ending. His men safe, Standish himself advanced to parley with the garrison. As he emerged from the shelter of the grove Alden silently stepped behind, and would have followed, but the captain, without looking round, coldly said, —

"Remain here, Lieutenant Alden, until you are ordered forward," and the young man slunk back just as a bullet whistled past the captain's ear. Pulling his handkerchief from his pocket Standish thrust his bayonet through the corner, and holding it above his head, advanced until Morton's voice shouted through a porthole beside the door, —

"Halt, there, Captain Shrimp! I'm on my own domain here, garrisoned, armed, victualed, and ready for a siege. What do you want, Shrimp?"

"I demand the body of Thomas Morton, and if the garrison of this place are wise, they will yield it up before it is taken by force of arms and their hold burned over their heads."

A little silence ensued, for the threat of fire was a formidable one, and Morton's three assistants had counted the enemy's force as it landed, and were now clamoring for surrender. But he, who at least was no coward, retorted upon them with a grotesque oath that alone, if need be, he would chase these psalm-singers into the ocean, and returning to the porthole shouted again, —

"Hola! Captain, Captain Shrimp —"

"I hold no parley with one so ignorant of the uses of war as to insult a flag of truce," interposed Standish, and Morton laughing boisterously rejoined, —

"I cry you mercy, noble sir, and will in future, that is to say, the near future, treat you with all the honor due to the Generalissimo of the Plymouth Army. And now deign, most puissant leader, to satisfy me as to the intent of the Governor of Plymouth should he gain possession of the body of Thomas Morton, that is to say of the living body, for should you see fit to carry him naught but a murdered carcass, well I wot he would hang it to the wall of his Fort upon the hill to keep company with the skull of Wituwamat. So again I demand — and I crave your pardon, most worshipful, if I am somewhat prolix ; but indeed it is such a merry sight to watch your noble countenance waxing more and more rubicund and wrathful while I speak — "

"When I have counted ten I shall order the assault if I have no reasonable answer sooner," interrupted Standish briefly. "One, two, —"

"Hold, hold, man ! Why so violent and rash ? Tell me in a word what will Bradford do with me an I yield ?"

"Send you to England for trial."

"Trial on what count ?" And as he asked the question Morton's voice took a new tone, one of anxiety and even alarm, for conscience was clamoring that a dark story of robbery and murder might have followed him from the western shores of Old England to the eastern coast of New. But Standish's reply reassured him.

"For selling arms and ammunition to the Indians contrary to the king's proclamation."

"And what is a proclamation, Master General ?" demanded the rebel truculently. "Mayhap you do not know that I, Thomas Morton, Gentleman, am a clerk learned in the law, a solicitor and barrister of Clifford's Inn, London, and I assure you that a royal proclamation is not law, and its breach entails no penalty. Do you comprehend this subtlety, mine ancient ? Suppose I *have* broken a proclamation of King James's, what penalty have I incurred, if not that of the law ?"

"The penalty of those who disobey and insult a king, whatever that may be," sturdily replied Standish. "But all that —"

"Nay, nay ; know you not, most valiant Generalissimo, that while a law entered upon the statute book of England remains in force until it is repealed, a royal proclamation dies with the monarch who utters it ? King James's proclamation sleeps with him at Westminster, and I never have heard that King Charles has uttered any."

"Let it be so! I know naught and care less for these quips and quiddities of the law. The Standishes are not pettifoggers of Clifford's nor any other Inn. My errand is to fetch you to Plymouth, and there has been more than enough delay already. Will you surrender peaceably?"

"Surrender! Why, look you here, man, or rather take my word for it sith you may not look. My table is spread with dishes of powder, and bowls of shot, and flagons of Dutch courage; we are a goodly garrison, and armed to the teeth; we are behind walls, and could, if we willed, pick you off man by man without giving you the chance of a return shot. In fact, it is only my tenderness of human life that holds me back from greeting you as you deserve —"

"Enough, enough! I will wait here no longer to be the butt of your ribaldry. Before you can patter a prayer we will smoke you out of your hole like rats."

And Myles was in fact retreating upon the body of his command when Morton hailed again, —

"Hold, hold, my valiant! I was about to say that I purpose surrender, both to save the effusion of human blood and to prevent damage to the house, which although no lordly castle, serves our turn indifferently well as a shelter."

"You surrender, do you?"

"On conditions, Captain. The garrison shall retain its colors and arms, and march out with all the honors —"

"Pshaw, man! I know as well as you that four of your men are away, and that there can be no more than three with you. As for conditions, it is our part to dictate them, and I hereby offer your men their freedom if they abandon the evil practices learned of their betters. For yourself, I promise naught but safe convoy to Plymouth."

"'Perdition seize thee, ruthless' Shrimp!" shouted Morton in a fury; "we will come out and drive you into the sea to feed the fishes."

"Ay, come out as fast as you may, or you'll be smoked out like so many wasps," retorted Standish, tearing away his flag of truce, and waving his sword as signal for the advance of his little troop, four of whom carried blazing torches. But Morton, although he had stimulated his courage a little too freely, had not quite lost sight of that discretion which is valor's better part, and absolutely sure that whatever Standish threatened he would fully perform, he resolved at all events to save his house; so

seizing a handful of buckshot he crammed it into his already overloaded piece, called upon his men to follow, and flinging open the door rushed out shouting, —

“Death to Standish! Death! Death!” But the clumsy musket was too heavy for his inebriated grasp, and before he could bring it to an aim Standish sprang in, seized the barrel with one hand and Morton’s collar with the other, at the same time so twisting his right foot between the rebel’s legs as to bring him flat upon his back, while the blunderbuss harmlessly exploding supplied the din of battle.

“There, my lad, that’s a Lancashire fall,” cried Standish, with an angry laugh. “They did n’t teach you that in Clifford’s Inn, did they now?”

“Oh, murder! murder! I’m but a dead man! Oh! Oh!” shrieked the voice of one of the besieged; and Standish, turning sharply, demanded, —

“Who gave the order to strike? Alden, how dare you attack without orders!”

“I attacked nobody, Captain Standish,” replied John Alden, more nearly in the same tone than he had ever addressed his beloved commander. “I carried my sword in my hand thus, and was making in to the house when this drunken fool stumbled out and ran his nose against the point. He’ll be none the worse for a little blood-letting.”

“Two of my fellows were drunk, and one an arrant coward, or you had not made so easy a venture of your piracy,” snarled Morton viciously; and one of the younger of the Plymouth men would have dealt him a blow with the flat of his sword, but Standish struck it up, saying sternly, —

“Hands off, Philip De la Noye, or you’ll feel the edge instead of the flat of my sword. Know you nothing, nothing at all of the usages of war, that you would strike an unarmed prisoner!”

A few moments more and the whole affair was over. Morton’s three men, foolish, worthless fellows, hardly dangerous even under his guidance, and perfectly harmless when deprived of it, were set at liberty with a stern warning from Standish that they were simply left at Merry Mount on probation, and that the smallest disobedience to the law prohibiting the sale of fire-arms, or instruction of the Indians in their use, would at once be known at Plymouth and most severely punished.

“As for your Maypole, and your Indian blowzabellas, and your dancing and mummery,” concluded the captain, “I for one

have naught to say, except that there must be some warlock-work in the matter to tempt even a squaw to frisk round a May-pole with such as you."

Morton, sullen, silent, and disarmed, was meantime led to the boat between Alden and Howland, the other men after, and last of all Standish, muttering, —

"Better if there had been a garrison strong enough to hold the position. Then we might have burned the house and haply slain the traitor in hot blood."

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN.

THE auld Stuarts back again,
 The auld Stuarts back again;
 Let howlet Whig do what they can,
 The Stuarts will be back again.
 Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
 And a' Kilmarnock sown suds?
 We'll wauk their hides and file their fuds,
 And bring the Stuarts back again.

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
 A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
 And a' that look and think it lang,
 For auld Stuarts back again.
 Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
 Out owre the hills and far away,
 And saw the lords were there that day,
 To bring the Stuarts back again.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
 Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
 Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
 And mony mae, whatreck, again.
 Then what are a' their westland crews?
 We'll gar the tailors tack again:
 Can they forestand the tartan trews,
 And auld Stuarts back again?

Anonymous.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE. A Scottish humorist; born in Edinburgh, June 21, 1813; died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865. He joined the editorial staff of "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1844, and to his death continued an unwearying and fertile contributor to its pages. Professor of literature in the University of Edinburgh, 1845-64. After John Wilson's death (1854), he was considered the most important man of letters in Scotland during his life, famous for his humor, satire, and criticism. His most celebrated work is "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" (1848, 29th ed. 1883), a series of ballads replete with genuine poetry, glorifying the champions of the Stuart cause. Noteworthy is his critical and annotated collection of the "Ballads of Scotland" (1858, 4th ed. 1870). With Theodore Martin he wrote the famous "Bon Gaultier Ballads" (1844, 13th ed. 1877), and translated "Poems and Ballads of Goethe" (1858).

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

(From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.")

COME hither, Evan Cameron !
 Come, stand beside my knee —
 I hear the river roaring down
 Toward the wintry sea.
 There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
 There 's war within the blast —
 Old faces look upon me,
 Old forms go trooping past.
 I hear the pibroch wailing
 Amidst the din of fight,
 And my dim spirit wakes again
 Upon the verge of night.

'T was I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down
 To battle with Montrose.

I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverlochy's shore ;
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsays' pride :
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes : —
 A deed of deathless shame !
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name, —
 Be it upon the mountain's side
 Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by armèd men, —
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown :
 Remember of what blood thou art,
 And strike the caitiff down !

They brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen spau,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man.
 They set him high upon a cart, —
 The hangman rode below, —
 They drew his hands behind his back
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
 They cheered, the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig West-country lords
 In balcony and bow ;
 There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
 And their daughters all arow.
 And every open window
 Was full as full might be
 With black-robed Covenanting carles,
 That goodly sport to see !

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye, —
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards — always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant labored,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd;
Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold —
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
“Back, coward, from thy place!
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.”

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailèd men —
Not all the rebels in the South
Had borne us backward then!

Once more his foot on Highland heath
 Had trod as free as air,
 Or I, and all who bore my name,
 Been laid around him there !

It might not be. They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors filled the place
 Where good men sate before.
 With savage glee came Warriston
 To read the murderous doom ;
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room.

“Now, by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew’s cross
 That waves above us there, —
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath —
 And oh, that such should be ! —
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies ’twixt you and me, —
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown,
 Nor dared I hope on my dying day
 To win the martyr’s crown..

“There is a chamber far away
 Where sleep the good and brave,
 But a better place ye have named for me
 Than by my father’s grave.
 For truth and right, ’gainst treason’s might,
 This hand hath always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still
 In the eye of earth and heaven.
 Then nail my head on yonder tower —
 Give every town a limb —
 And God who made shall gather them :
 I go from you to Him !”

The morning dawned full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town.

The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Come forth to see him die.

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms —
The bells begin to toll —
“ He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul ! ”
One long last peal of thunder —
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

“ He is coming ! he is coming ! ”
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison,
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die ;
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud,
But looked upon the heavens
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through :
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within —
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
 With anxious scowl drew near,
 As you have seen the ravens flock
 Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word nor sign,
 But alone he bent the knee,
 And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
 Beneath the gallows-tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away ;
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
 Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder
 As it were the path to heaven.
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder-roll ;
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.
 There was another heavy sound,
 A hush and then a groan ;
 And darkness swept across the sky —
 The work of death was done !

THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

COME listen to another song,
 Should make your heart beat high,
 Bring crimson to your forehead,
 And the luster to your eye ; —
 It is a song of olden time,
 Of days long since gone by,
 And of a baron stout and bold
 As e'er wore sword on thigh !
 Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !

He kept his castle in the north,
 Hard by the thundering Spey ;
 And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
 All of his kindred they.
 And not a man of all that clan

Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time !

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James.
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Græmes ;
Like a true old Scottish cavalier
All of the olden time !

He never owned the foreign rule,
No master he obeyed,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid ;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade :
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

At length the news ran through the land, —
The Prince had come again !
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen ;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time !

He was the first that bent the knee
When the Standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod ;
And ever, in the van of fight,

The foremost still he trod,
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath
 He gave his soul to God,
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !

O, never shall we know again
 A heart so stout and true, —
 The olden times have passed away
 And weary are the new :
 The fair white rose has faded
 From the garden where it grew,
 And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
 The glorious bed bedew
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
 All of the olden time !

FROM BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

OPEN wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes rest ;
 Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another guest !
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen, last of all that dauntless race
 Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's disgrace ! —
 O thou lion-hearted warrior ! reckon not of the aftertime ;
 Honor may be deemed dishonor, loyalty be called a crime.
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the true ;
 Hands that never failed their country, hearts that never baseness
 knew.
 Sleep ! — and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from earth and
 sea,
 Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own Dundee !

MASSIMO TAPARELLI AZEGLIO.

AZEGLIO, MASSIMO TAPARELLI, MARCHESE D', Italian statesman and author, was born at Turin, October 24, 1798, and died there, January 15, 1866. In 1830, Azeglio removed to Milan, where he married the daughter of the poet and novelist, Alessandro Manzoni, which step decided his course toward a literary career interspersed with politics. A novel entitled "*Ettore Fieramosca*" was published in 1833, and this was followed by "*Niccolo di Lapi*" in 1841. His "*Degli Ultimi Casi di Romagna*," treating of the last occurrences in the Romagna, was written before Pope Gregory XVI.'s death, in 1846. In 1848, his work on the "*Austrian Assassination in Lombardy*" was published. He held the office of Premier from May 11, 1844, to October 20, 1852, when Count Cavour succeeded him.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My dear parents' foremost wish was to make a man of me. They knew that education must begin with the dawn of life ; that it must grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength ; that the germ of the future man lies in the first impression of childhood ; and that adulation and incitement to pride and vanity, though they may be a mistaken form of parental affection, are in fact the worst of lessons for the child, and the most baneful in their results. They also knew well that the mind of a youth is a tablet from which no line once graven can ever after be effaced. . . .

In a word, the aim of my parents was to prepare me for the warfare of life, such as it really becomes in after years. And this useful training consists mainly in acquiring a habit of self-sacrifice, and in learning how to suffer.

Verily, if the excess of affection which leads parents to spoil their children were not in itself a touching excuse, what bitter reproaches might fall on those parents who enervate their sons by a childhood of luxury and indulgence, — those who, knowing the while that they must one day have to endure both burning heat and biting frost, — knowing also that, in after life, they

must ere long brave alike misfortunes, delusions, and the inexorable calls of honor and duty, yet never dream of forearming them against suffering. It should be likewise borne in mind that even children have natural rights, and that they may claim not to be corrupted, deceived, or misled.

They have a right not to be sacrificed to a misplaced and pernicious tenderness. They have a right to be led by the shortest and surest road to that moral and material wellbeing which constitutes, so to speak, their capital in life, which is a direct gift of Providence—no good being possible to man if he is not accustomed to suffer as well as to obey when duty or necessity requires it.

Now, of all blessings, which is the first and foremost? To be a free and honest man. We must obey the moral law to be the latter; the political and civil law to be the former. Can this be done without sacrifice, without suffering, more or less?

I know but too well that in Italy my definition of liberty as consisting in obedience is now not universally accepted. On the contrary, the opposite idea is afloat, viz., that liberty consists in disobeying every law. This error is excusable up to a certain point. A violent reaction necessarily succeeded the long and odious despotism of the past. But to fall from one despotism into another does not solve the problem, and it is impossible to be free, strong, or independent until law reigns in place of the arbitrary will either of a tyrant or of the mob.

The seeds of this manly obedience must be sown in early life. By the law of Nature, children must obey and not question. I defy any parent to answer every question of his child otherwise than by the words, *Because I say it!* This authority must, however, be maintained in the minds of the young by profound respect and veneration for their parents. It is therefore quite a mistake to adopt the modern system of allowing children to treat their fathers and mothers on terms of equality, to let them express an opinion whenever they please, and ask the reason of everything. There is no equality between a man and a child, between the father and his son. Any apparent equality allowed to exist is one wholly unfounded in truth. In matters of education, as in politics, both the old despotism and modern license are a direct result of cause and effect. Will experience ever point out a rational medium? Let us hope so.

In my opinion my parents had almost discovered this middle path. I will explain why I say *almost*.

In spite of my profound veneration for my father, I think I may be allowed humbly to express my doubts with regard to some of his acts and opinions. Moreover, were I to abstain altogether from criticism, my praise would be worth nothing.

I shall, therefore, state that in carrying out his excellent system of authority, he sometimes gave way to his hasty and impetuous temper; and this, added to the perpetual mistrust of his own heart, which I have already mentioned, occasionally betrayed him into the opposite extreme, and he was then, perhaps, overharsh with us. But I thank him even for his fault; a hundred times better such temporary severity than the permanency of the opposite system. In every way and in all cases there is no worse rule than a weak one.

These were the principles my parents followed in our education. A few anecdotes may serve to illustrate them. Though childish and trivial at the first glance, they are not so when we consider the importance and difficulty of guiding children aright from the beginning; and if these pages could in any degree facilitate the task of those who are to succeed us, my warmest wish would be attained.

The distribution of our daily occupations was strictly laid down for Matilde and me in black and white, and these rules were not to be broken with impunity. We were thus accustomed to habits of order, and never to make anybody wait for our convenience, a fault which is one of the most troublesome that can be committed either by great people or small.

I remember one day that Matilde, having gone out with Teresa, came home when we had been at dinner some time. It was winter, and snow was falling. The two culprits sat down a little confused, and their soup was brought them in two plates, which had been kept hot; but can you guess where? On the balcony; so that the contents were not only below freezing point, but actually had a thick covering of snow!

At dinner, of course my sister and I sat perfectly silent, waiting our turn, without right of petition or remonstrance. As to the other proprieties of behavior, such as neatness, and not being noisy or boisterous, we knew well that the slightest infraction would have entailed banishment for the rest of the day at least. Our great anxiety was to eclipse ourselves as much as possible; and I assure you that under this system we never fancied ourselves the central points of importance round which all the rest of the world was to revolve — an idea which,

thanks to absurd indulgence and flattery, is often forcibly thrust, I may say, into poor little brains, which, if left to themselves, would never have lost their natural simplicity. . . .

On another occasion my excellent mother gave me a lesson of humility, which I shall never forget, any more than the place where I received it.

In the open part of the Cascine, which was once used as a race course, to the right of the space where the carriages stand, there is a walk alongside the wood. I was walking there one day with my mother, followed by an old servant, a countryman of Pylades, less heroic than the latter, but a very good fellow too. I forget why, but I raised a little cane I had in my hand and I am afraid I struck him. My mother, before all the passers-by, obliged me to kneel down and beg his pardon. I can still see poor *Giacolin* taking off his hat with a face of utter bewilderment, quite unable to comprehend how it was that the Chevalier Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio came to be at his feet.

An indifference to bodily pain was another of the precepts most carefully instilled by our father, and as usual the lesson was made more impressive by example whenever an opportunity presented itself. If, for instance, we complained of any slight pain or accident, our father used to say, half in fun, half in earnest: "When a Piedmontese has both his arms and legs broken, and has received two sword thrusts in the body, he may be allowed to say, but not till then, 'Really, I almost think I am not quite well.'"

The moral authority he had acquired over me was so great that in no case would I have disobeyed him, even had he ordered me to jump out of the window.

I recollect that when my first tooth was drawn, I was in an agony of fright as we went to the dentist, but outwardly I was brave enough, and tried to seem as indifferent as possible. On another occasion my childish courage and also my father's firmness were put to a more serious test. He had hired a house called the Villa Billi, which stands about half a mile from San Domenico di Fiesole, on the right winding up towards the hill. Only two years ago I visited the place, and found the same family of peasants still there, and my two old playmates, Nando and Sandro, who had both become even greater fogies than myself, and we had a hearty chat together about bygone times.

Whilst living at this villa, our father was accustomed to take us out for long walks, which were the subject of special

regulations. We were strictly forbidden to ask, "Have we still far to go?" "What o'clock is it?" or to say, "I am thirsty;" "I am hungry;" "I am tired;" but in everything else we had full liberty of speech and action. Returning from one of these excursions, we one day found ourselves below Castel di Poggio, a rugged, stony path leading towards Vincigliata.

In one hand I had a nosegay of wild flowers, gathered by the way, and in the other a stick, when I happened to stumble, and fell awkwardly. My father sprang forward to pick me up, and seeing that one arm pained me, he examined it and found that in fact the bone was broken below the elbow. All this time my eyes were fixed upon him, and I could see his countenance change, and assume such an expression of tenderness and anxiety that he no longer appeared to be the same man. He bound up my arm as well as he could, and we then continued our way homewards. After a few moments, during which my father had resumed his usual calmness, he said to me:—

"Listen, Mammolino; your mother is not well. If she knows you are hurt, it will make her worse. You must be brave, my boy; to-morrow morning we will go to Florence, where all that is needful can be done for you; but this evening you must not show you are in pain. Do you understand?"

All this was said with his usual firmness and authority, but also with the greatest affection. I was only too glad to have so important and difficult a task intrusted to me. The whole evening I sat quietly in a corner, supporting my poor little broken arm as best I could, and my mother only thought me tired by the long walk, and had no suspicion of the truth.

The next day I was taken to Florence and my arm was set; but to complete the cure I had to be sent to the Baths of Vinadio a few years afterwards. Some people may, in this instance, think my father was cruel. I remember the fact as if it were but yesterday, and I am sure such an idea never for one moment entered my mind. The expression of ineffable tenderness which I had read in his eyes had so delighted me, it seemed so reasonable to avoid alarming my mother, that I looked on the hard task allotted to me as a fine opportunity of displaying my courage. I did so because I had not been spoilt, and good principles had been early implanted within me; and now that I am an old man and have known the world, I bless the severity of my father; and I could wish every Italian child might have one like him, and derive more profit than I did; in thirty years' time Italy would then be the first of nations.

Moreover, it is a fact that children are much more observant than is commonly supposed, and never regard as hostile a just but affectionate severity. I have always seen them disposed to prefer persons who keep them in order to those who constantly yield to their caprices; and soldiers are just the same in this respect.

The following is another example to prove that my father did not deserve to be called cruel:—

He thought it a bad practice to awaken children suddenly, or to let their sleep be abruptly disturbed. If we had to rise early for a journey, he would come to my bedside and softly hum a popular song, two lines of which still ring in my ears:

Chi vuol veder l'aurora
Lasci le molli piume.

He who the early dawn would view
Downy pillows must eschew.

And by gradually raising his voice, he woke me without the slightest start. In truth, with all his severity, Heaven knows how I loved him. . . .

I could never understand why M. de La Rochefoucauld makes so light of pity. It is true that in his time the slightest headache felt by a *noble* met with attention; but who felt any sympathy for a *manant* condemned to the rack? The pity then in fashion was relative. Yet the Gospel says, "*Beati misericordes*;" and, after all, the Gospel existed even in those days.

This shows how long men who styled themselves Christians remained in reality worse than pagans. And if, taking this principle for our guide, we examine closely the actual state of society, we might perhaps find that Christian civilization is even now far from deserving its name.

Let us take, for instance, one of the great buildings at Genoa, eight or ten stories high, divided into several apartments, inhabited by as many families. If we saw these apparently peaceful tenants always adding bolts, double locks, and iron clamps to their doors, and never coming out on the common staircase unless armed to the teeth with weapons of war, should we say that this community had attained the ideal of Christian civilization, even though its members when they met overflowed with protestations of their love and esteem for one another?

And is not Europe nowadays in the exact condition of such a house?

